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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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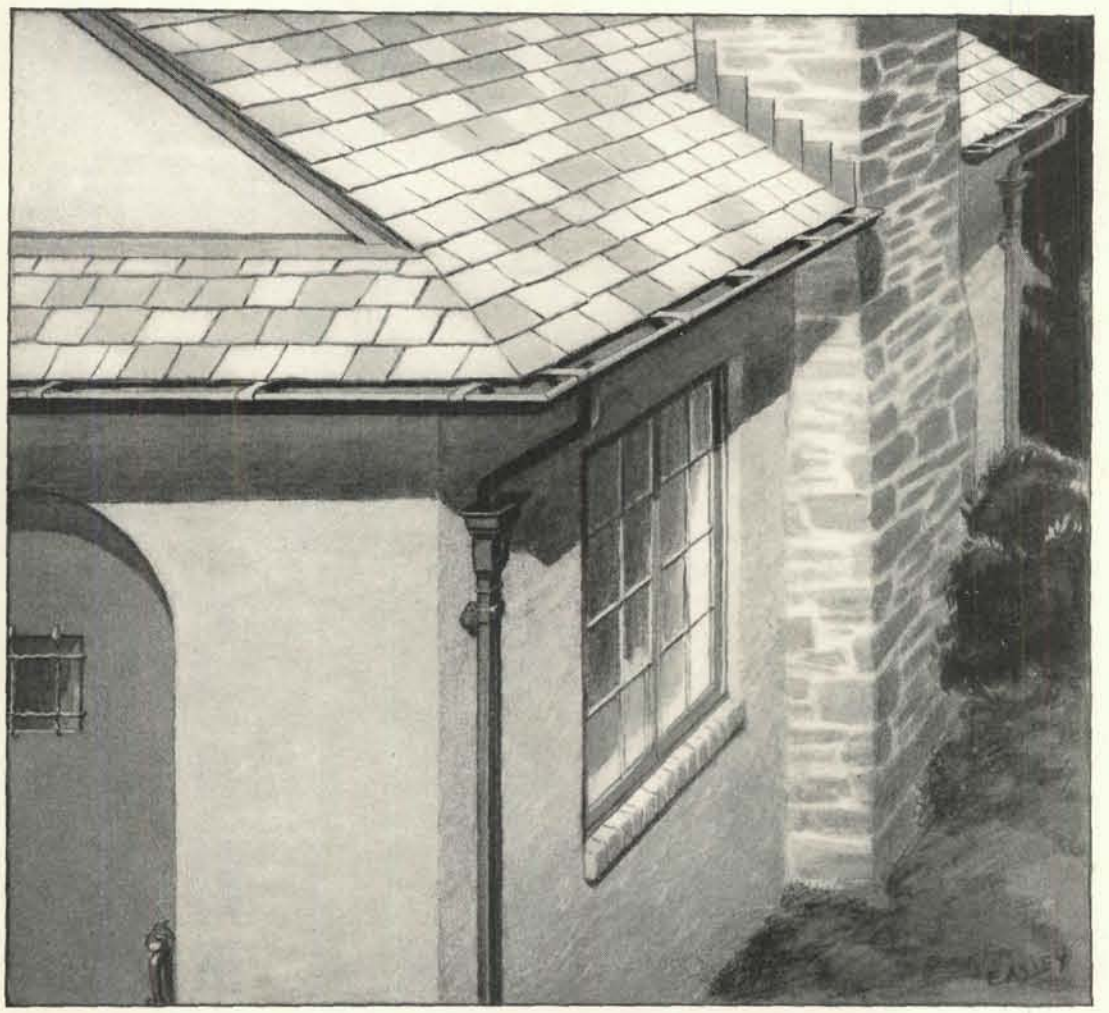
Gutters, Rain pipes and Flashings of ANACONDA COPPER

actually cost *less* than those of rustable metals



The slightly additional first cost is saved many times over by eliminating costly repairs and other upkeep expenses.

Many people not familiar with the facts still think that copper work is expensive. To prove that it is not so, we sought the experience of architects, builders and home owners throughout the country.

The answers were startling. We found that the first cost of gutters, rain pipes and roof flashings of Anaconda copper, installed on the average American home of eight rooms and one bath, was only $208.00 more than rustable metals, and furthermore, that the use of copper for this purpose resulted in an actual saving of $754.00 during the useful life of the house.

Think of it, in addition to the peace of mind of having trouble-proof, leak-proof gutters, rain pipes and flashings, an actual saving of $24.00 every year for 35 years—because copper requires no repairs or replacements.

This saving is due to the amazing cost of rust. Most of us think of fire as the greatest destroyer of property, yet rust, slowly and stealthily, exacts a yearly toll from American homes much greater than the fire loss.

To prevent this destruction, all exposed metal outside of the house should be Anaconda copper, because pure copper *cannot* rust. Copper gutters, rain pipes, valleys and flashings require no annual painting or repairing, no replacement of rust worn sections. Once up they are there to stay without annoyance or further expense.

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY, C-62
General Offices: Waterbury, Conn.

Please send me your booklet on the advantages of rust-proofing my house throughout.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

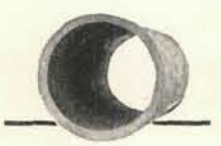
Saving money by overcoming rust

Inside the house rust is an enemy too. Ordinary water pipe rusts and clogs. Anaconda Brass Pipe cannot rust. It stays in perfect condition. Water flows freely through Brass Pipe. To install Anaconda Brass instead of rustable pipe means lasting protection from the expense and annoyance of repairs.

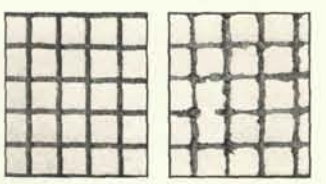
Another important place where rust attacks is in window and door screens. Anaconda Bronze—strengthened copper—can't rust, can't sag. Screens of Anaconda Bronze are an economy because householders have found that it is far less expensive to put in bronze screens once than to overhaul and repair iron or steel.

Rust-proof your home with Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze. Learn how little Copper metal work, Brass Pipe and Bronze Screens cost originally, how quickly they pay for themselves, how soon they return you an annual saving by eliminating expensive repairs and replacements.

Anaconda metals are absolutely guaranteed by the world's largest and most experienced manufacturers of Copper, Brass and Bronze. Every operation from ore to finished product is under the coordinated supervision of a single organization.



Brass Pipe installed twenty-seven years ago in the Ten Eyck Hotel, Albany, N. Y., and ripped out to change the location of fixtures, was re-used in the same building. Brass cannot rust.



Magnified photographs of Iron and Bronze Screens after identical exposure. Bronze endures indefinitely.

Sheet Metal Work of
ANACONDA COPPER
ANACONDA

ANACONDA COPPER · BRASS · AND · BRONZE

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20% to 30% more starting power under adverse starting conditions

AFTER nearly three years of intensive research and field tests, USL has produced a *new* battery, retaining the same USL long life and dependability, but with 20% to 30% MORE STARTING POWER under adverse conditions. (Many tests have shown as high as 54% increased power.)

This means a margin of safety in battery operation that adds immeasurably to the satisfaction enjoyed by USL users. It means plenty of power when you need it most.

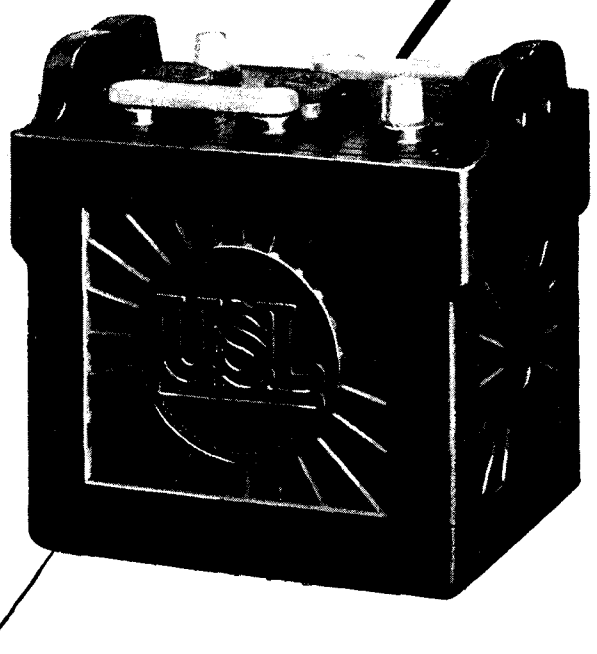
For twenty-nine years USL has built storage batteries—good batteries which have earned a reputation for staunch dependability and quality. Leading automobile manufacturers have endorsed USL by placing USL batteries on their cars as standard equipment. USL dependable performance has pleased millions of motorists.

With this background of successful experience and public favor, USL has now announced the greatest advance in storage battery building since batteries were first used in automobiles.

The *new* USL battery is now being used as standard equipment on many leading motor cars, and is available for replacement through more than 16,000 USL service stations and dealers.

Recently announced new USL prices are astonishingly low. It will pay you to get acquainted with the USL service station in your neighborhood.

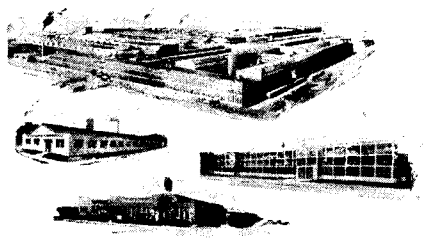
USL BATTERY CORPORATION
NIAGARA FALLS . . . . NEW YORK



USL

automobile batteries

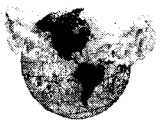
BACK OF USL



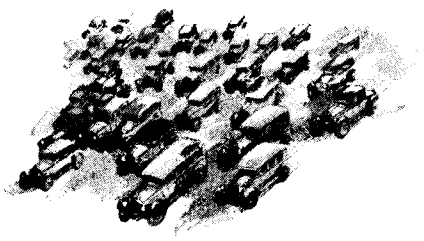
Four great factories

There are great USL factories at Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Oakland, California; Toronto, Canada and Sydney, Australia—an impressive indication of the tremendous manufacturing facilities required to meet the demand for USL batteries.

16,000 Service Stations and Dealers



USL Golden Rule Service is world wide. Wherever you go you find USL Service Stations anxious to serve and satisfy you—help you get maximum life out of your battery regardless of its make.



Millions of satisfied users

The tremendous car-manufacturer and motorist acceptance which USL enjoys is definite and conclusive proof of the superior quality, dependable performance and recognized value offered by USL.

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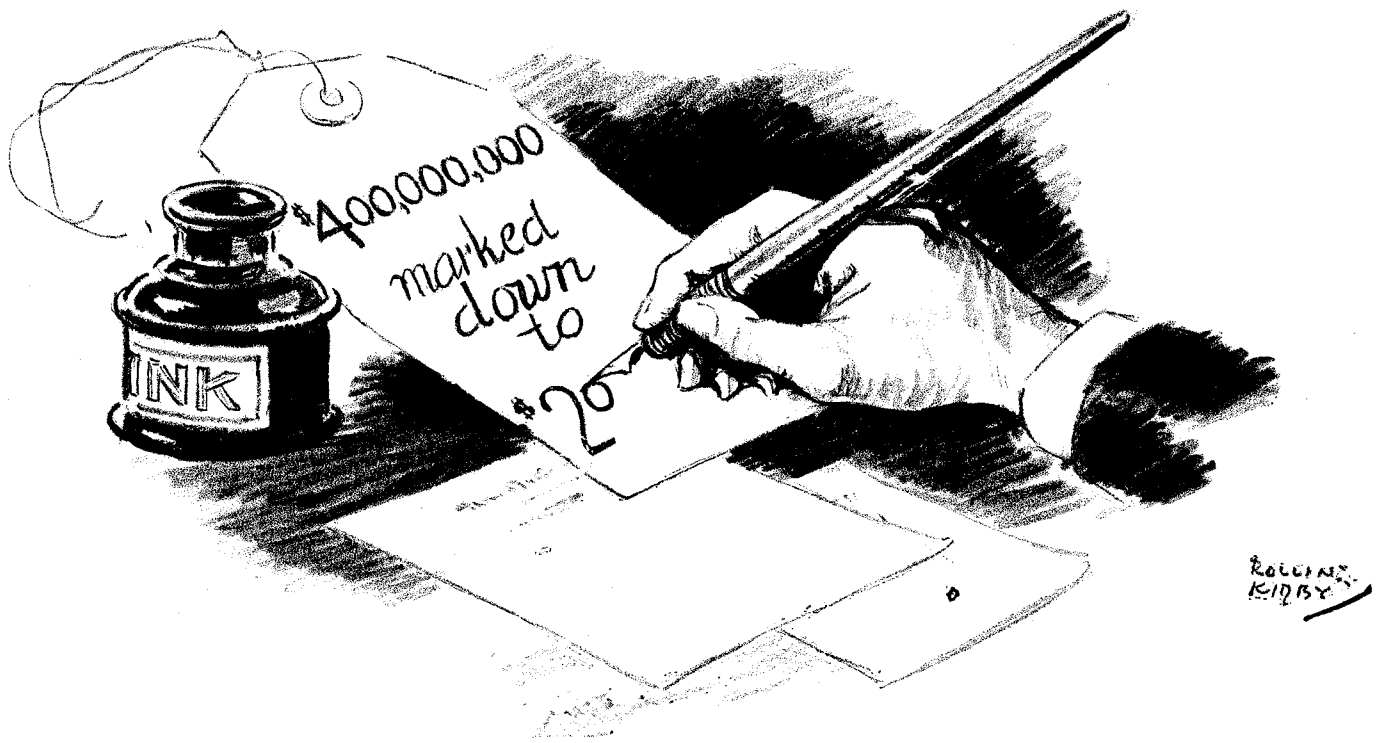


This ink costs business $200,000,000 a year

The blackest sight in retail selling is the bottle of ink that merchants use to mark down slow-moving stock.

This year American business will dip its pen into this bottle again and again—until some $200,000,000 has been slashed from price tags of merchandise that was sensibly stocked and fairly valued. People would have been glad to buy these goods if they had learned about them soon enough. There was no need to cut prices *before* seasonal demand had passed, *before* the goods became slightly shopworn.

Some stores employ merchandise detectives whose business it is to spot the shelf-warmer that eats up overhead. But a good printer can be employed far more economically to move such merchandise at the regular selling price long before the store spotter nails it.

Do you know that some stores publish monthly magazines to be mailed regularly to customers—magazines that picture merchandise with a seasonal interest?

Other stores make it a habit to enclose well-printed folders and leaflets with outgoing deliveries, or to pass them out over the counter to the customer who is waiting for her bundle to be wrapped.

Still others list their shoppers by departments and mail them good printing on items that show too great a love for the shelf.

One thing is true of all merchandise—people must know about it and picture it before it can be sold.

It will pay you to use a good printer and good printing to keep customers and prospects informed and interested in your stock.

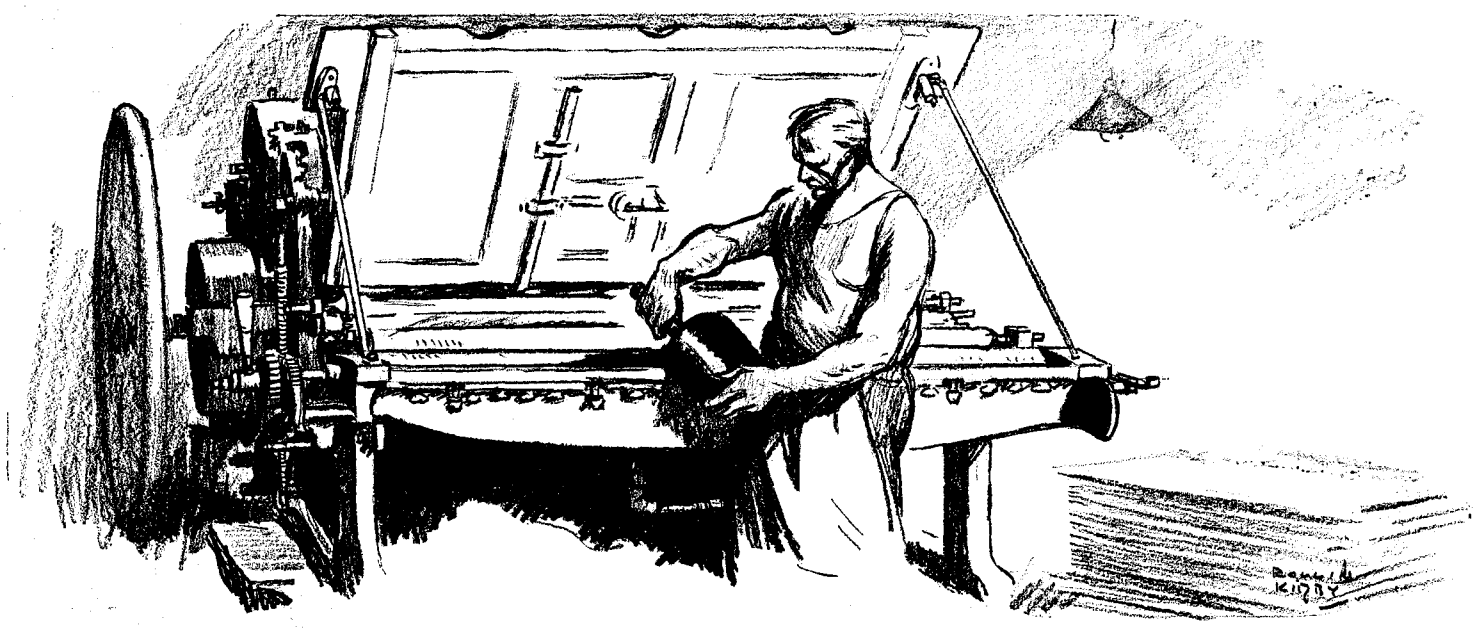
TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with the use of direct advertising have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list for them. Or write to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

This ink can save much of the loss



WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

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Gerrity of the U.S.N.

By GUY GILPATRIC

The most-married male in the United States Navy misses his boat in Haiti—of all places!

THE silhouettes of palm trees loomed against the sky. Day was breaking, and Tom Gerrity knew that he must go.

Hastily but tenderly taking his leave, he sped down the sleeping street, skirting the mud puddles and the drowsy hogs and goats. There was no time to lose—he had to make the ship!

Lamentations and reproaches were ringing in his ears as he hurried through the shadows. Here and there he took short cuts across dooryards, down noisome alleys, and over fences. Once, in his haste, he brushed a sleeping gendarme. The Negro sprang up in the gloom and uttered a "Pf-s-t!" so sinister that Tom departed in a burst of extra speed.

It was almost day when the custom house hove into view and beyond it the landing stage. The wharf was deserted. There were none of the usual drunks careened upon it waiting to go aboard. There were no landing lights on the signal mast. The launch wasn't there. And—Tom Gerrity hardly dared look toward the navy mooring—the ship was gone too! He stopped dead in the dawn, his blood turned to water and his heart to lead. There, putting out to sea, a bone in her teeth and all four funnels belching black, was the U. S. destroyer Neilson! Her next stop was Ninety-sixth Street and Riverside Drive—and old Tom Gerrity was left behind in Haiti.

LEFT behind—marooned—a tough old gob overstaying shore leave like a kid from a training ship or an Annapolis ensign! Tom Gerrity—he'd heard them say it: the hardest specimen in the fleet; the most-married male in the United States Navy; the husband of a wife in every port from Newport, R. I., to Progreso, Yucatan—*left behind!*

It was too much—it was unthinkable! He raced across the wharf and sprang to the stringpiece. The destroyer was now hull down, but Tom called after her frantically, piteously. As if to mock him, a lone flying fish skittered out of a wave and plopped into another.

The sun had risen; the tropic day had come. They'd be having breakfast now and pretty soon they'd break out the homeward-bound pennant—a strip of bunting so long that they'd bend a bladder to the end of it to drag and bounce across the waves. Across the Caribbean, over the Atlantic, past Hatteras, between the Hook and Coney—and up the Hudson to Ninety-sixth Street where the girls from St. Nick had always come aboard on Sundays and made a fuss over him. Sometimes they'd even brought him chow mein in beer containers! . . .

They had called him the old salt.

Now they'd call him the old sap!

Tom Gerrity felt weak. He trembled. He sat down. But he couldn't take his eyes from that fleeting black speck. The speck swam over the curve of the world, and only a breeze-blown smoke feather remained. Softly the feather dissolved, then vanished, and a thousand miles of lonely blue water were between Tom Gerrity and Ninety-sixth Street.

Well . . . that was that!

Left behind—marooned—a tough old gob overstaying shore leave like a kid from a training ship!

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Tom had never been alone before. On a destroyer you're never more than twenty feet from somebody, and it's a terrible, aching feeling suddenly to find yourself out in the world. Tom cowered beneath the emptiness which was all around him—emptiness which seemed to sneer at him, to point at him, to say "Pf-s-t!" at him. He was alone, tired, *afraid*. . . .

Some planks were missing from the wharf, and in the hole Tom saw a broad crosspiece on which to lie while pondering his troubles. He squeezed his body through the gap, and found himself in a cool, shadowy place just above the water, with piles all around which somehow suggested the trunks of forest trees. The water gurgled soothingly, and soon, despite his troubles or because of his sleepless night, Tom Gerrity was deep in slumber.

He slept all through the day. He was awakened at last by a swishing in the phosphorescent water just below, and he saw a shark contemplating him with a baleful and hungry eye. Instinctively he spat at the shark, which, instead of retreating, zipped up out of the water and savagely snapped his several hundred teeth.

Tom sprang to safety through the hole in the wharf. He didn't feel like arguing with sharks. But, just the same—he yawned and stretched and blinked his eyes—he felt a darned sight better than when he'd gone to sleep! The moon was shining on the water now, and up the street a piano was tinkling. Somewhere out in the hills, you couldn't tell how far, a drum was beating. It said "*Tom, Tom, Tom, Tom, Tom!*" Why, it was his own name, and he thanked Haiti for the compliment!

Yes, he felt better. Much better. Night was his time anyway! Good old shadowy, dark, mysterious *night!* He licked his paw thoroughly and passed it over his face. He licked it again and rubbed it into his whiskers—beautiful, luxuriant whiskers which stood out full four inches from either lip, as stiff and sharp as porcupine quills. Then he arranged his eyebrows, which jutted and bristled even as the antennæ of gnomes. Carefully he scrubbed the white spot on his chest and went over his tail from origin to utmost tip. Afloat or ashore, personal cleanliness is one of the highest traditions of the navy—and Tom had his vanities!

He raised his pistol, and took a long aim, seesawing wildly

Illustrated by KURT WIESE

WELL, he would return to Nenette. How surprised she'd be! She was his wife—as far as she knew, his only wife. There were, he estimated, some thirteen others, and the nearest of them was safely back in Guantánamo. Here would be happiness!

Tom Gerrity retraced his steps of the early morning. The streets were filled with Negroes, strolling and chattering in the evening cool, and naked pickaninnies had joined the hogs and goats in the mud puddles. Some of them attempted to stroke Tom as he flashed past, while others shrieked "Tiger! Tiger!" and fled into the houses. Of course Tom never claimed to be a tiger—he was a cat and proud of it—but it always pleased him to have people remark his tigerish characteristics.

Nenette lived in a café in the Rue Président Tiresias Simon Sam. The place was conducted by a genial American coon who called himself Philippe. He hailed from Memphis and had beaten the lynching party to the river by a matter of seconds. Recently he had taken unto himself a huge, yellowish, yet unbelievably pretty wife, Josephine-Céleste.

She was a *caco* from the hills. They sold omelets, chicken, fish and strong waters, and they prospered.

Most of the houses in that part of town were made of box lumber or kerosene cans hammered flat and roofed with palm thatch. Philippe's place, though, was built of brick from the ruins of a French villa destroyed in the great slave mutiny back in Napoleon's time, when what was now the muddy goat-filled Rue Président Tiresias Simon Sam had been an avenue of trees whose slim shadows laced lovely lawns.

But there had been another time, before the marines came, when the present building served strange and awesome purposes. Even now, on damp days, through the whitewash on the wall behind the bar, you could dimly see the likeness of a great red snake.

This snake was Dibó. Dibó, as all good voodoo people know, is God. . . .

The café was a blaze of light, and out of it came the sound of creole French from resonant ebony throats. Tom paced softly about the back yard, his eyes glowing like twin signal flashers. Occasionally, hardly opening his mouth, he emitted a deep and vibrant "Mur-r-aow!"; but the talk and clatter within kept it from Nenette's ears. He hesitated to enter the place, because he had never met Philippe and the yellowish Josephine-Céleste. They might shriek "*Va-t-en!*" (which was French for "Scat!") and possibly squirt a siphon at him. It had taken him three days to lick the beer out of his fur, that time at Campeche, so he wasn't taking chances. . . .

Springing to the top of a pile of soda cases, he found that he could see through a window. The place was filled with colored men, most of them wearing mustaches and imperials. Nenette—she was never more seductive!—was lying on the end of the bar, her front paws tucked under her, and her beautiful eyes half closed. The mountainous pretty Jose-

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phine-Céleste was sitting at the till scratching her ears and murmuring, "*ziz-ziz-ziz-ziz*"—words of great significance to cats.

Tom viewed the homely scene, and his heart fluttered. He'd settle down here with Nenette! There would be no more tough gobs to rub his fur the wrong way! No more hot steel docks or sharp salt ice to walk upon! No more vibration to tie one's nerves in knots as day and night, day and night, those throbbing thousands of horsepower underfoot drove the Neilson through the seven seas. And (hurrah!) there'd be no more navy fodder which one became so damn sick of that for nights on end one dreamed of chicken chow mein. . . .

Instead there'd be the scented tropics, the soft moonlight, crab meat, and *love!* . . .

Tom became romantic; yes, sentimental. Again he saw silhouettes of palm trees, but now a lover's moon was behind them. The time, the place, his mood demanded music. He would sing!

Rolling his eyes to the Southern Cross, his rich baritone welled up in a chantey ever dear to the people of the sea. He sang to Nenette:

"Roaming, a-roa-ming—
I'll never meour a-raow-ming go-o-o,
No, never meowaraow-ming gaow,
From thee, fair maid. . . ."

He was, as they say, in voice, and it was lovely. At the first note Nenette pricked up her ears. At the second Philippe hurled a cognac bottle into the night, damaging a hog. And as the song died away, drowned in its own sheer loveliness, Nenette scurried the length of the bar, sprang from the window, and joined him, purring with joy, on the very pinnacle of the soda cases.

"*Mon cœur-r-r-r-!*" she cried, her pretty face close to his.

"*Mon amour-r-aour!*" he answered.

And there in the moonlight, atop the soda cases, their lips met.

It was an idyl in the tropics. Nenette, the charmer, was a girl to make men forget. Forget the Neilson; forget the U. S. N.; forget—yes, by gosh, forget even chicken chow mein!

When Philippe and Josephine-Céleste had seen how things were, they welcomed Tom as their son-in-law. Of course he realized that he was an attraction to the place—nobody on the island had ever seen so huge and handsome and tough a cat—but Tom was never one to dodge admiration. Accordingly, on evenings when trade was dull, he would step out into the street and publicly lacerate a goat, or perhaps, springing lightly to the summit of a hog, he would sink his claws deep and enjoy a swift, refreshing ride out to the suburbs. Invariably a crowd of admirers followed him home, bringing their thirsts with them. And this, of course, was good for trade.

And Nenette! Ah, Nenette. . . . !

Tom suddenly realized that in his happiness he had lost all track of time.

AT FIRST he had counted the days, but after a month or so of bliss he hadn't bothered. And when he emerged from the first happy trance he found it was too late to remember. This annoyed him, and somehow it made him the least bit homesick. It seemed to break off his ties with his old friends, his old life—and with the U. S. N.

Nenette was the loveliest of girls, but at times she was unreasonable. For example, that evening he had ridden the goat across the Champ de Mars. He had intended to drop off at the Place Toussaint L'Ouverture and ride home on one of the hogs, but the speed had been so great that he hadn't risked it. And when his mount had finally sunk exhausted and quivering at the very gate of the President's Palace he would have been churlish indeed to decline the invitation of Toinette, His Excellency's own fair Maltese, to step in for a bite of crab meat. And so he had accepted, yes; but he had never heard the end of it. Perhaps, had he known that Nenette was following him, he wouldn't have consented to sing; but what right had Nenette to follow him, to eavesdrop, anyway? Was it fair? Was it wifely?

But, just the same, he was glad she hadn't found out about the tortoise-shell blonde who lived in the gendarmerie.

Irma!

Ah, Irma!

Lovely Irma!

It was strange. Even as Tom and Nenette were drifting apart, so were Philippe and Josephine-Céleste. The course of true love, feline and human, no longer ran smooth in the old brick house on the Rue Président Tiresias Simon Sam.

Philippe, the big buck nigger whom Tom had liked so well, was becoming ugly. He drank more than was good for him, and Josephine-Céleste urged him to drink still more. He fought with guests, which was bad for business, yet all the time his wife sat smiling behind the till—the fattest, prettiest woman in all the Antilles.

She was mysterious. Those black eyes which gleamed in the smooth, yellow face, were as feline as the eyes of any cat in Tom's considerable acquaintance. Despite her bulk, she walked as lithely as did Tom himself; and once or twice, when she was scratching him, he distinctly heard her purr. Most mysterious of all, she could talk cat language. Not the usual meow-and-kitty rot which other humans used, but the lingua pura itself. In all his travels she was the first human he had ever met who was so gifted.

She was a wonderful woman—a witch, beyond a doubt. Tom was well-grounded in mystic lore, his mother having belonged to a palmist at Revere Beach. One of his ancestors had habitually occupied the rear end of a Salem witch's broom, and another—centuries ago—had been boss cat in a temple on the upper Nile. And so this voodoo stuff was right in his line.

Tom would sit at her feet and stare at her unblinking worship. She would stare at him—mysteriously. And one night while this was going on a drum had throbbed in the distance—"*Tom, Tom, Tom, Tom, Tom.*"

Josephine-Céleste licked her red lips. "It is calling us, Tom!" she whispered, in Cat. She arose to her feet, and beckoned him. But just then Philippe stumbled in, and Josephine-Céleste calmly poured out rum into a tumbler.

The affair at the gendarmerie was most humiliating. All that rainy week Nenette had been sulky, shrewish and right-down nasty. Tom thought he'd never hear the end of the three blond hairs she had found upon his coat. Between her constant nagging and Philippe's drunken threats to butcher Josephine-Céleste, the café had become unbearable. The gendarmerie, with all its clatter and card playing, was a haven of rest by comparison.

BUT finally Nenette had invaded even this sanctuary. Right there in the guardroom, before all the constables and the sergeant, she had clawed Irma's pretty blond face, called Tom a soulless roué, and shrilly ordered him thence. All the way home she had trotted beside him, reviling him in the public thoroughfares, howling her troubles to passers-by and dragging Irma's name in the mud.

Fortunately it was late at night, and the café was deserted. Trade had fallen off since Philippe had taken to drinking. Josephine-Céleste was seated at the till, counting up the day's meager receipts. Tom sprang up beside her and told her his tale of woe. She crooned her sympathy in her strange, oily voice and threw the bar towel at Nenette. Then she went on counting the money. Tom, soothed by her proximity, dozed off to sleep. A soft rain was falling.

Bang! said a pistol out in the yard. There was a burst of wild laughter and the shrieks and thrashings of a dying hog.

Bang! The slug crashed through the window and zipped into the white-washed wall behind the bar.

Bang! Tom felt something drill through the air beneath his chest, and he thanked the luck of the United States Navy that he was standing on tiptoes with his back arched!

Josephine-Céleste was smiling, stroking him, and saying, "*Ziz-ziz-ziz-ziz.*"

From the yard a great voice shouted:

"Hyar comes de Avengin' Angel! Stan' clear, yo' sinners, lest Ah mows a swath through yo'! Ah'm de great Jehovah and Ah comes to take mah toll!"

A hatchet bit the panels of the back door—a hatchet wielded savagely, blindly. Tom was all for retreating, but Josephine-Céleste scratched his ears, giggled, and said, "*Ziz-ziz-ziz-ziz!*" Somehow, Tom couldn't run. (*Continued on page 54*)

Tom's blood ran cold, but Josephine-Céleste never even looked around

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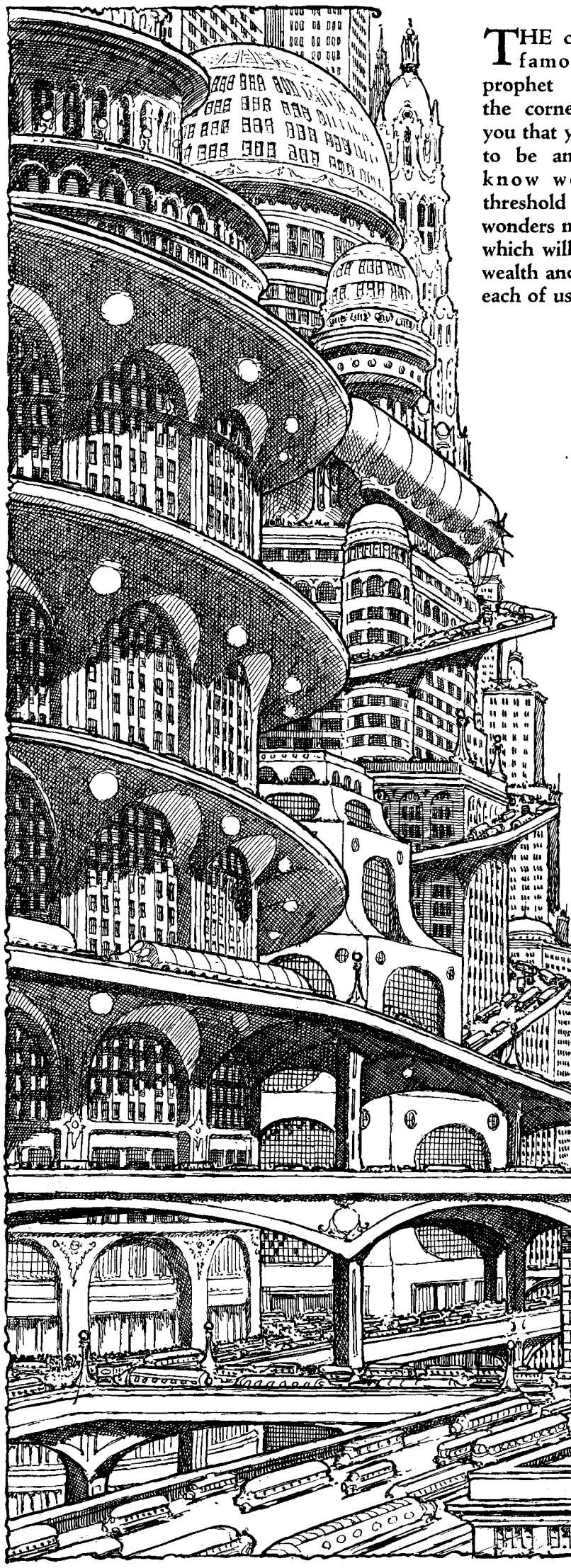
There's Magic in the Air

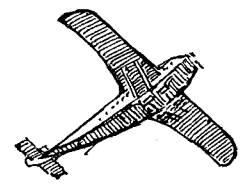


THE country's most famous business prophet looks around the corner — and tells you that you don't have to be an inventor to know we're on the threshold of an age of wonders made ordinary, which will bring health, wealth and happiness to each of us.

AMERICANS are becoming accustomed to magical inventions. Today you can't spring anything too wild for people to believe. If an inventor says he has a skyrocket that will carry passengers to the moon and return, there will be a waiting line for the first ride.

We are growing up. Ninety years ago the railroad was pooh-poohed as a wild scheme of no practical use. Why, when the Boston & Albany was first proposed, a leading newspaper in Boston said it would be "as useless as a railroad from Boston to the moon," and a town meeting passed a resolution that "it would be of incalculable evil to the town generally."

We can't blame our forefathers for ridiculing those crude railroads. They were crude! The story is told of a race between a horse car and a locomotive on parallel tracks, and the horse car won! It's a far cry from that day to this day of parlor cars on roller bearings! Also consider this early advertisement of the B. & O. which appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper: "The locomotive engine built by M. W. Baldwin of this city will depart daily when the weather is fair, with a train of passenger cars. On rainy days horses will be attached."



No wonder they laughed at one of the greatest inventions of history. They could not visualize the improved and perfected article of fifty years later. And right here is the nub of this whole matter of inventions, improvements and perfections! Think of the great inventions of history—Watt's steam engine, Eli Whitney's cotton gin, Morse's telegraph, Bell's telephone, Fulton's steamboat, McCormick's reaping machine, the sewing machine, the printing press, the electric light, the electric motor, the automobile, the airplane, the radio. All were inefficient, bungling contrivances at the start. The basic idea was right, nevertheless. Time, patience and hard work did the rest.

How often we hear that the inventor never gets anything out of his work! A few did make some money. But very few get a reward equivalent to the value of their ideas. But, after all, isn't it the promoter who usually does the hardest part? Somebody must nurse along the infant discovery or the baby invention. Somebody must "sell" it to persons with capital. Somebody must take the knocks and keep pushing. Otherwise it is safe to say that three fourths of the useful inventions would never have been developed.

Invention Has Made Us

IN THOSE rare cases where the inventor also has the promoter instinct he makes money. Unfortunately, the inventor is usually a very poor salesman. His mind is creative. He is a dreamer.

Hence in nine cases out of ten the inventor will do better to make the best terms he can with some corporation or promoter rather than try to manufacture and sell his invention. However, the inventor's chances are better today.

This business of doing the inventor out of his rights is nothing new. Richard Arkwright who, according to some accounts, had no mechanical training whatever and was only a barber's apprentice, saw the need for improved clothmaking methods. He applied the important inventions of John Kay (the fly shuttle) and James Hargreaves (the spinning jenny), produced the spinning frame, became Sir Richard, and founded the factory system which today is the basis of industry. Kay died in poverty; Hargreaves made but little money.

Every football enthusiast knows what is meant by the breaks of the game. How often those breaks decide the score! A fifteen-yard penalty, a fumble, a blocked punt—and "There goes the old ball game!" But analyze it. Is it all luck? Who makes the "breaks"? Usually the smarter team makes and takes advantage of them.

It's the same with inventions. You may call it just luck that American industry is the most efficient, the most productive and the richest in the world. But behind it all is hard work in the inventor's workshop, late hours in the chemical laboratory, bulldog tenacity of

The future city—every factory top a landing field

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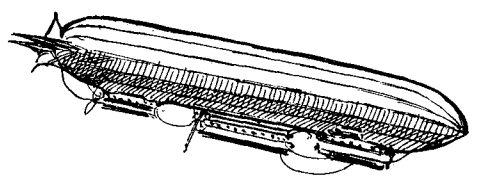
By ROGER W. BABSON

the promoter working to draw capital.

Quite true, America is blest with natural resources. Within our boundaries lie one quarter of the natural resources of the world. We have oil, copper, iron, timber, coal — in fact, practically all the raw materials of industry right at hand. But history shows that great inventions have played the major part. While the beginnings of many great inventions occurred in England or other European countries, Americans were quick to adopt and improve upon them. Moreover, America has produced a great number of entirely new basic principles.



The High Spots

EVERY great industry is founded on some basic invention or discovery. To make this more clear I have prepared a table showing some of the great industries, the present annual value of their products and the original inventions principally responsible for them.

Industry	*Annual Value (000,000 omitted)*	*Invention*
Automobile	$3,371	Internal combustion engine, 1877 Selden patent, 1895
Iron and steel	3,711	Hot blast, Neilson, 1828 Bessemer process, 1856 Open-hearth process, 1865 Dry blast, Gayley, 1904
Meat packing	3,050	Refrigerator car, W. Davis, 1868
Printing and publishing	2,482	Printing types, Gutenberg, 1439 Rotary press, 1847 Gordon press, 1850 Electrotype, 1839 Linotype, Mergenthaler, 1884
Clothing	2,319	Sewing machine, Howe, 1846 Buttonhole machine, Reece, 1882
Cotton textiles	1,820	Saxony wheel, 1530 Fly shuttle, 1738 Spinning jenny, 1764 Throstle machine, 1769 Crompton's mule jenny, c. 1779
Boots and shoes	1,000	McKay sewing machine, 1860 Goodyear welt machines, 1871
Paper	972	Fourdrinier machine, 1798 Jordan engine, 1862
Railroads	6,448	Watt steam engine, 1769 Locomotive, Stephenson, 1814-29 Locomotive, Hackworth, 1827 Locomotive, Baldwin, 1832
Electric light and power	1,833	Contributions, Franklin, c. 1750 Apparatus, Wheatstone, 1841 Electromagnetic machines, Faraday, 1831 D. C. motors Dynamo-electric machine, 1870 Brush arc light, 1878
Electric supplies	1,540	Incandescent light, Edison, 1879 Transformer, Edison, 1885 Patents, Edison, 1871-95 Batteries Radio

These are only a few of the great industries that grew because of inventions. Also the inventions named are only a few of the great number that contributed to this enormous industrial growth and social progress.

The character of invention is changing. While most of the great discoveries from 1800 to 1870 were in machinery lines, those since that time were mostly in electrical and chemical lines.

Electrical inventions began about 1870 (except the telegraph, which came earlier). Thomas A. Edison is credited with 711 inventions from 1870 to the end of the century, and Elihu Thompson with 394. Most of these discoveries were in the electrical field. This was the period originating the electric generator, telephone, electric lighting, street railways, electric signals, and, perhaps greatest of all, electric motors.

High spots in the growth of the electrical industry in this amazing forty-year period can be summed up as follows: 1850, telegraph; 1860, stock ticker, burglar alarm, etc.; 1880, telephone, electric lighting; 1890, exploitation of electric railway; 1900, adoption of electric motor for power purposes, factories, etc.

Great inventions and discoveries of more recent date have largely fallen into two classes: (1) electrical and (2) chemical and metallurgical.

There are 5,000,000 radio-receiving sets in this country today. One can easily imagine several times that number a few years hence.

Whether we are willing to take our breakfast by radio or not, the possibilities are staggering. Already pictures are sent by radio and the radio motion picture is being perfected.

Another scheme that has great potentialities, if it can be perfected, is the beam radio. Electric power could be sent great distances on a direct line through space along the "beam" sent out from a power radio station. However fantastic this may sound to the average layman, we may yet see the day when radio will distribute power to distant places where wire lines can't go, or to ships at sea or airplanes. Yes, and our electric refrigerators will be operated by radio.

Violet-ray machines have great possibilities. Doctors are agreed that ultra-violet rays are very important to health, especially in helping people to resist disease. Sunlight contains them, but they are largely lost in passing through ordinary window glass. Hence the new kinds of glass in the market now claiming properties which let ultra-violet rays through into the house or hospital. However, these so-called ultra-violet glasses are still being developed and apparently have not yet reached their most efficient stage.

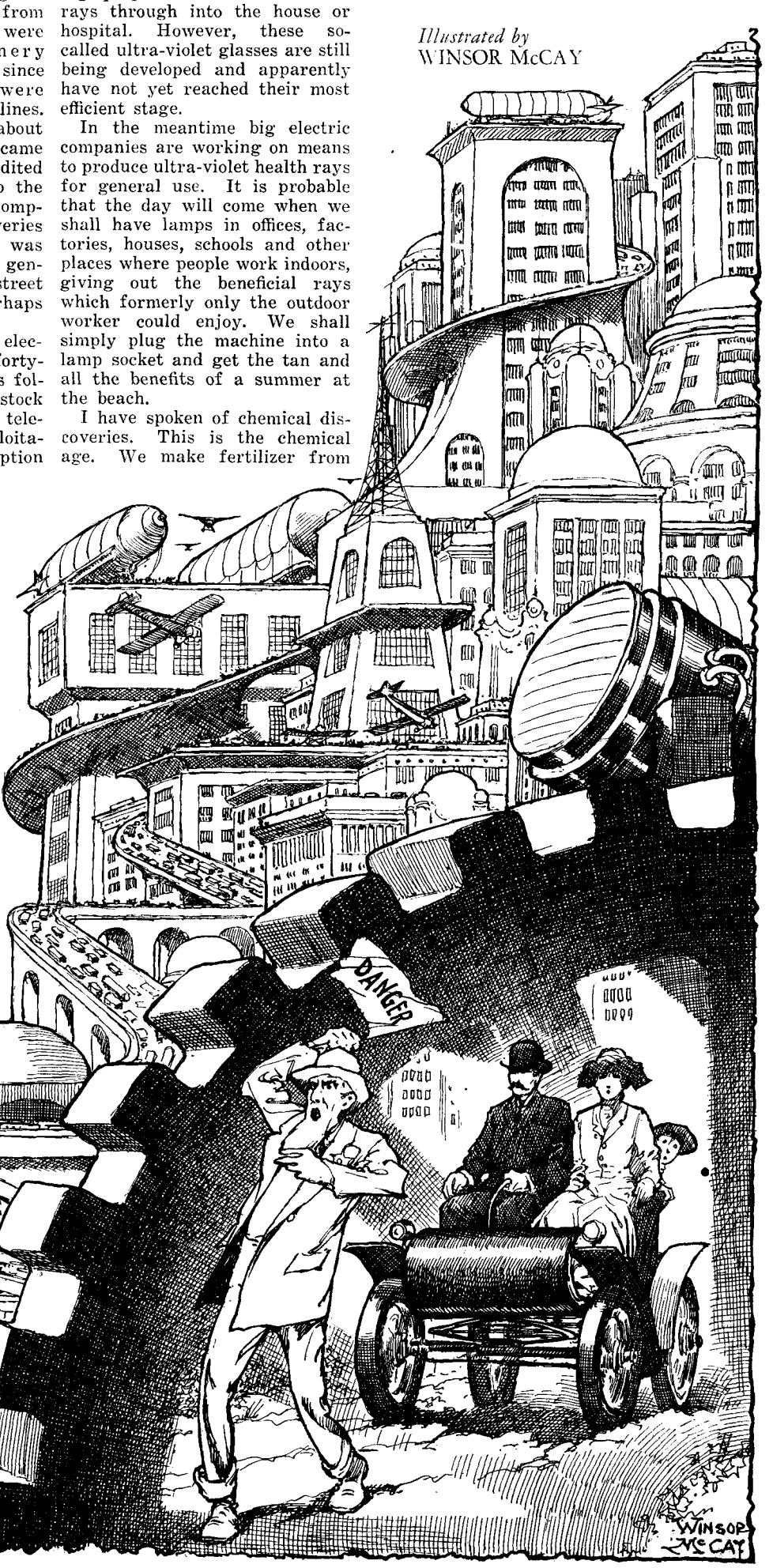
In the meantime big electric companies are working on means to produce ultra-violet health rays for general use. It is probable that the day will come when we shall have lamps in offices, factories, houses, schools and other places where people work indoors, giving out the beneficial rays which formerly only the outdoor worker could enjoy. We shall simply plug the machine into a lamp socket and get the tan and all the benefits of a summer at the beach.

I have spoken of chemical discoveries. This is the chemical age. We make fertilizer from air; we make artificial silk stockings from trees—and from the same material, paint and lacquer.

Automobiles can be painted with a lacquer made from the same base as rayon stockings, high explosives (guncotton), artificial leather, motion-picture films, celluloid combs and hairbrushes.

My advice is to watch these so-called cellulose industries. Nobody knows exactly what cellulose is, but that doesn't stop us from (*Continued on page 50*)

Illustrated by WINSOR McCAY



Right: yesterday's motor car—the red flag going before

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With Rod and Gun

Mr. Lardner, hitherto widely known as an author, becomes an ardent disciple of the great out of doors

By RING LARDNER

ONE January night a little group of 120-proof, right-thinking Americans sat in the Flamingo lobby at Miami Beach discussing literature and the question rose as to why the reading public buys almost twice as many of Zane Grey's books as mine, and somebody was kind enough to remark that it could not be on account of the respective merits of the books, and possibly it was because Mr. Grey had received more publicity and was better known.

"But," I objected, "I am pretty well known myself. Just the other day a reporter in Charleston, S. C., asked me when I was going to write another 'Houseboat on the Styx'!"

Up spoke Jess Andrew, boniface of the King Cole Hotel and the Indiana State Penitentiary:

"Mr. Grey's personal appeal gets them. They admire him as a disciple of God's great out of doors."

"I hope you don't think I'm a house cat," I said. "Why, last year alone, I played over a hundred holes of golf, saw the Army-Notre Dame and Harvard-Yale football games and walked twice from Times Square to the Long Island Station."

"People don't hear about those things," said Mr. Andrew. "What you ought to do is go deep-sea fishing and then write it up. Deep-sea fishing made Zane Grey what he is today."

"And what is that?" inquired George Ade, but was called to the telephone before anybody could guess.

Well, I thought it over, and the result was that two or three mornings later a crowd of our friends consisting of Charlie Krom wished us good luck as we chugged away from the Flamingo dock in charge of Captain Fagan. In the party were Grant Rice, Steve Hannagan of Indianapolis, my own self and a Mr. Medos Gravelle, who went along in compliance with Clause 1 of the Florida Constitution, which provides against any person over three weeks old leaving the bedroom unless accompanied by a photographer.

Another law, the one which prevents a fishing guide from getting the tackle ready until he is well out to sea and realizes that you haven't engaged him to rehearse a glee club, kept us idle the first half hour, and we wasted the next at what Mr. Gravelle called thralling for sailfish.

Then Captain Fagan said he didn't think the sailfish were in a mood to be thralled, and would we like to get some amberjack, and I said I had never drunk any and he told me it was a fish and we would have to go back close to shore and catch some grunts for bait.

I declined to take part in this pastime as being unworthy a rival of Zane Grey, and Mr. Rice passed it up for fear we would nickname him Grunt. But Steve and the captain and Mr. Gravelle soon had a dozen of the little fellows, and we moved out to where the amberjacks live.

Mr. Rice at "Still" Fishing

GRANT and I had simultaneous strikes, and then began the treat of reeling them in.

In the autumn of 1901 I held a high-salaried position in the M. C. R. R. freight house at Niles, Michigan, and I would be at a loss now to tell you which is the most fun, unloading a car of four-inch iron pipe or landing a forty-five-pound amberjack that has another appointment. After some twenty-seven minutes of banter I had him alongside the boat ready for the gaff when Mr. Gravelle announced that our position was not right for a picture. I moved where I was told to, but just as I thought we were set, the fish, a girl, decided to go home and powder her nose before being photographed. The hour I spent convincing her that she looked all right is as a string of blisters to me.

I then willingly yielded my pole to Mr. Hannagan, and that lucky stiff immediately caught a grouper, which put up a fight something like Sharkey and Heeney.

We had wearied of still fishing and were again thralling for sailfish when Captain Fagan spied a school of herring hog.

"You better wake Mr. Rice," he said.

"Grunt," said Mr. Hannagan, "there's a school of herring hog."

"Who coaches them?" said Mr. Rice drowsily.

But he got a thrill out of the next episode, which was the harpooning of a 400-pound hog by the captain. The latter brought his quarry to the stern of the boat and tethered him.

"He's a kind of porpoise," we were informed. "Every twenty-four hours he eats forty times his own weight in fish."

I remarked that it must be a great nuisance to have to keep getting weighed all day so you would know whether you were behind or ahead of your schedule.

"It would be (*Continued on page 41*)

We were again thralling for sailfish when Captain Fagan spied a school of herring hog. "You better wake Mr. Rice," he said

Ring yanks in a consolation prize after turning a 600-pounder over to the ocean—with 150 feet of line and most of the Cap's best rod

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The Shadow

A Short Short Story

By JEFFERY FARNOL

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

"'Twas the gem he demanded first, his pistol within a foot o' my head"

SNOW was falling with a fitful, bitter wind, but the sanded parlor of the Ring o' Bells was warm and snug; upon a massy table beamed a shaded lamp; upon the wide hearth a fire crackled, a cheery fire whose dancing beams flickered upon divers pewter pots and rustic-gaitered legs. It glowed in Tom the Landlord's jolly face and upon the one spurred riding-boot of the traveler who sat, his other leg unbooted and swathed in bandages; a tallish, gentlemanly seeming person, for his wig was modish like his braided coat, and he wore a sword.

"'Tis great wonder as you're alive, sir!" quoth Tom Fenn, the landlord, shaking solemn head. "Ah, great marvel it be as 'e ain't a-layin' out yonder a cold corpus, stiff, sir, and likewise stark!"

"Ar!" piped an ancient, nodding white head, "an' a-wallerin' in y'r gore, sir."

"Indeed," said the traveler, "I think it is. This particular highwayman is a desperate rogue, by all accounts."

"Desprit, sir?" cried Tom. "Ecod, nobody was never despriter nohow. Dick Turpin an' Jerry Abershaw was lambs to 'e. You be th' ninth as 'e've stopped 'ereabouts this month—nine, sir! And two on 'em shot stone dead and five on 'em wounded! Desprit, sir—I should say so! A bloodthirsty rogue is the Shadder!"

"WHY do you call him the Shadow?"

"'Cos nobody aren't never seen 'im fair, sir, or, as you might say, distinct, wot wi' his mask, an' 'is cloak, an' 'im so quick loike, an' 'is 'oss so fast. Happen now ye didn't see aught to reckernize when 'e stopped 'e tonight, sir?"

"Only his hand," answered the traveler, staring dreamily into the fire: "his left hand, for a moment, in the light of my chaise lantern."

"But the Shadder allus goes gauntleted, sir: gloved, d'ye see?"

"Aye," nodded the traveler, "but the back of his gauntlet was torn open."

"Ah," sighed Tom, shaking his head, "but a man's 'and ain't much to go by, I reckon, sir."

"Did you send for the magistrate?" inquired the traveler, shifting his injured leg to a more easy position.

"Aye, I did, sir; my man Dick went for passon twenty minutes gone."

"The parson? But 'tis a magistrate I want, a justice—"

"Why, ye see, sir, Passon Golightly be the magistrate an' the justice an' the squire—passon be all three on 'em an' hisself into the bargain. An', ecod, there ain't a better passon, a juster magistrate, a kinder justice or a better respected gentleman in all Sussex, nor nowheres else!"

The door swung open with a rush of wind and whirling snowflakes, and one appeared at whose advent the company rose in loud yet respectful greeting.

"Well, my lads," cried a hearty voice, "what's all this I'm hearing?" And, laying by hat and cloak, Parson, Justice and Squire Golightly stepped up to the hearth: a smallish, comfortable-seeming gentleman in sober clerical black, but whose comely face, offset by its trim wig, was like the fire in that it was rosy, beaming and cheerful.

"What's this Dick tells me," he inquired, warming his hands at the fire—"this tale o' roguery, of a gentleman robbed and shot into the bargain?"

"Sir," sighed the traveler, "I am that misfortunate person. A pistol ball through my leg, sir, but happily no bones are broke."

"Then, sir, if there is aught I can do to your comfort, pray command me."

"Your kindness touches me sensibly, sir, but I'm well enough, I thank you."

"Indeed and indeed," said the parson, taking the seat beside the fire Tom proffered him with smiling nod of thanks, "I rejoice to see you so well—"

"Faith," answered the traveler, gazing at the kindly parson with his somber eyes, "I hold myself singularly fortunate to be alive, for I invited death by snatching at the fellow's hand."

"Aha!" cried the parson eagerly. "'Twas bold, sir; 'twas heroic; 'twas noble! And then?"

"I took this bullet through my leg."

"And the fellow robbed you?"

"Yes, sir; he took my watch, my purse, my ring, the solitaire from my cravat and a jewel of note, a stone called Siva's Heart, a ruby, sir, almost beyond price. He knew I carried this priceless gem, for 'twas this he demanded first, his pistol-muzzle within a foot o' my head."

"Heaven aid us!" cried the parson. "And the rascal is off and away?"

"'Twould seem so, sir, and yet I think mayhap his course is run; I think perchance he hath taken his last purse."

"How, sir, how?" cried Parson Golightly, leaning toward the speaker, his eyes bright and eager. "Can it be that you had the good fortune to see this elusive rogue, this phantom night rider? Ha, should you know him again?"

ONCE more all eyes stared at the traveler's impassive face as, with his thoughtful gaze upon the fire, he nodded.

"Indeed," he answered, "I venture to think I should."

"Now Heaven be praised!" cried the parson joyously, and leaped nimbly to his feet. "Speak, sir, speak his description and we will instantly set pursuers on his track, raise the hue and cry, rouse the country. Speak, I do conjure you—you saw his face?"

"Not a glimpse, sir!"

"Then how shall you know him, how discover the rogue?"

"I venture to think that Siva's Heart may tell us."

"But how so, sir, if 'twas stolen—you say the rascal took this gem?"

"Very true," nodded the traveler, "but pray be seated, sir, and I will explain. Know, then"—and here the speaker thrust both hands into coat pockets and leaning back in his chair surveyed the ring of eager faces—"that when I set out from London I bore a gold-mounted, leathern casket very proper to such an inestimably rare jewel, but in that casket was a worthless imitation."

"Aha!" cried the parson, and, clapping hands on knees, began to chuckle, began to laugh, and laughed till the place rang with his merriment, and others laughed too. "By Heaven, sir," he gasped at last, "'twas rarely done—'twas a master stroke—ye bubbled the rogue mighty well. And where—where, then, is the true gem, the real jewel?"

"Here, sir!" answered the traveler, and, taking off his bagwig, he undid the neat bow that tied it. Next moment there was a hoarse gasp of awed wonder, for in his open palm a great ruby flamed and glowed and sparkled. "Behold," said he, rolling it to and fro in scintillant splendor—"behold the Heart of Siva! Take it, sir; feel it; weigh in your palm the ransom of a king!" He tendered it to Parson Golightly, who had risen the better to view the transcendent glory of it. So the parson took it and, bending to the light, examined the marvel, turning it this way and that, while the traveler, leaning back in his chair, watched with his somber gaze.

"Red as blood, sir!" he murmured. "And bloody indeed it is! A treasure beyond price, a—"

THE lamp crashed and was extinguished, and in this sudden gloom there was a scurry of rapid feet; the door swung wide to a blusterous, raving wind; then tumult—a wild hubbub. Presently a candle flamed and sputtered, to show the traveler entirely composed, staring somberly upon the fire, but with an imperious hand upraised.

"Silence!" he commanded. "Listen, masters all!"

A moment of breathless hush and then above the howling wind gusts the sudden sharp report of a shot, followed almost immediately by another and then another.

"Why," gasped Tom, "Lord love us, what—"

"Open the door!" said the traveler, turning himself in his chair. A muffled tramp of feet and two snowy figures staggered into the sanded parlor, bearing between them something that drooped and dangled, horribly inert.

"You have the ruby safe, Doremus?"

"Aye, sir; 'twas clutched fast in his left hand."

"Ah!" nodded the traveler. "That scarred left hand! Lay him down on the settee yonder."

A shuffle of feet, gasping breaths, a groan and then, sharp and loud in sudden horror, the voice of Tom Fenn, the landlord: "God. . . . God love us, 'tis our passon, neighbors, our passon—"

"Even so," sighed the traveler, gazing toward the fire again. "Your Parson Golightly by day, but by night—the Shadow. Cover him up, Doremus."

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We're in the Movies

All roads to the movies don't lead through starvation and broken dreams. These players went somewhere else first and into pictures later

That snaky, twirling rope which did astounding things for him on the stage of the old Hammerstein's Victoria in New York back in 1905 sent Will Rogers in turn spinning successfully through the Follies, authorship and lecturing. And of course he couldn't overlook the movies. One of the advantages of getting the rope-spinnin' sage of Oolagah into your pictures is that the make-up bill is practically nil

First National

Pathé

Above: He's in charming company, too, is Bill Tilden when he goes a-screening, if you can believe the photograph. And you know the gag about the veracity of the camera

Paramount

Gertrude Ederle casts a critical eye over a close-up of herself from "Swim, Girl, Swim." America's well-known mermaid apparently couldn't wait for the projection-room engineers to get on the job, to see how she was going to look in the movies

Paramount

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Now!

Right: No, no, no. The veteran is the beardless one if you're reckoning by movies. He's Rod La Rocque. Beside him is Count Ilya Tolstoy, called in as literary adviser during the filming of "Resurrection"

Above: "—and an autographed baseball if you make it, cabby." When he isn't knocking them over the fence, Babe Ruth is batting out another picture to make small boys the country over redouble their pleadings for a quarter to go to the movies

Right: Viacheslav Savitsky, who used to do ride-'im-cowboy stuff as chief of the Kuban Cossacks, is now an ordinary private in the ranks of the film extras out on the cinema coast. He who ruled with whip and sword has to leap when the assistant director nods. But he likes it

Paramount

Pathé

Above: Sh! sh! It's the same model Gene Tunney—just painted over, that's all. And if you doubt it, suppose you go right ahead with that crack you started to make when first your eyes lit on this picture

Pathé

Not all the pretty-boy make-up could overcome the force of the famous Dempsey scowl. As Victor Moore remarks in a current musical comedy, you can't open a can of sardines with a toothpick

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For a Rainy Day

YOU may have the prettiest legs in six counties, but if your sheer stockings are mud-spotted and your thin shoes are rain-soaked, Mr. Ziegfeld will never hand you a contract. Herein a famous clothes expert tells you how to be smart—though all wet.

By ELIZABETH MacDONALD OSBORNE

Plan an appropriate rainy-day costume just as attractive as you can make it

Culver Service

PLANNING for a rainy day is no more popular literally than figuratively. At heart we are all optimists. There were 118 rainy days in New York City in 1925, which is, I am told, about the average, yet most of us are astonished whenever the rain descends and are inclined to take it as a personal grievance.

Some cities take their rainfall in doses and give in to what they call a rainy season. Others, such as Portland, Ore., cling to the legend of a rainy season, but carry an umbrella almost every day in the year.

No matter where you live, you should plan a suitable costume for rainy days.

The attitude of Englishwomen toward rainy weather is quite different from ours. In England it rains most of the time, so the Englishwoman has her fingers crossed when she dons her street outfit. The same woman who is meticulous about her house gowns will throw on a tweed suit of six or seven years' standing and a shapeless felt hat whose spirit died years before and stride out without a thought of apology. By common consent, they are not playing the game when in the street.

Here and there we find an American who makes the same approach to a rainy day, and I much prefer to look at these than at the Pollyannas who dress as though it were not raining.

Dolled-up women in fur coats—which smell to heaven when wet—and fancy light shoes stepping along disdainfully on the dirty wet asphalt look cheap. The girl in a $10 rain coat is much better dressed, FOR THE KEYNOTE OF SMART DRESSING IS APPROPRIATENESS.

Business and professional women have to go out at certain times each day regardless of the weather signals. If any one part of their costume is perishable, they must take a taxi to save it. These fares can easily amount to $2 in one day, and this use of a taxi is to my Scotch way of thinking inexcusably thoughtless and extravagant. Ten such savings would buy a nice bit of jewelry, or luggage or some accessory which would count for a great deal in your general appearance, and you have nothing to show for a taxi fare except a different spot under your feet.

Drab Colors Are Best

TO BE correctly dressed for inclement weather requires a different set of rules from those which govern the outfit which expects fair skies and dry sidewalks; and this is one of the reasons why it is rare to find essentially smart rainy-day costumes even on that minority who have learned the trick of looking smart in the conventional manner.

We may disagree as to just what we like to see on the street on a rainy day, but let's think it over.

Do you like to see a costume of rich fabric such as satin, silk or velvet which you know will be more or less spoiled by the deluge?

Do you like to see high-heeled, thin-soled slippers with light hose spattered up to the heels?

Probably we all agree on an answer to these, but this next question will divide us:

Do you admire a bright touch of color to brighten the dreariness of the dirty streets?

"Yes," some of you will say, but let me state the case for the other side. If a room is mussed up and dirty, can you make it attractive by adding a bright-colored vase? You must clean it first and then add the vase. If you are painting a picture and your water colors are muddy, is it remedied by adding one bright pigment? It makes the others look the muddier and you begin over again with fresh paint.

So nothing but equally drab colors are practical or appropriate on a dirty street.

A glimpse of a warm color underneath the coat or a fresh white vestee is another matter. These suggest warmth and gayety which can be reached eventually and that is even more attractive than that which is right at hand.

And that brings me to just what an ideal rainy-day costume is.

A figure gradually takes shape as it approaches. The feet show first. A well-cut pair of brown Oxfords are protected by brown sandals. Brown silk stockings heavier than the chiffon quality lead up to a brown and beige tweed coat, long and full with raglan sleeves, a regulation turn-over collar and coat lapels. Showing a little over the edge of the collar is a gay plaid scarf in reds and browns. A small felt hat, inconspicuous but becoming, frames a face which is genuinely enjoying the rain.

Here is no troubled brow figuring the cost and possibility of having the coat pressed before tomorrow night. Here is no anger at ruining her new shoes. And as you pass you say to yourself, "That girl is getting a lot out of life."

Of course you can't enjoy anything if you have to worry about your clothes. All spontaneity is gone, and your horizon for the moment at least is limited to your wardrobe.

This girl might be making $30 a week, yet she can look exactly as attractive on a rainy day as her older sister who makes three times as much. The coat which I describe can be bought for $50 or less and is suitable for a general utility coat in rain or shine for numberless years. It is one of the few styles that can be depended on to last, and it is suitable for all seasons.

Coats for Lowering Skies

BUT let me warn you. Don't think that because it is a knockabout coat its length is of no importance and the length of the sleeves do not matter.

Again, don't think you can wear this coat over a wet bathing suit and then back on city streets without being pressed. You must keep its lines—and the lines must be right—if you wish to look pleasing where you are running in competition with others.

If you are making $60 a week, or having an allowance which enables you to dress well, then buy one of the new smart raincoats of rubberized crêpe de chine or cravenetted taffeta, which are chic and delightful to look upon. The crêpe de chine coats are made up in light shades with a silvery cast which tones them down suitably. A dull brownish pink coat of this type with a felt hat in the same shade makes a spring outfit which is charming. Sometimes these coats are lined with tweed or homespun to make them warmer, but for spring, summer and fall wear they are more practical without the lining.

Coats of washable leather, which are soft and supple, offer another smart choice to those who can afford them.

These coats for lowering skies are made any number of ways, but always with that (*Continued on page 55*)

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The twigs crackled under his feet. A nondescript hound shadowed him

The New Dynasty

The new gods shoulder out the old and young love comes into its own

By FLORENCE DORSEY WELCH

THE girl hurried along the red-sand road that turned off from the highway. It was late, and her mother would question her. She had been dawdling dreamily in the twilight since she left Noel Sexton at the bridge, a joy of new self-consciousness tingling her. "You better not walk any farther with me," she had said. He had bent over her, his hazel eyes serious for the moment, and whispered, "You are beautiful, Linda, beautiful."

She was beautiful, it was spring—February in north Louisiana—the evening air was gentle on her face, the sky silver through the pine trunks. She laughed softly, lifting her dark head until the black lashes lay on the smooth whiteness of her cheeks.

At the gate of the lopping board fence Linda Darcut fumbled with the wire fastener. The gaunt, paintless house, sitting back in the unkempt yard, was almost impressive in the dusk. A light appeared in the window at the left of the porch. Linda ran up the path.

The family room was large, dingy, scantily furnished, bare of floor except for a meager strip of worn rag carpet. Blazing pine knots in the clay fireplace and a red cloth on the dining table at the lower end of the room lent cheer. An old woman stooped in a broad chair near the front window, a prim, bisque-like figure. She left off fingering the hem of her apron to glance up as the girl entered with a little rush, closed the door and stood waiting against it. Satisfaction gathered in the wrinkled face.

"She's like 'em," her low, monotonous voice chanted. "Darcut clean through."

"That you, Lindy?" came in flat treble from the kitchen beyond. A dumpy woman bustled in. Her sleeves were rolled above pudgy elbows; the flabby, short-featured face still held an insipid prettiness. "Well?"

"I give Mr. Raynor the sweet cakes, and then—"

"What all did you talk about?"—expectantly.

"Then I come away." Linda's eyes flared upward, bright blue between the black lashes.

"Didn't you set and talk none?"—sharp disappointment in the tone. "The cakes was just to— *You* visited a while, didn't you?"

"No. That house gives me a shiver. And him . . . He said he reckoned Asa'd ought to be gittin' married soon. He said it twice." She moved over to the fire.

"He did?" her mother brightened. "Well, there's no other real good fambly around here but ours. Wasn't Asa there?"

"He come in when I was leavin'. He's awful lean and dark."

"Lean and dark," the old woman droned. "That's how they always been. I've known the Raynors back in Tennessee, and my grampa was neighbors to 'em in Virginny. High folks, the Raynors."

"They've only got one nigger now, the same as us." Linda stripped them of importance.

The wire rattled on the gate. Deliberate steps grated on the path. "That's Jeffry," Sally heralded her husband. "Let's get the supper on."

Hannah Darcut watched the front door hungrily, her old eyes gloating over the bearded man who shuffled in. He tossed his mother a perfunctory glance of reverence and stood before the fire. He was a square, spare man, a little stooped, knees slightly bent. His arms hung in a sort of futile relaxation. Hannah sensed that he was disturbed about something, and took to fingering her apron again, holding her peace.

AT THE supper table the clink of metal on china gathered importance in the stillness. Jeffry seldom talked, but tonight there was a gravity in his silence that prompted even Sally to forego her customary whining. His daughter, though, smiled on unaware, some reverie bringing a faint flush to the creaminess of her cheeks.

"Oh, ho, I can recollect when we used to have venison and turkey and sweet

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pickles and dessert. And lots of other things," Hannah murmured, pushing the boiled fat salt pork and baked yams on her plate. "Um, hum-hum, a long time ago, a long time ago."

"Whoever there is of us after this'll be of another name," Jeffry broached irrelevantly.

"I don't know of only one name it could be," Sally ventured, and waited.

Linda smiled on, hearing nothing of it.

The dishes were cleared away. Jeffry filled his pipe, but did not light it. "If my boys'd lived, maybe I wouldn't have to set so much store by Lindy," he said at last.

The girl straightened up from her musing.

"You—saw me?"

Her father nodded gravely.

"I was walkin' with Noel Sexton after I left the cakes at Raynor's," she explained to her mother. Then, recklessly: "I like him."

Sally had dropped her plump hands among the carpet rags. "Noel Sexton! Of all things! A nobody, a—"

"He's good-lookin' and dresses neat. And puts money by," Lindy listed thoughtfully.

"Puts money by like what he is, a common workin' man!" Sally's vapid brown eyes swept around to carry the accusation.

"At a mill, a sawmill," deplored Jeffry.

THIS was crushing truth. Linda cast about uncomfortably. "Well, some folks've got to work and it ain't their fault. He's got some cattle down below, same as the rest of us." The main industry, orthodox industry, of the Gordy Crossroads district was grazing cattle in an oak forest that skirted Red River. The pine ridges dropped off swiftly to this marshland, which was invariably termed "down below."

"He's smart too, Noel is," Linda persisted, "and has had a good deal of schoolin'. He reads books. He likes to."

A minute of affronted silence, then Jeffry tackled the matter sternly.

"I never had no call to read. If you're somebody, you don't have to.

"You're all I got, Lindy," he added more gently, "and don't you forget for a minute that you're a Darcut."

Linda drew her brows together. "I know, I won't—but there don't seem much to remember about it."

Another uncomfortable silence. Hannah quavered into it. "There's all about 'em, and who they married, in the book. When Ma Darcut come to die she divided up the things and the fence-rail quilt come to me. I didn't lay no store by a good quilt then like I would now, so I traded mine to Cassie for the book. I always 'lowed that one book wouldn't go amiss in any fambly."

"Mr. Raynor lets out that Asa's got around to thinkin' about marryin'," Sally launched the bit of news she had been cherishing. Jeffry straightened up, glanced eagerly at his daughter. She was looking star-eyed into the fire and had not heard.

"I ain't had that book out fer passin' ten year," Hannah followed her own trend. "I wisht you'd fetch it to me, Lindy."

"I didn't know this book was about Darcuts," Linda said on her return, handing the shabby volume to her grandmother. "I thought it was about meetin'."

"Just the pages in front where there's writin' is about Darcuts. The rest is about God."

"And Noah and Moses," added Sally knowingly. "We used to have a Bible at home."

"Did it have much writin' in the front of it?" Hannah's eyes bored her.

"N-nuh, the Eggerts wasn't given to settin' things down."

Hannah chuckled. "Lindy's all Darcut, anyway," she passed over her daughter-in-law's less pretentious birth. "Here's all about 'em. Richard Darcut, I remember, the top one is. He was the first of us. In Virginny. He got rich and built on to his house till it had a dozen rooms, so it comes down to us by tellin'. And his slaves was as thick as cattle. His son went acrost the ocean and right to the king's house and kissed the queen's hand. I reckon any Darcut can visit the king."

"Could I? There was a book at school with all about queens and princes, and pictures of them. Oh, Granny"—kneeling beside Hannah—"look! They got it spelt wrong. It's D-a-r-c-o-u-r-t all the way down."

"If they spelt it that way it's right. This one in green ink was a colonel. He's easy to remember. They was all great, but the greatest of 'em was the first one. Richard. One time he stood up and fought put'near a whole army when the rest run and left him. That's the kind of man started our fambly."

Linda sat back on her feet, her blue eyes wide and marveling.

"There's three Raynors in here too. They was a fiery lot, brave and smart. Awful brave."

"There ain't any Sextons in that book and never goin' to be," Jeffry issued flat. Then, almost pleadingly, "You're the last of us, Lindy, and you can't end us like that."

"Lindy'd ought to have a new dress," Sally dinned when her daughter had vanished up the stairs again with the book. "Blue."

In her gloomy loft over the kitchen Linda sat up in bed, an old shawl drawn about her shoulders. Yesterday she had had no thought beyond her few home tasks, dallying in the outworn orchard where she had a rattan swing, or making the daily trip to the store near the mill. Now, with the lights out, the loft walls could be pushed away to a spacious distance. Brave men and stately ladies glided about. There was a throne and a misty queen. Among the knights in hodgepodge of armor and lace ruffles she defiantly found Noel Sexton, merry-eyed, almost snub-nosed, stalwart, blond. Asa, lean and swarthy, moved around with the peculiar ease he had. She was about to merge hazily into the queen when sleep fell like a curtain between her and the pageantry.

WHEN Linda set out for the mill store the following afternoon Sally counseled her to remember who she was and hold herself above traipsin' around with Noel Sexton.

Noel lived alone in a tiny cabin that peeped through a heavy cluster of tall, straight pines at the highway. His mother had faded from his baby eyes somewhere along the exhausting wagon trip that was the first of his memories. The heart-warming adventure of a distant district school broke across his loneliness for a few winters; then Jabal Sexton was carried home one day, injured by a giant tree he was felling for a neighbor. After that Noel had tended him unceasingly year upon year while their savings dwindled and the pines crept hungrily over their clearing. A mound in one corner of the inclosure finished the chapter of a sturdily independent life. Noel carried on the plebeian traditions of his blood by working for wages in the Gregg hardwood mill.

When Linda came by Noel was sitting on his doorstep with a magazine, for it was Saturday afternoon. He waved at her and hurried out to the road.

"Goin' to the store, Linda? I'll walk along with you."

"Uh—maybe you'd better not, Noel. My folks don't like me to walk with—with anybody."

A flush sprang to the tanned face. "I know. I'm supposed to be—I don't know what. Funny I can't get it through my head why your folks look down on me. Dad couldn't either. We just kept doin' the best we could, but—what is the difference, anyway, between—well, your people and mine?"

"W-well, we're Darcuts and—we're wrote in a book, and—they used to own a lot of niggers, and—one of us stood out by himself and fought put'near a whole army, and—" She halted before the main fact. Not for anything could she bring herself to mention the inherited taint of accepting pay for service rendered.

"I can't be only just what I am, but if an army would come along I'd stand out and fight 'em if it would make you like me better, Linda. I can't think of anything but you. I love you, Linda, love you. I'd (*Continued on page 46*)

Illustrated by CORNELIUS HICKS

Linda thrilled at his young strength —he was like a knight in single combat against an army

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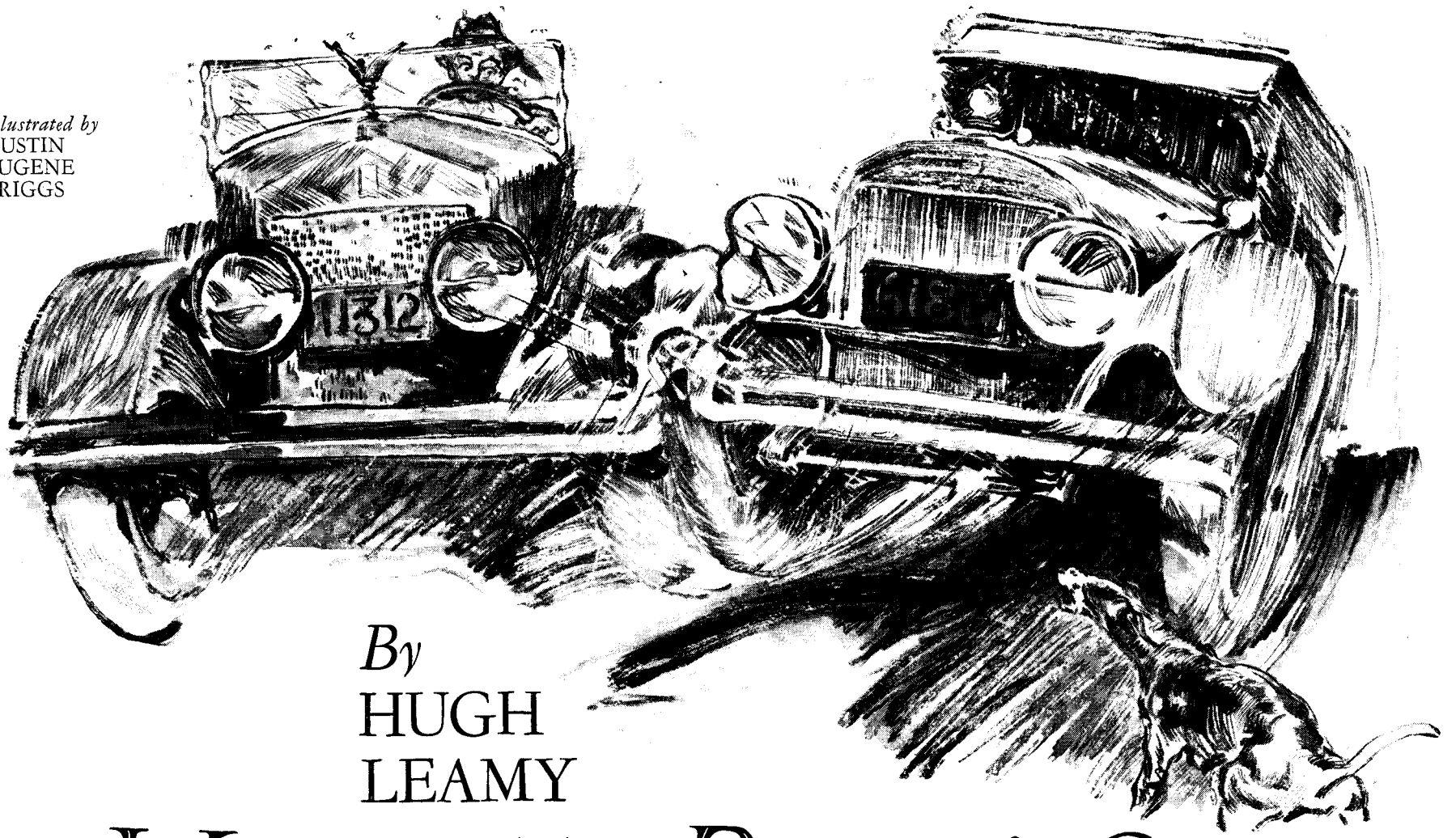

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

By HUGH LEAMY

What's the Damage?

Who pays? The dog's owner, the driver who swerved or the one who held his course?

You're "well insured" driving carefully. But there's an accident, and the jury finds against you. Who pays? Maybe you do, if you don't know these facts

WHEN Sammy Sturgis, who was under the legal age limit, drove the family automobile into a man and bashed him up so thoroughly that a jury awarded him $15,000 damages, Sturgis, senior, was upset, naturally enough, but not worried about the money. He had given his son permission to drive the car, and he held an insurance policy to the extent of $20,000 damages claimed by any person injured by his car. But—

"No," said the insurance officials, "we can't assume this responsibility."

"But," protested Sturgis, "I have a policy which covers injuries caused by any member of my household driving the car with my permission."

"Yes," the officials agreed, "but if you will read your policy you will see that there is an exclusion clause absolving the company if the car is operated by anyone below the legal age limit."

"Well, my neighbor's kid, who isn't of age either, ran into a man's car a few weeks ago and damaged it, and you paid the claim. And he has exactly the same policy I have."

"That's so. The policies are identical. In that case, however, it was good business for us to pay and retain the good will and business of the client. There was only about $65 involved. But it would be decidedly bad business for us not to invoke the exclusion clause in this instance, where there's $15,000 involved."

Now, the exclusion clause which cost Sturgis several thousand dollars is not a "trick" one. It's in nearly all of the standard liability policies and quite clearly worded. But, like most of those who carry such policies, Sturgis had not read it. He had only a vague idea of what protection he was actually afforded.

As a matter of fact, the insured is favored in all standard policies and is given the benefit of the doubt, but there are various ways in which you can render a policy useless, whether before or after an emergency.

Take the case of another pleasure-car driver; call him Hobbs. Hobbs was in a crash. It wasn't much of a crash, but it was his fault, inasmuch as he had disregarded the right of way of the other driver. Fenders were locked and passengers were jolted, but after the conventional exchange of hard words both drivers simmered down, unhooked their cars and agreed that the damage wasn't worth bothering about.

Some six weeks later, when Hobbs had almost forgotten about the affair, he was notified that a passenger who had been in the other car was claiming several hundred dollars for injuries which did not seem serious at the time, but which, according to the claim, were directly traceable to the shaking-up. What did Hobbs care? He was insured, so he didn't worry—not until he passed along the claim only to find that by failure to report the accident "within a reasonable time" he had forfeited his claim to protection.

You see, had the company been notified of the accident, trivial though it was, in accordance with its rules, investigators would have been assigned to the case instantly. Assuming that the passenger's injuries were genuine and due to the crash, they could have effected a settlement, and if the injuries were faked at the instigation of a lawyer the company would have been able to spike the plot at the start.

"As a matter of fact," an insurance company official told me, "all the companies pay out thousands of dollars every year in false claims arising from connivance between individuals, unscrupulous lawyers and doctors. If policyholders would strictly observe the requirement that they notify the company as soon as possible after any accident, they would help a great deal toward thwarting these schemers. Unfortunately the public does not coöperate.

"If we're notified immediately, we lose no time investigating an accident. And often our investigators are able to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery of schemers."

The fakers are many. Insurance claim adjusters can tell you many cases of adults who deliberately throw themselves into the path of automobiles—but not too completely into the path—so as to collect compensation. There was one professional accident victim who was quite a brisk business man. It was his happy practice to fall against the side of an automobile as it turned slowly and close to the curb, from one street into another. But he tried it once too often and was detected.

Another fake victim filed a claim after a truck, in which he had been riding, had been struck by a touring car. There were witnesses who saw him lying on the ground and groaning after the accident, which was a minor one. Doctors who examined him said that beyond a doubt he had a permanent disability. He sued for $20,000, which isn't too much to ask if you're permanently disabled.

But the insurance company peeked into the matter (*Continued on page 42*)

These Hints May Save You Money

WHEN you're buying automobile liability insurance **be sure of the company you pick. If it goes bankrupt, you lose your premiums and you will be held personally liable for damages awarded others.**

Study the policy carefully. Be sure you're getting all the protection you want. Policies vary. Read yours before the accident—not after.

Juries are often sympathetic toward automobile-accident victims. Carry enough insurance to protect you against generous verdicts.

IF THE crash comes, **notify the insurance company immediately. Delay may render you, not the company, liable. Report even the most trivial accident.**

Collect, or have someone collect, all possible information—license numbers, names and addresses of witnesses, etc.—that might be of aid in settling claims.

Don't be in too great a hurry to sign a general release order on payment of a sum in full settlement.

Avoid unscrupulous lawyers **—the kind who will settle your case over the telephone and pocket 50 per cent of the proceeds. See what the company will do first, and then, if you're not satisfied, retain a reputable lawyer.**

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The Woman Hunters

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

The Story Thus Far:

ALLEN GORHAM returns to New York from Europe in the middle of a concerted move against him by a rotter by the name of Runyon, his backer, Calhoun, and the gangs at the beck and call of these two men.

Gorham is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace, the daughter of a new millionaire. Runyon is out for her and her thirty millions and will brook no interference. Gorham has no idea of marrying Vonny, but determines that Runyon will not either. He knocks him down. His cousin Fred Gorham, who is married to Anita, the only girl Allen has ever loved, is working against him too, so he goes to see Fred, finds him away and then before he knows it Anita is in his arms.

He goes to see Calhoun, while Morgan, a detective friend, waits for him outside the house. Calhoun suggests that Gorham kill Runyon. He bluffs Calhoun into thinking he will. Vonny dismisses him with contempt when he confesses he has been making his living at cards. Later after he has reached home Anita bursts into his apartment and declares she is there to stay.

THIS morning I had been able to evade Anita's frankness. But between 11 A. M. and 12 midnight there are more than thirteen hours: chasms that yawn in the bright light of morning are obscured in the gloom of night, and pitfalls of dishonor take on the appearance of bridges to happiness. In the morning there was always a chance that I read into Anita's words meanings that were not there. But actions capable of several interpretations in the daytime may be construed in only one way at night.

Here was Anita, in my apartment, declaring that she was not ever going home. To pretend to misunderstand her meaning would be worse than to refuse abruptly the offer of herself. To delay in making answer to her statement was to seem ungrateful.

"Sit down," I said to her.

I led her to a chair.

"Anita, we must talk," I said.

She looked up at me, and in her eyes was the faintest gleam of mockery.

"We talked it all over, didn't we, this morning?" she said.

I shook my head.

"Of course, if you don't love me, if I've been mistaken—" She half rose from her chair.

"I've always loved you; you know that," I assured her.

"You're not making it easy for me," she charged.

"I don't want to make it easy," I retorted.

"You don't want me?" she asked.

"I want the right to want you," I told her.

Her lips curled. "You sound like a popular song," she said, "and like a prig."

"Is it priggish to wish to safeguard the woman one loves?" I demanded.

"But suppose the woman wants no safeguards," she parried.

I pulled up a chair and sat down opposite her.

"You might not feel the same way tomorrow," I suggested.

"I'm a grown woman and ought to know my own mind," she retorted.

"Sometimes we know our minds, but are unacquainted with our hearts," I told her.

"Many men have made love to me," she jeered, "but this is the first time that I have done all the love-making."

"You said a moment ago that I wasn't making it easy for you; you're making it hard for me," I said.

"Then you do want me?" she asked.

"You know the answer to that," I said.

She shrugged almost helplessly, as though confronted with matters incomprehensible to her.

"Then why not—"

"Because you're married," I interrupted.

"Virtue has acquired a strong hold on you." There was almost a sneer in her voice.

"Tomorrow you'll be glad for that," I said. "Listen to me, Anita. It's all very well to talk of defying convention and ignoring the world, but those things don't work out."

"The ardent lover pleads his cause," she gibed.

I felt myself color. Man's vanity is overwhelmingly masculine. Most of us would rather be accused of all the crimes in the Decalogue than be charged with being laggard in love.

EVERY atom of me responded to that charge; sheer vanity prompted me to take her in my arms, and my desire marched hand in hand with vanity.

"Be just, Anita," I begged. "You know why."

"Fred?" she asked.

"You," I replied. "Anita, I can't let you face scandal."

She leaned back in her chair; composure rallied to her aid, as it always does to women. When men give way to emotion calm deserts them, but when women are most emotional they are also apt to be most calm. The paradox has its being in the fact that before women yield they have weighed the matter, whereas man, the more impulsive creature, has few gifts of self-analysis.

"We can never marry without scandal," she stated coolly.

"That's ridiculous," I said. "Divorce and remarriage are as common as motor cars."

"They become uncommon under certain circumstances. Fred would fight a divorce bitterly unless he was shamed into getting one. You and I may love each other, and I may hate Fred, but he will not set me free to marry you unless that thing which he calls his pride urges him to it. And the only way that we can arouse his pride to action is by letting him know that I am openly unfaithful.

"I can't believe that Fred would want to smirch your name," I said.

"You talk like the hero of an old-fashioned melodrama," she laughed. "If you heard Fred on the subject, you'd revise your opinion of him. If you'd heard him talk today—"

"You said that he was in Boston," I broke in.

"I told you that he was to telephone me at luncheon," she reminded me. "I spoke to him about that lawyer. I told him that I would leave him unless he withdrew from the matter. He told me that he would go ahead with it; that he would drive you out of this country. I told him that if you went I'd go with you. Then—but why repeat all our

I had heard Anita speaking. . . . Her face was still ghastly in its pallor

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quarrel? I told him that he and I were through forever. He swore that he wouldn't divorce me. I told him that he'd be the laughingstock of New York unless he did. And he told me that he would make a divorce, if I gave him cause with you, the most scandalous thing of our day. He was just as melodramatic as you," she ended with a laugh.

"Well, then, I'm right," I said. "If that's how he feels—"

"But how about how I feel? What about how you feel? Are you afraid to look facts in the face?"

"I think most of us are," I answered. "But it is better to be a little afraid of facts than to be so reckless that facts are forced into existence by our recklessness."

"At one o'clock in the morning he talks philosophy," she jeered. "It isn't our recklessness that's creating facts; at least, I thought it was our love." She eyed me speculatively. "There are all kinds of love, Allen. There is the kind that dramatizes itself, but that becomes matter-of-fact, cool, cautious, when realization nears."

"And my love belongs to that class?" I asked.

She shrugged. "It would seem so, wouldn't it?"

"Because my love is the kind that wants to spare you hurt, you condemn it?"

"But you can't spare me anything. Allen, I know Fred. I tell you that, knowing I hate him, he'd rather keep me than let me go to you. When he finds that he can't keep me, that I've gone to you, there isn't anything he won't do to appease his hurt vanity. All the argument in the world won't change him. The only thing we can do, if we love each other, is to be so open and so flagrant in our love that he will be compelled to divorce me. No, there's one other thing: we can give each other up."

She looked searchingly at me. "Perhaps you'd rather do that."

There is always, in every human combination, a leader and followers. Even if there are only two people involved, one leads. One hears of equal partners in business, but the most cursory observation shows that one partner dominates the other. In every close friendship one finds a leader. And nowhere is this human tendency to lead and to follow more clearly displayed than in love affairs.

Since the inception of my love for Anita she had been the leader. Her wishes, her whims, her moods had been the primary thing. My inclinations had been secondary. Perhaps Anita had not been a stronger character than myself, but certainly mine had been the stronger love, and in love strength is frequently weakness.

But now for the first time Anita surrendered the reins, and leadership devolved upon me. And as so often in other affairs in life leadership is thrust upon the shoulders of the unready, so I now found myself unequipped to meet the situation.

THERE I was, confronted with the necessity of making a choice. If I rejected her now, on any plea whatsoever, I would hurt her heart and her pride. But if I accepted her offer, I would be irreparably besmirching her. I honestly do not know which course I would have taken. The well-nigh irresistible call of her might have overwhelmed me, but remnants of that early training which forbids a man to take from a woman gifts greater than she can afford to give might have restrained me. I can only tell what actually happened.

For suddenly Anita swayed in her chair. Her flushed face whitened. As I went toward her she waved me back. Huskily she asked for water.

Bewildered and alarmed, I ran toward the dining-room. Harney, like the economical housekeeper I suspected him of being, had turned out the dining-room lights. I had not yet familiarized myself with the geography of my apartment. I stumbled over a chair, knocking a vase on the floor as I searched for a light. Above the crash of breaking glass I heard the telephone ring in the living-room. I found the light, saw that there was no water in the dining-room, proceeded through to the kitchen, and filled a glass. All the time I heard the phone clanging insistently. But my caller could ring again. Getting a glass of water to Anita before she fainted was more vital than answering a telephone call. Then, as I reëntered the dining-room, the bell abruptly ceased jangling. I supposed that the caller had grown quickly weary at my silence and had hung up.

But as I entered the living-room I heard Anita speaking, and saw her standing by the telephone. She was supporting herself by leaning heavily against the wall, and her face was still almost ghastly in its pallor.

"Who wished to speak to him? Miss Candace?" Into her voice came what was patently a simulation of embarrassment. "Why, yes, this is Anita Gorham. You—I—shouldn't have answered—"

With that she hung up. She turned to me, and the blood surged into her cheeks.

"Now you can't send me away," she cried triumphantly.

I put the glass of water on a table and stared at her. Her faintness had passed, and I had forgotten the need that had caused me to absent myself from the living-room.

"Anita," I said, "why did you do that?"

"So she telephones you at this hour?" countered Anita.

"Why did you answer the phone?" I demanded.

"Because, whoever it was, I wanted them to know that I was here. And when she gave her name, I wanted her to know it. She knew my voice." Her eyes glowed. "I'm not ashamed. Are you? Or"—and quick suspicion crept into her eyes and voice—"was I right this morning? Are you in love with her, and is that why you don't want me?"

"Anita," I said sternly, "you must go home instantly. I'll call up Yvonne Candace—or you must call her up—we'll pretend there were several people here—that a crowd dropped in—"

"Are you protecting me or yourself?" she interrupted.

"You," I told her.

"You can't protect me any longer," she said. "Don't you think that girl knows now?"

"But what she thinks she knows she'll keep to herself," I said. "And we'll persuade her that she's mistaken. Yvonne is not the kind to think evil."

"I don't like that word—evil!" exclaimed Anita. "I'm hopelessly compromised. You know a lot about women, don't you? That girl is in love with you."

"Don't be absurd," I said.

"I'm not absurd. She loves you, and now she hates me. Nothing in the world would convince her that I'm not your mistress. And I won't try to convince her. If you don't believe that, I'll call her up now and tell her so. Are you still going to send me away?"

"I'm not sending you away. I'm taking you," I told her. "Tomorrow, or whenever Fred comes back, I'll tell him what we're going to do. But for your sake, Anita, I must take you home now."

For a moment I feared another fainting spell, feared that this woman—the most self-possessed I had ever known—would even give way to hysteria. But I should have known Anita better. She rose quite steadily from her chair.

"Take me home," she said. And somehow she made it seem that the suggestion was completely her own, unarrived at through any word of mine.

I ASSISTED her with her wrap. We descended in silence to Fifty-seventh Street, and on the avenue picked up a prowling taxi. She said nothing until we were at her front door. Then she turned to me, and there was an unexpected sadness in her voice.

"Do you really love me, Allen?" she asked.

"Of course I do," I assured her.

"Do you think I'm nice?" she asked. She accented the last word.

"Don't be silly," I adjured her.

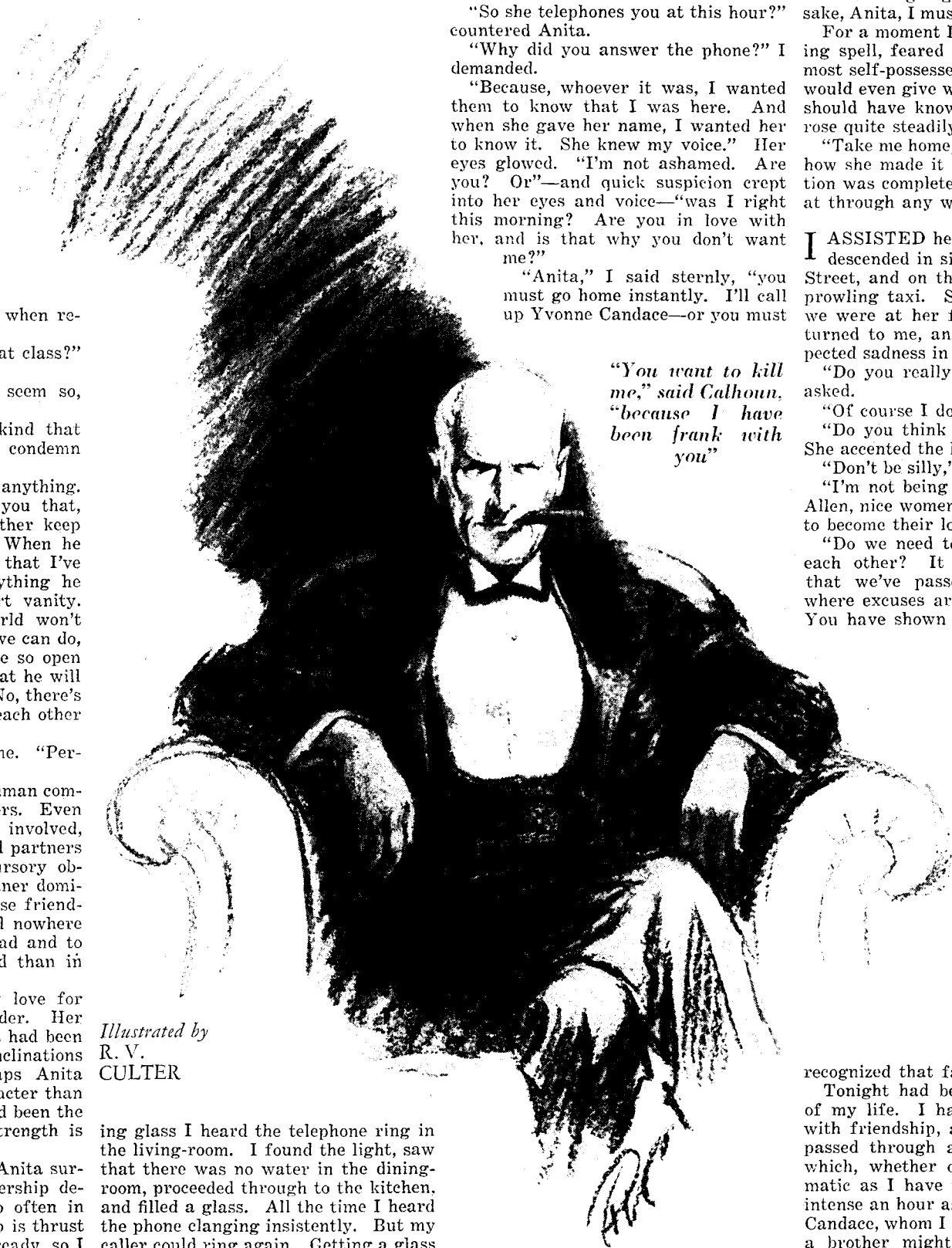
"I'm not being silly. But you know, Allen, nice women don't plead with men to become their lovers."

"Do we need to explain ourselves to each other? It seems to me, Anita, that we've passed beyond the stage where excuses are offered. I love you. You have shown me the greatest trust a woman can show a man. And because I love you so much I'm leaving you now."

That was all. I touched her hand and left her, hating myself as I had not known it possible to do. Of late I had come to self-contempt through Yvonne, and now I was arriving at the same goal through another woman.

For tonight something in Anita had rung falsely, and I hated myself because I had recognized that falsity.

Tonight had been the most crowded of my life. I had dallied with death, with friendship, and with love. I had passed through a scene with Calhoun which, whether or not it sounds dramatic as I have told it, was surely as intense an hour as I ever spent. Vonny Candace, whom I had come to cherish as a brother might cherish a charming young sister, had probed into recesses of my heart which I had kept closed to all the world and had made me feel shamed. Vonny had shown me what a wholesome girl thought of my profession. It was all very well to assure myself that Vonny was young and inexperienced in the ways of the world and that her intolerance was the intolerance of the narrow-minded. But these assurances were empty, had no real body, because I knew that Vonny was generous (*Continued on page 59*)



"You want to kill me," said Calhoun, "because I have been frank with you"

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

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RIGHT *Berkeley, Calif.*

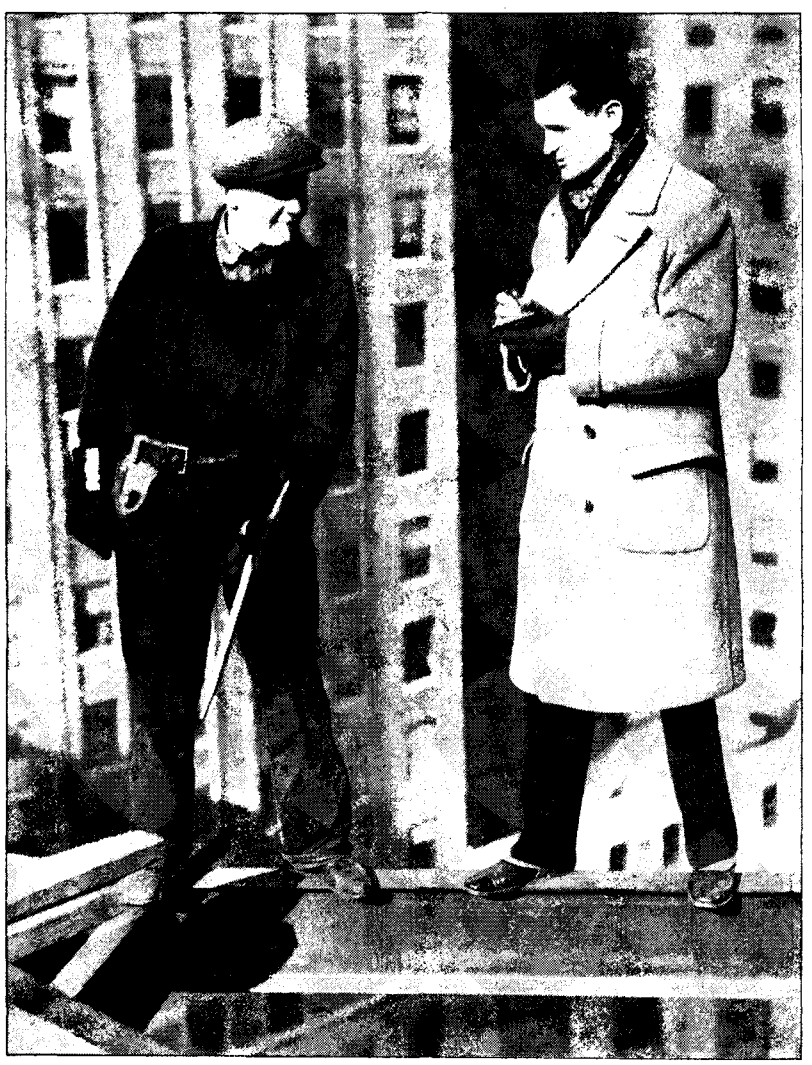
"BORN AND RAISED in San Diego, the playground of California, I lived an active outdoor life—riding, swimming, golfing—and as a result I always had good health. But around the time of my high school graduation, I became run down. Too many parties and dances, I guess—and then there was the senior play. The vice-principal tried to get me to withdraw from the play. But I didn't want to do that.

"It happened that my father was an ardent Yeast enthusiast. I decided to try it myself. I began eating three cakes every day.

"To my surprise I was better within a month, and in two months I was entirely well and vigorous. I was soon able to begin my preparations for college. Now, whenever I feel the slightest return of sluggishness, I go back to eating Yeast again."

Mrs. GWENDOLYN DE JONGE

"... *nerves are* like iron *now*"



MR. FREDERICK D. WADE (*above, at right*), *of New York, gathering data for a magazine article on the hazards of structural steel work*

"But I take no chances of another breakdown in my health," says Frederick D. Wade

New York City

"By the time I was fifteen years old I had run away from home so often that my mother gave up trying to keep me there.

"After working my way around the world on tramp steamers I entered college, where I specialized in journalism. But the pressure of study and overtraining in athletics brought back my old enemy, indigestion.

"When I graduated I was suffering from a bad case of 'nerves'—practically a breakdown. But heeding a suggestion of an athletic trainer I began eating three cakes daily of Fleischmann's Yeast.

"In three or four months I was *well*—my nerves as steady as the iron in the construction jobs on which I worked for a time after leaving college. I am writing short stories and articles now, and giving boxing instruction. But I am still eating Yeast—to keep myself in shape."

FREDERICK D. WADE

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is not a medicine but a *food*—wholesome, fresh as any vegetable.

Yet this food has unusual virtue in correcting certain common ills—indigestion, skin troubles, "nerves." Ills such as these generally come from an unclean intestinal tract. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps the intestines *clean*. Strengthens the sluggish muscles. Brings healthful "regularity."

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. And send for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. E-54, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

LEFT *Tacoma, Wash.*

"THERE is quite a contrast in my hobbies—radio announcing and hiking in the mountains. Broadcasting, especially, requires enthusiasm and a mind constantly alert. My own enthusiasm was, however, badly dampened by boils.

"I tried every cure suggested—no results. At last I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Picture my relief as the boils gradually disappeared. And they haven't returned!"

HERBERT C. FORD

RIGHT

Miss Margaret Alexander's mother writes:

"MY DOCTOR had prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast cakes for my brother-in-law and myself, and I knew they were good for children as well. So when my daughter Margaret became bothered with constipation the first thing I thought of giving her was Yeast.

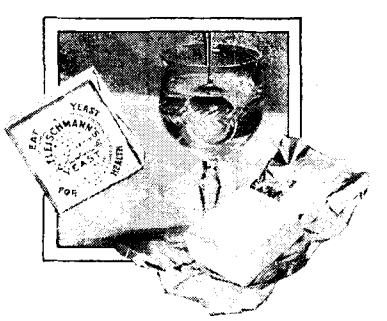
"At first I gave it to her dissolved in milk, but later she ate it just like candy. In about a month's time she became perfectly normal again.

"Now, whenever she goes into a store with me she says, 'Don't forget the Yeast cakes, mother.' They have been nuggets of gold to me."

Mrs. EDITH M. ALEXANDER
Philadelphia, Pa.

How thousands have found health—easily, naturally:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.



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The Nervous Wrecks

"In an attempt to see beyond the veil Herb Hoover has established contacts with Conan Doyle an' Sir Oliver Lodge, an' Frank Lowden has a crystal globe"

Uncle Henry

"They made him wear a ten-gallon hat an' Angora-goat vants"

"IT CERTAINLY is strange that the Humane Society doesn't come forward an' do somethin' about it," Uncle Henery declared.

"About what?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"The Republican Presidential situation, of course. I wouldn't want my worst enemy to suffer the torments that Hoover, Dawes an' Lowden have been called upon to endure these last few months. Y'see, 'Lonzo, Cal's got 'em stymied.

"Does Cal want the nomination or doesn't he? Day an' night the poor wretches hang around the White House, waitin' for some sound to break the awful hush. Every time Cal opens his lips they spring up in a delirium of anticipatory delight, an' when it turns out to be nothin' more than a yawn, the unhappy creatures fall back with piteous moans.

"The thing's inhuman! Cal ought to be forced to state his position in plain English.

"I have never been in New England, owin' to my belief that we ought to see America first, an' know nothin' whatsoever of the language. It may well be that 'I do not choose to run' is really a flat refusal in Vermontese.

"In these United States, however—an' I go so far as to include Chicago—'I do not choose' has none of the force of a positive negative. All that it means is merely a lack of inclination that can easily be overcome by nudgin', pushin', pullin' an' a few appealin' phrases such as 'Aw, come on now. Be a good scout.'

"In an attempt to see beyond the veil, Herb Hoover has established contacts with Conan Doyle an' Sir Oliver Lodge, an' his home sounds like a regular Tin Pan Alley, what with banjos, tambourines an' the shrill chatter of Little Laughin' Eyes.

"Charlie Dawes has gone in for ouija boards"

"Charlie Dawes has gone in for ouija boards an' Frank Lowden has bought a crystal globe.

"Could they but *know!* If Cal is on the square, a lot of valuable time is bein' lost. Before they know it, all the states will have decided on uninstructed delegations, an' that means a back-room conference of the G. O. P. bosses an' the sudden production of a white rabbit, a bowl of goldfish, a pot of flowers an' a spoon-fed, hand-trained nominee.

"On the other hand, if Cal is really hopin' to be drafted, so as to take the curse off the third term, he's goin' to be mighty mad at the man that tries to gum the game.

"Don't talk to me about the fiery, revengeful Latin, 'Lonzo. You don't know what demoniac fury is until you've tried to take somethin' away from an inmate of good old Vermont.

"At best, 'Lonzo, the Presidential bug is a terrible thing, an' when the sufferers have to conceal their malady an' can't even take a chance on scratchin', nothin's worse.

"Hoover's neighbors are complainin' to the police about the way he screams an' carries on at night; Dawes has fits of such violence that it calls for three surgeons to get the pipe out of his mouth; the other mornin', when they brought Frank Lowden the milk to sprinkle on his boots, he tried to drown himself in the can."

"The people are for Hoover," asserted Mr. Stubbs. "It's only the politicians that don't like him."

Herb, 100 Per Cent Come-on

"YOU'RE all wrong," said Uncle Henry. "They *do* like Herb. The trouble is that he's so gosh-darned easy that they can't resist the temptation to trim him. As far as politics are concerned, he's a 100 per cent come-on.

"Think back to the 1920 campaign. No man ever sat prettier than Herb Hoover.

"The Food Administration had given everybody a sense of service without sacrifice, an' his popularity gave him the choice of nominations.

"They took everything but his pants an' let him keep those as a favor. Inside of a few weeks his wife had to move out the furniture to make room for the gold bricks, the oil stock an' maps showin' the exact location of Captain Kidd's buried treasure.

"They made him thumb his nose at the Democrats an' say that he was an' always would be a Republican, no matter how much it hurt or how high a judge might put the bail. Moreover, they hornswoggled him into declarin' that he wouldn't bolt under any consideration. Not even the application of the boot waked him from his dream.

"'Well,' he grinned happily when his friends crawled back from the convention hall, 'how many votes did I get?'

"'Six,' they told him.

"'Hundreds or thousands?' he asked.

"No question about Herb bein' a fine fellow," continued Uncle Henry, "but as far as the revered leaders of the Republican party are concerned, 'Lonzo, he's jes' window dressin', kept out in front with the other wax figures, for Herb is good to attract trade."

Some Get Away With It

"WHAT do you honestly think about it?" demanded Mr. Stubbs. "Is Coolidge stallin' around jes' so as to have the nomination offered to him on a platter?"

"I can't make up my mind. After Cal's horrible experience last summer, when the newspaper photographers held him captive in South Dakota, makin' him wear that ten-gallon hat an' those Angora-goat pants, I felt certain that he'd never know a happy moment until he got back to New England an' denned up in some mountain lair where there were plenty of rocks to roll down on people that attempted to approach.

"My conviction was still further confirmed when I read that the President had saved $300,000 since takin' office, practically all of his salary except a dime that slipped through a crack in the floor. That was why he insisted on havin' the White House repaired. With so many members of the Hardin' Administration still in Washin'ton, I figured that Cal wouldn't rest easy until he'd got away with his money.

"On the other hand, 'Lonzo, his cryptic utterances are certainly puzzlin'. He's been in the country for seven years now—ample time for him to have picked up enough of the language to express himself explicitly.

"If he doesn't want another term why doesn't he choose to say that he isn't a candidate, that he won't be a candidate, an' that even if nominated he will not run?"

"I see where Senator Curtis an' Senator Willis are runnin'," said Mr. Stubbs.

"Runnin' is hardly the word," corrected Uncle Henry. "I'd call it twitchin'."

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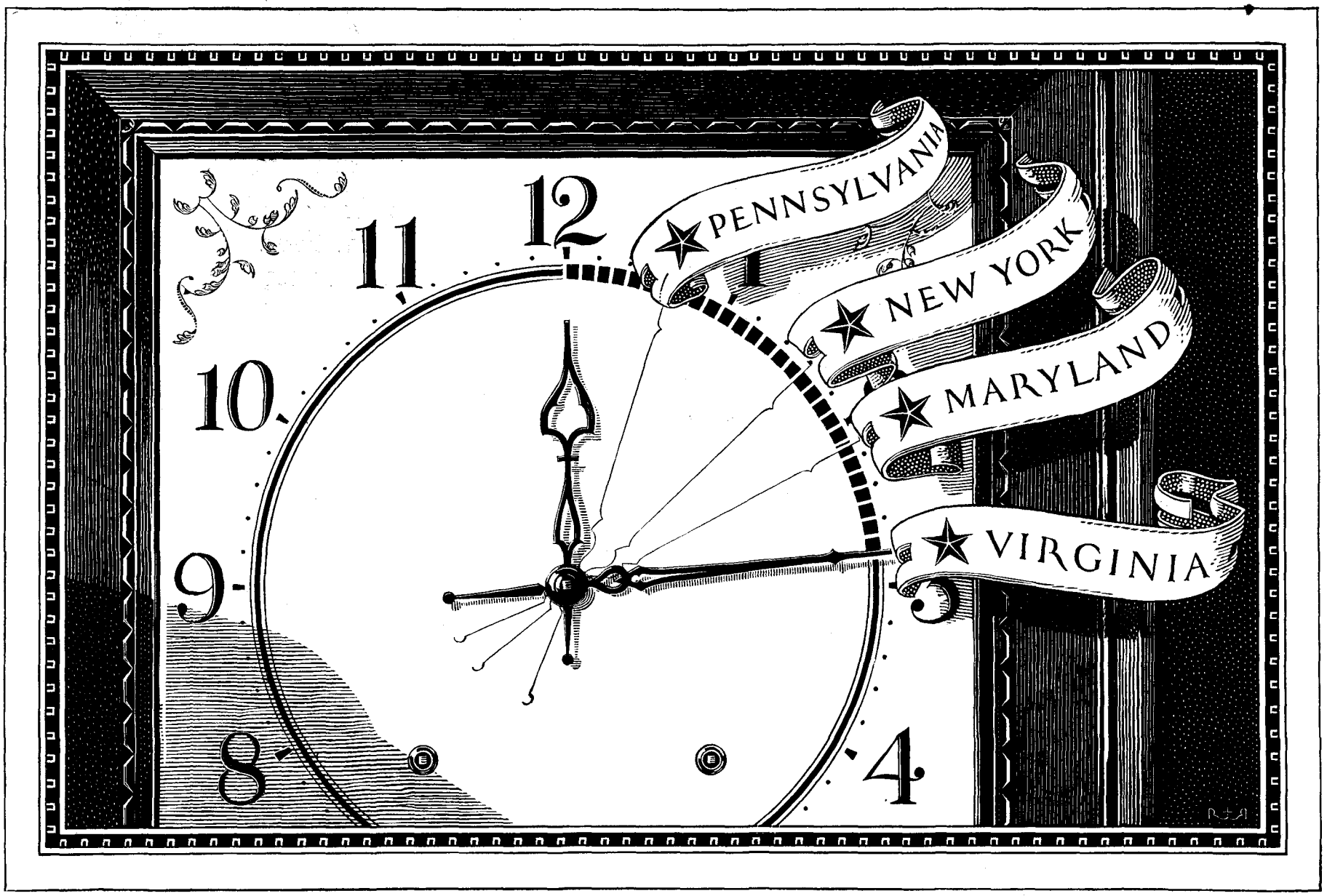
2400 *Miles*
$1700 *worth of* B*usiness in* 14 *minutes*



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A Pennsylvania cement company called by Long Distance and secured a 30-ton order from a town in New York. Telephone charges $1.95. A 24-ton order from a Maryland town; charges $2.50. A 20-ton order from a Pennsylvania town; charges 75 cents. And a 15-ton order from a town in Virginia; charges $3.50. . . . Twenty-four hundred miles were "traveled"—*there and back.* Total orders secured, $1700. Total charges, $8.70. Talking time, 14 minutes.

So many businesses have found Long Distance indispensable in sales work that the "key town" plan has been developed as a further assistance and saving. By this plan key towns are selected. Each one of these is central to all of the towns in its trade territory. From the key towns in the various territories, the representatives cover the other towns by telephone, in minimum time and at low cost.

To facilitate the use of the key town sales plan, interested firms may arrange for credit identification cards to be issued to their traveling representatives.

Long distance telephone service can be custom-made to fit your business. Surprising how much long distance calls will do and how little they will cost. Ask the nearest Bell business office about the key town plan. . . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

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More than a million are riding with ETHYL

IT took seven years to develop Ethyl Gasoline—but it took only months for the motoring public to discover its advantages.

Today more than a million car owners are riding with Ethyl. They are enjoying a new standard of engine performance—more power on hills and heavy roads, faster pick-up, reduced gear-shifting, a cooler, smoother motor under all driving conditions. And to the owners of the new high compression automobiles, Ethyl is giving a still bigger thrill.

Follow the army of Ethyl users to the nearest Ethyl pump. It is identified by the trademark shown above. And the price of Ethyl Gasoline is simply the price of good gasoline, plus the few extra pennies the "ETHYL" ingredient costs. Ethyl makes good gasoline better.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York City
56 Church Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada

ETHYL GASOLINE

Facts about Ethyl Gasoline

ETHYL GASOLINE was developed by General Motors Research to provide a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines.

It is formed by adding Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound ("ETHYL" fluid) to selected motor gasoline in an amount sufficient to utilize the higher compression created by carbon deposits or advanced engine design.

"ETHYL" fluid is a concentrated liquid containing tetraethyl lead which has the property of controlling the combustion rate of gasoline. It is a patented product.

Only oil refining companies licensed to sell Ethyl Gasoline can mix "ETHYL" fluid with their gasoline. In every case the amount of "ETHYL" fluid must be sufficient to meet a definite standard of "anti-knock" quality rigidly controlled by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification. The color has nothing whatever to do with its performance. It takes more than dye to make "anti-knock" gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline increases the performance of any automobile engine—whatever its compression—whatever the climate or other driving conditions.

If your car is designed to operate on ordinary gasoline, the use of Ethyl Gasoline will:

Eliminate "that knock" and power loss.

Make carbon deposits a source of extra *power. For carbon increases compression and Ethyl Gasoline is* the *high compression fuel.*

Give a smoother and better pulling engine, particularly on hills and heavy roads.

Reduce gear-shifting and increase acceleration, thereby making traffic driving easier.

Cut down vibration, thereby reducing engine wear and tear and depreciation.

Save you the expense of carbon removal and other repairs caused by "knocking" and carbon formation.

Give more power per gallon for your fuel bills—and more mileage as compression is increased by carbon deposits.

If your car is a high compression car, just remember that Ethyl Gasoline made it possible and its use is necessary to obtain maximum performance.

Ethyl Gasoline is sold only at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trademark shown above.

Ethyl Gasoline is the yardstick by which other gasolines are measured.

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Up and at 'em

Getting the jump is 50 per cent of the battle. Emulating the wild cat to the finish is the other 50 per cent

By GRANTLAND RICE

Wide World

Ace Hudkins, Nebraska Wild Cat, gives Science no chance at all against him

WHEN you think you have something of an edge on the other fellow and then he suddenly piles in on top of you, upsetting your balance, and continues piling in so that you can't use your natural advantage—the result is likely to contain its full share of anguish. Many competitors are not equipped mentally and physically to be aggressive. And many have never probed into the situation far enough to see how often the aggressive quality is rewarded.

Take the case of Sergeant Sammy Baker of Mitchel Field and his arch-enemy, Ace Hudkins, the Nebraska Wild Cat. When they met some while back in New York Baker seemed to be a trifle the better boxer, just as hard a hitter, just as fast and just about as courageous.

But printed in large letters on the back of Hudkins' fighting toga was WILD CAT and the Nebraskan seemed to be well acquainted with that animal's mode of warfare. He had no idea of permitting Baker to use his boxing skill and his sloughing ability.

He simply piled in on top of Baker with both hands working at top speed, hammering and thumping, jabbing and jolting, until Baker suddenly found himself on the defensive with all his time taken up in self-protection.

The Wild Cat's rush had thrown him off balance, mentally and physically. And so strong was the flame in Hudkins' soul that he refused to do any slowing down—even when Baker nailed him on the point of the chin with a full-swinging right hand. The Nebraskan's knees sagged, his head snapped back, his body quivered, but he kept on surging in with both fists flying.

This sort of competitive aggression is ever an important factor. It can be used at times to swamp or overwhelm a superior enemy by wrecking his physical balance and upsetting his morale.

"Well," one may say, "Dempsey's superior aggressiveness didn't win many rounds in his two fights with Gene Tunney." That is true. But the Dempsey aggressiveness at Philadelphia came after a three-year lay-off, and on both occasions it lacked foot and hand speed and coördination.

Tunney will never forget his first meeting with Harry Greb. Tunney was then a good boxer and a jolting puncher. Also he had a weight advantage of about ten pounds. But the Pittsburgh windmill fell upon him with such fury that within three rounds he found himself cut to strips, and only his fine condition and his high grade of courage held him on his feet.

Against both Tunney and Tom Gibbons, two clever boxers, Greb's aggressive rush gave him a chance to land seven successive punches without a counter.

"I have seen a good boxer," remarked Freddie Welsh, "land three punches without a counter. But I never thought it possible that anyone would ever live who could run the count up to seven."

Greb had the most bewildering onslaught in ring history. He was not a hard puncher, not a fancy boxer. But for the greater part of fourteen years he fought all comers, from middleweights to big heavyweights, with hardly a setback until his eyesight failed. And 70 per cent of his stuff was aggressiveness—attack, offense: piling in, getting the jump and keeping it. He was my idea of the human machine at its aggressive height.

Strike—and Never Let Up

SOME years ago I took a Western trip with the New York Giants when they seemed to be out of the pennant race. McGraw decided to gamble on greater aggressiveness. Sacrifice was abandoned. It was all hit and run—steal and hit.

The team literally slid itself out of trousers and at the finish the diamond wardrobe was a terrible thing to look at—an unkempt collection of rags and tatters and patches. But the continued aggressiveness turned the trick. The Giants finished out in front.

A strong, well-trained defense is useful. It will always have its value. But while contests are saved by a good defense, they are won through attack.

Last fall Pittsburgh's Pirates were beaten before the first game of the world series. As the batting practice started, Earl Combs hit one up against the fence. Ruth followed by hitting one over the stands into the street. Gehrig came along with another homer into the upper tier. And for about fifteen minutes the Yankee bombardment sounded like a cannonade—biff! bang! blooie! bam!—against the fence and over the stands.

It took just four games to finish up that series, the second four-game series in history.

The old Baltimore Orioles were probably the most aggressive baseball team that ever walked upon a field. McGraw, Jennings, Doyle, Keeley and company are still listed among the greatest combinations of all time.

Second sight is always simpler and surer than first sight, but I have always thought Princeton tossed away her last football game with Yale by switching from aggression to defense.

Through the greater part of that game Princeton had put on all the aggressiveness at her command. In one march the Tiger took the ball 85 yards for a touchdown. The rushing of Wittmer, the plunging of Miles and Norman, the passing of Baruch had kept a strong Yale defense from functioning up to its standard.

And then, with Princeton leading 6 to 0 and about eight or nine minutes to play, the Princeton plan of battle seemed to switch from offense to defense. Yale, in desperation, struck with a long pass, and Princeton from that moment had nothing left.

Intermittent aggressiveness isn't much help. True aggressiveness must be of the Ace Hudkins rush and slam type—there must be something in the heart that says: "Keep going—keep on and on."

Gene Tunney belongs more to the waiting and the counter type. He is a fine boxer with a jolting, thudding punch. I believe the man who takes Gene's title will do so with overwhelming aggressiveness that breaks down his physical and mental balance. Dempsey lacked both the speed and the boxing skill to accomplish this, but even as it was he had Tunney on the floor for the now historic "long count."

There are few better boxers than Tommy Loughran, the light-heavyweight champion. But a wild offensive by Leo Lamski some time ago came near winning in a round. Leo twice sent him spinning to the floor for the count of nine.

The Yankees are favored to win the pennant again because they pile in with the old war mace. Ace Hudkins is given a first-class chance to win the welterweight championship against a better boxer because he'll whale away with both gloves, from the first rush to the final episode, win, lose or draw.

Those who, in any part of the crowded sport field, go in with the idea of getting the jump—and holding it—keep the other fellow thinking too much about his own protection to put on any counter-battery attack.

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A Place to sit Down

By JONATHAN BROOKS

Wormy Joe was an ordinary race-track tout till his heart bogged down on him. He never says anything about it, but if you ask me—

Illustrated by PAUL BROWN

"He could 'a' come through like a train through a tunnel, but would they let him?"

"JOE, listen," said Mother Callahan firmly, "this is the last time I'm going to say anything. At the end of this meeting you can get out of this game or get out of here. One or the other. I'm not going to have the kids coming home from school and asking what to tell the teacher when she asks what business you're in—"

"Nobody's business, far's she's concerned," flared Wormy Joe, her husband.

"That's not the point, Joe," Mother Callahan explained, with more patience than usual. "The point is, the kids are growing up and they've got to live with other folks. You can get by your way, but it's not fair to make them go around explaining what you do for a living or telling people it is none of their business."

"Aw, it's the truth, ain't it?" Joe demanded sullenly.

"And that's not the point either. You know very well what I'm talking about, and I'm not going to say another word."

"Ye've dragged this track now till they ain't any life in it," muttered Joe.

FOR the last year his wife had been nagging him to get into some other line, and he was sick of her talk. But she had never put it up to him, flat, like that, before. He paused to consider as he sat over his combination breakfast and lunch. It was late for breakfast because Joe always slept long after his strenuous afternoon's work. And it was early for lunch because Joe had to have a nimble mind in the afternoon when he stacked his wits against the world.

"Gimme another cup coffee, Ma," he said presently. She could put him out if she wanted to, which was the worst of it. The house and lot certainly belonged to her—did before she married him. He'd been making a good living all these years, but had never seen the sense of trying to buy a new home. And—but Ma was glaring at him as she gingerly placed a steaming-hot cup in his saucer. He knew what the glare meant—was he or wasn't he?

"Gosh," he complained lamely, changing the subject and at the same time seeking sympathy, "the old dogs have certainly been killin' me lately."

"Which dogs?" snapped Ma Callahan. "Them at the track?"

"Naw, *my* dogs. I get so I can hardly stand up. And them arch supports, they ain't so much either. If I was a horse and had my underpinning, I'd 'a' been retired years ago," he mused. "'Tain't every guy's feet that would stand up as long—"

"Nor it ain't every guy that wouldn't have enough sense to get some kind of work where he could sit down either," sniffed Ma Callahan. No sympathy. Wormy had never seen her hold so militantly to the warpath.

"Humph," he considered as he sipped his coffee. Then he conceded, "Mebbe if a felluh had a cigar store, he could keep a stool, or something, and sit down part of the time. 'Course the wormy cigars cut into your profit, because yuh gotta throw 'em away, with no comeback at the factory. But, then, yuh could sit down."

"Well, if you'd like the cigar business, why not look around for a store—" began Ma Callahan hopefully.

"Aw, I don't know. There's not only the wormy cigars, but there's chain-store competition, and—aw, I don't know." Wormy Joe shoved back his chair, stood up, and stretched, then turned toward the hall to get his hat and coat. Might as well leave Ma up in the air. "Where'd I put them tickets?" he asked, but at the same instant took a small sheaf of cards from the mantel and stuffed them in his pocket.

Mother was a good old goat. She'd never battled for bread and butter on her own account. It was only this stuff about the kids comin' in from school and Lord knows where else, wantin' to know what the old man did for a livin'. Works over at the race track. Yes, but what does he *do?* Joe knew the whole story.

A moment later, shaking his head, as if unconsciously trying to get all this junk out of it so it would work fast and clean, he climbed into his car and started on the long drive through town to the race track.

NEAT, almost dapper, with a slender figure and homely, pockmarked face, Wormy Joe Callahan might have been a broker, a bank clerk, a floorwalker, or even an advertising man. But he was none of these things. Wormy Joe was a tout. A tout!

Now you know why Ma Callahan, with the kids growing up, put her foot

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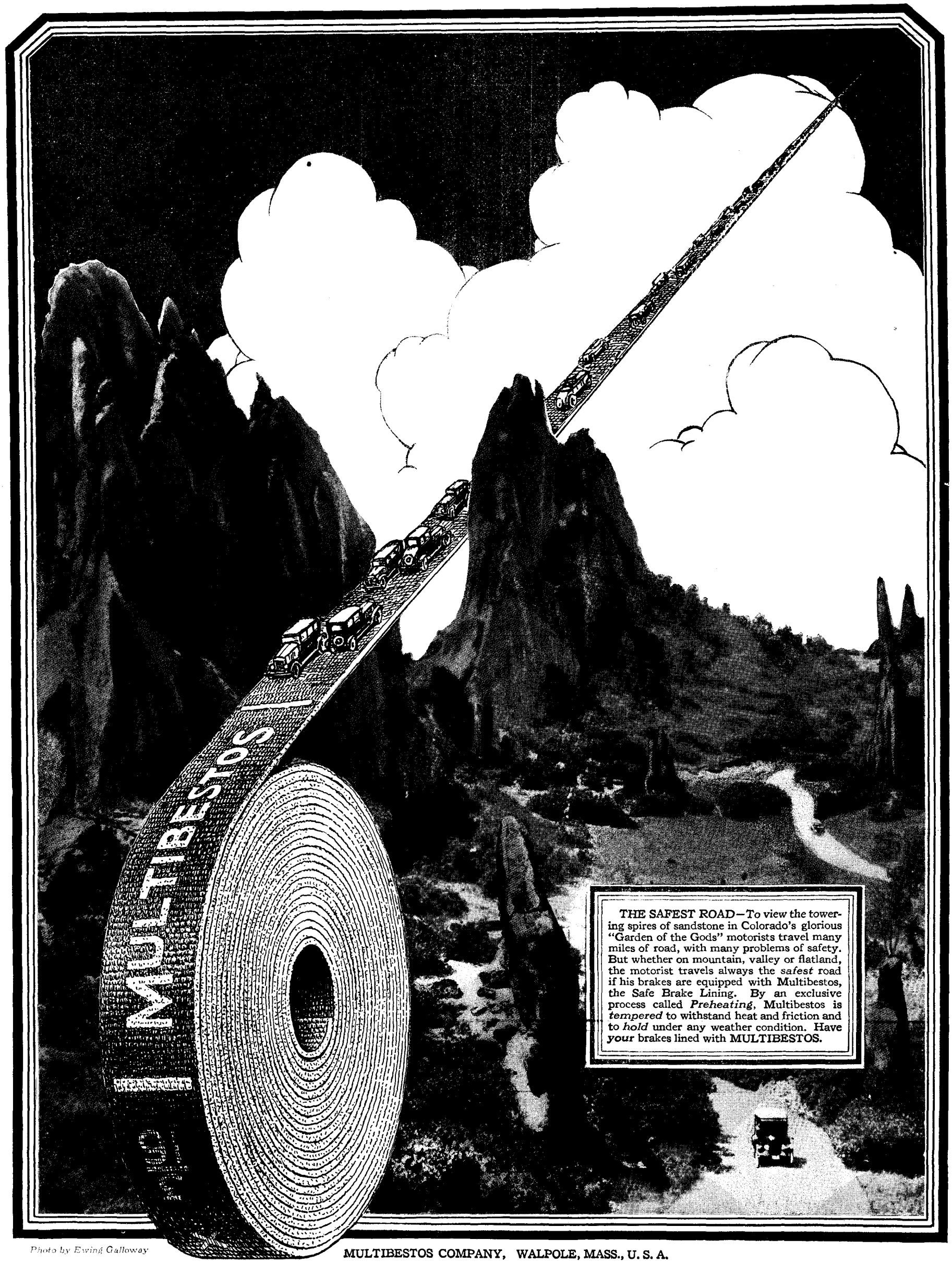

THE SAFEST ROAD—To view the towering spires of sandstone in Colorado's glorious "Garden of the Gods" motorists travel many miles of road, with many problems of safety. But whether on mountain, valley or flatland, the motorist travels always the *safest* road if his brakes are equipped with Multibestos, the Safe Brake Lining. By an exclusive process called *Preheating*, Multibestos is *tempered* to withstand heat and friction and to *hold* under any weather condition. Have *your* brakes lined with MULTIBESTOS.

Photo by Ewing Galloway

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down flat and hard. A tout is the lowest form of animal life in the racehorse world, except one, and that is a tout's helper, or fence, or runner, or puller-in, or what you may call him. And perhaps the exception is not fair, because nobody helps a tout for longer than it takes to make a dollar in case of dire need. So a tout *is* the lowest down in the varying scale of the sport of kings.

But he endures. He is on solid ground always, so long as he remembers the first and last thing that he knows, which is this: it is easier for a leopard to change his spots than it is for a horseman to pick his spots. The tout that remembers this one fact, and refuses to bet on any horseman's ability to drop a horse into a soft spot, and sticks strictly to his touting, can keep a home and raise a family and hold out railroad fare to and from his fireside. Even as Wormy Joe Callahan. It's not such a bad business, as business goes. Though tough, awful tough, on the feet!

You should worry about the kids or the old woman. Or what people think or say. It's nobody's lookout what you do, and let 'em keep their nose in their own bean soup. But this thing of your feet killin' you is something else. An' supposin' a felluh could get ahold of the cigar store there in the new hotel—Joe, pausing at a traffic signal, rubbed his hand thoughtfully over the pock-marked face that had brought him his nickname, Wormy, and wondered.

He was takin' in the dough, all right, and hadn't bet a cent since the day Behave Yourself won the Derby, when, it should be admitted grudgingly, he had run true to form and sunk his roll on some other colt that was a hot shot to roll home. He could locate a track dick by sight, smell, feel or touch, and hadn't been run out of any park for going on three years. If anybody was sitting in the high chair, who was it but Wormy Callahan? And yet the old woman, and the kids—and, then, the dogs barked alla time. Gosh, how they squawked! By the time the last race got around his feet hurt clear up to his shoulders.

Maybe—oh, well, think about it some other time.

YOU'D be surprised, the kinds of people a tout runs up against. Here's a guy now, and if he ain't one for the book, or mebbe right out of a book. Guy with horn-rimmed glasses. Got it 'way up in the head.

Wormy Joe Callahan, leaning with his back against the rail, at the far edge of the brick pavement from the pari-mutuel windows, looked over his man, studying him carefully. Plainly the chap knew little about tracks or horses or betting. He seemed rather bewildered as he sauntered along toward the rail nervously fingering a program. He appeared to be undecided about something, and he paused near Wormy Joe to reflect.

Wormy Joe, with a quick glance about him for danger signals in the form of a track detective, went swiftly but carefully into action.

"Excuse me, ahem-m," he said politely. As he spoke he took his watch out of a vest pocket and held it up before him conspicuously. "Could you tell me what time it is? My watch must be wrong, or else they're awfully late calling this first race."

"Why, uh—it's ten minutes before two," replied the newcomer, awkwardly looking at his wrist watch. "Yes, ten minutes before two."

"Much obliged—my watch is fast, I guess," muttered Wormy Joe, pretending to set his timepiece and then putting it away. He heaved a fake sigh of relief. "I thought it was time to bring these ponies out, and I was sort of nervous."

"Does racing affect everyone's nerves in that manner?" asked the stranger, a rather youngish but serious, slow-speaking individual. "This is the first time I've been out, and I must confess—"

"Oh, no, nothin' like that," laughed Wormy Joe, warming up to the man rapidly. "I don't blame you for bein' nervous if it's your first time and you've got a bet up. But I'm an old stager. Yeah." This fellow cert'n'y couldn't be a bookkeeper tryin' to win some dough to put back some he'd took. "Been a bettin' commissioner for years, but I'm on a nutty one today, under orders, and it's got my goat, sort of." He invited further conversation. This bird didn't look like he'd bet more'n a dime, but you can't always tell. Awful nervous.

"That's the queer thing about it," rejoined the young man. "I have no wager as yet, but the very thought of it has upset me so that I'm uncertain what to do. I came out with every intention of wagering, but now that I'm here I'm rather bewildered."

"Wouldn't worry if I wasn't bettin'," laughed Wormy reassuringly. If this guy *had* to win, he might put up some real dough. "Now, take my case. I represent a big syndicate, insiders, see? They wire me comeback money, and I get it down for them. Almost never lose, because they *know*, see? Well, I've put their jack down: look at this bunch a tickets." He pulled out the sheaf of yesterday's mutuel pasteboards he had saved to impress suckers.

Then he quickly stuffed them back into his pocket, so that the youngster, if he were smart enough to look, could not tell that they were old tickets. "I can't see this horse. He's good, but he's not ready, see? Yet my people wire me a heavy bunch of jack, and I've got it down. So he must be due to win. It's not my worry, because I'm only a commissioner, see? Still, I'm sort of up in the air. And I've put a bill of my own on this dog's nose—"

"You take these tickets, and collect on them, will you?"

"I beg your pardon—"

"I've bet this horse will win, myself," explained Wormy, lying. "I know he'll win, but I don't see how he can." From here on in it oughta be easy. The guy *might* put up real money, at that.

"Well, if that was all I had to worry about," grinned the stranger, ill at ease. "Let somebody tell me a likely winner—"

"Well, now, wait a minute," suggested Wormy, lowering his voice to a very confidential tone. "I gotta be careful about this. If I tip off anybody, there'll be a rush to bet on this pup, and down will go the odds. And my people will bawl the daylights outa me. But seein' you've been friendly, and all that, and it's your first time out here, I don't mind lettin' you in on this. Don't tell anybody I said so, but if you'll play Tin Can to win— Got any money on you?"

"I could spare fifty dollars, perhaps, for a winner," hazarded the young man cautiously.

NOT so bad, hey? For a boob? Wormy congratulated himself. And Tin Can might win, if the other horses all fell down.

"Well, then, you bet on Tin Can to win—buy ten five-dollar tickets," Wormy advised. "I don't mind doin' this, but, then, I'm a commissioner, see? If— When they pay off on Tin Can, I'll meet you over there by that third iron post. And if you want to do anything for me— Besides, I may have something good in the third race. Haven't heard from my people yet, but it may be in the third they'll have another hot shot."

"I just ask for ten five-dollar tickets on Tin Can to win?" asked his victim, still nervous.

"Yeah, and yuh better hurry—there's the bugle," urged Wormy.

The young man hastened away, and Wormy took a walk along the rail toward the head of the stretch, patting himself on the back and almost forgetting that his feet were hurting earlier than regular this afternoon. He had one boob from Akron, Ohio, hooked for a ten-dollar play on the second choice and an old man from Indiana, who also had told him the correct time, had agreed to bet twenty-five on the third choice. Tin Can, probably fourth choice, might get across at a long price. Wormy had coaxed one mere boy to put five dollars on an outsider, giving him four horses in the race.

This was the first race, and with four suckers playin' for him and six races yet to go—well, if he didn't cart some dough home to Ma Callahan his name wasn't Joe. And he hadn't used the "Borrow your program a minute, please," or the "Lend me your form sheet," racket, and he had not been forced to dig up a boy to point him out to casual fish as a big gambler puttin' up large money. He almost forgot his feet. But why couldn't Ma lay off him with that stuff about gettin' into a decent game?

Meet the old man at the cigar stand, meet the boy by the corner of the paddock, see the sucker from Akron down by the finish line, and this last guy in there by that pole under the mutuel shed. What would it be—to win? A shout arose, and he looked carelessly out at the track. A lone horse raced in front, pursued by the pack, heading for the invisible line between the judges' eyes and the finish. That one horse, and he looked to be going strong, was Tin Can! Boy, he oughta be 7 to 1, anyhow. Wormy Joe Callahan came near getting a kick out of the thing. As if he had broken his own rule and bet on Tin Can himself!

He turned around and started slowly back toward the mutuel shed, keeping a wary eye out for the dicks and for his unlucky victims. Almost at once he met the old man who had accepted his tip on the third choice to the extent of twenty-five dollars.

"Well, now, by George, that was tough luck," he greeted the old fellow lugubriously. "You can't tell when a horse will fall down. But look what it cost me"—and he dragged out his sheaf of old mutuel tickets again. "All these—money thrown away. And my people told me that nag couldn't lose!"

"Hate to lose that twenty-five," muttered the old man.

"Tough luck," agreed Wormy. "But I tell you what I'll do. I hate to see you lose so much money. I'm lookin' for a wire from my connections about a horse in the fifth race. Good thing. You meet me here after the fourth race, and if the wire comes I'll let you in on it. Like to sort of square myself. But don't say anything—"

And before the old man knew it he had agreed to (*Continued on page 34*)

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An atmosphere of LUXURY that every woman loves . . .

WOMEN everywhere praise the Nash because it is a finer, smarter mode of motoring.

There's a charm about Nash interiors—an air of luxury and well-being that appeals to every woman.

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The newly reduced factory price on the Special Six 4-Door Sedan, pictured below, is only $1450 with six wire wheels. Yet it has such luxuries as soft toned mohair velvet upholstery; cushions tailored in the custom manner; period interiorware; and inlaid paneling done in genuine walnut.

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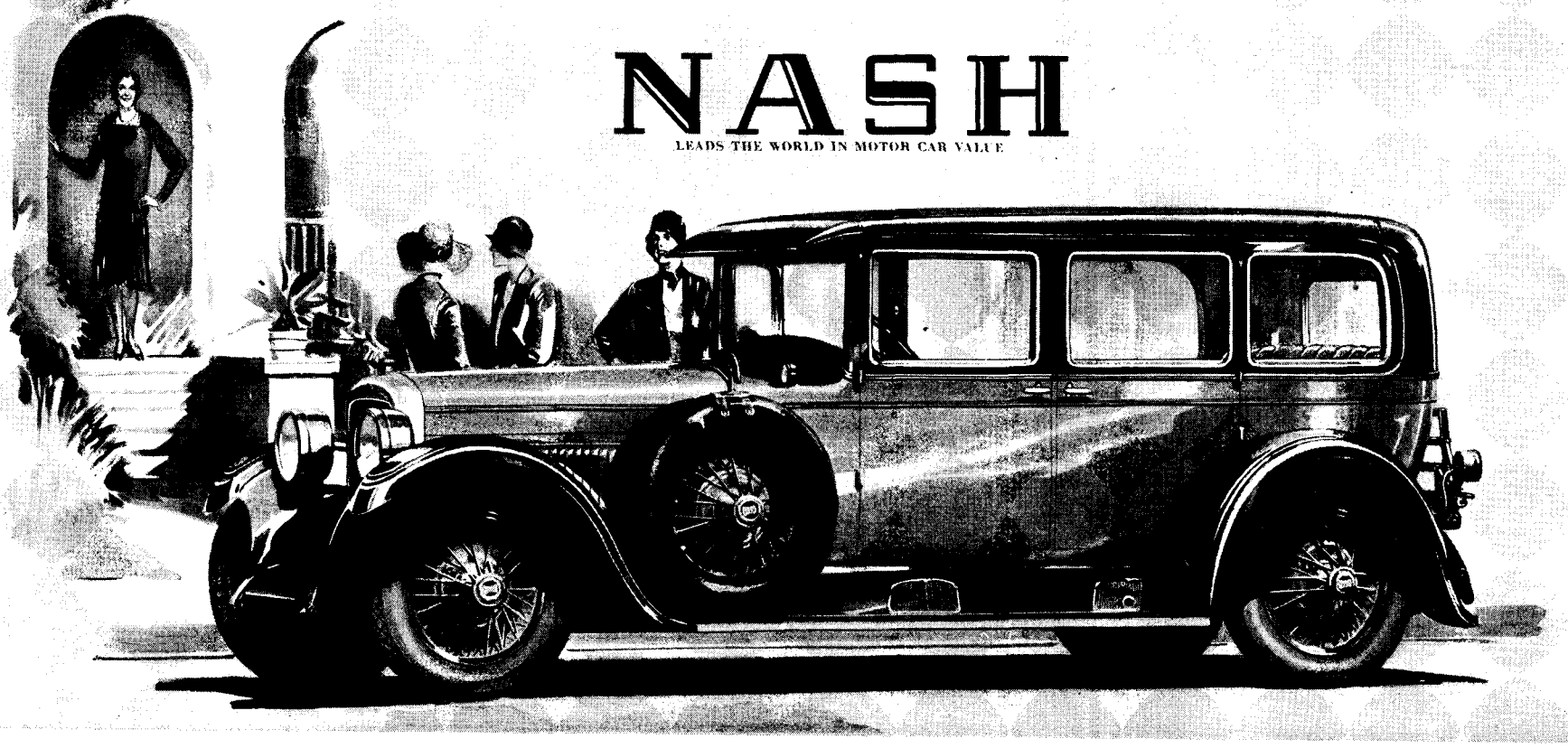

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"Can you come over here right away? I'm terribly anxious"

Free,

saw so much trouble on a job."

"If we could only catch them at it!" Damon said. "It's rotten to know who is at the root of it all and not to be able to do something direct."

"I'm all for beating up a couple of Blades on principle," said Pythias.

Mr. Bundy shrugged his shoulders. "Blade eyes pay no mortgages," he said. "What you boys ought to do is use your brains more and your fists less."

"Anybody," said Gelon, "can use his brains."

"But it takes a good man to use his fists," said his twin.

"We used to be pretty comfortable," said Mr. Bundy, "till we got ambitious."

"And Martha came home," added Pythias.

"Somehow," said Mr. Bundy, "I can't get reconciled to losing this place. Bundys have lived here too many generations."

"Something'll happen," said Theron, the opportunist of the family. "It always does."

"It better happen quick—if we don't want to see the Blade family cutting this estate into building lots," said the old gentleman.

"The boom'll hit in the spring," said Theron.

"If we can hang on that long," said Mr. Bundy.

"Pa ought to go to New York for a night out," said Damon. "He's low in his mind."

"Pining for that girl of his," said Pythias. "That's where the money goes. She's gold-digging him."

"And it cost us fifty dollars for that Ford he rammed," said Gelon. "Pa's the only driver in the world that can go faster backward than ahead."

"But he don't look," said Damon. "When you back up, Pa, you ought to look behind."

"You be still," said Mr. Bundy, "I did look behind, and nothing was there."

"The Ford sneaked up and lay down when his head was turned," said Pythias. He stuffed his pipe into his pocket and stood up to stretch his arms—a formidable young man, tanned most pleasingly and with a look of many generations of gentlemanly forbears upon him.

"Here," said Theron, "comes a dark-complected party."

THEY turned as one and looked down the bluestone drive toward the gate, from which approached a dapper figure, swinging a light cane.

"What the well-dressed Asiatic should wear," said Theron.

"I don't hold with Japanese," said Mr. Bundy. "My sympathies are all with California."

"They're good acrobats," said Damon hopefully. "Maybe he's come to do tricks."

"Not on my lawn," said Mr. Bundy firmly, and then they fell silent as Mr. Tajima approached and bowed with highly ingratiating amiability.

"I am Mr. Tajima," he said, the words emerging from an expanse of very white teeth, "and I think I speak with Mr. Timoleon Bundy."

"My name," admitted the father of the family.

"Excuse me; I have a matter of private business to discuss."

The Story Thus Far:

MR. TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) come up against a difficult problem when the daughter of the family, Martha, announces that she is going off to live her own life. They resolve to keep an eye on her.

She dives into the excitement of New York life, seeing most of the two Blade boys, Mortimer and Richard. Richard is living under the name Lame. The Blades are long-time enemies of the Bundys. Mr. and Mrs. Blade are separated, Mortimer, the bad son, living with the father, and Richard, the fine one, with his mother in France, but he is now in America.

Mortimer gets Martha into a jam by taking her to dinner at a movie magnate's apartment the evening he is murdered by his paramour. Mortimer and Martha flee, passing the Japanese butler on the way out. He had been away for the evening.

The Bundy men in the meantime have been carrying on an extensive real-estate venture, bucking against obstacles put in their way by Mortimer and his father.

Martha lives in New York with Jerry Breen. Martha, wanting so desperately to live her own life, flatly refuses to go to her family for help during the days of dread through which she lives after Colburn's murder.

THE Bundy men sat on the piazza of their home smoking pipes in the cool of the evening, Theron and Gelon on the left of their father, Damon and Pythias on the right. The four young men regarded their father out of the corners of their eyes from time to time; Mr. Bundy frowned and watched with vast concentration the labors of a black and yellow spider constructing his web. At last he spoke.

"More money," he said.

"What we've got," said Pythias, "will carry us through two weeks' pay roll."

"Hadn't we better put the front lots on the market?" asked Mr. Bundy, who inclined to conservatism.

"No," said the four young men in chorus. They inclined as a unit to radical measures.

"Not till the widening of the turnpike is finished," said Pythias, knocking out his pipe on the railing.

Gelon regarded his knuckles with satisfaction; they were much abraded. "Two birds from Brooklyn trying to hire our men away," he said placidly. "Theron was sore as blazes. He got there just too late."

"Anyhow," said Theron, "I chucked what was left of one over the fence."

"If," said Mr. Bundy, "this doesn't come out right, this family is busted. You boys overpersuaded me. I never

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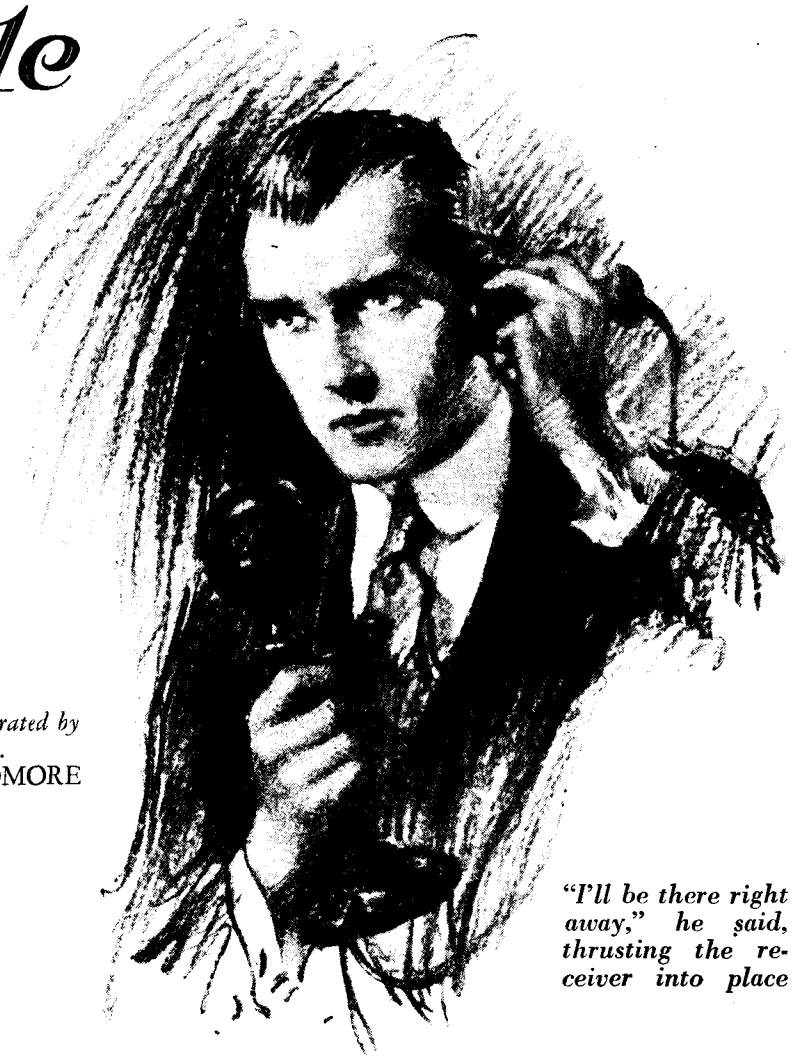
White and Female

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND



Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

"I'll be there right away," he said, thrusting the receiver into place

Mr. Bundy regarded his sons. "This, he said, "is about as private as you'll ever get it here."

"It's something out of Pa's past," said Gelon, nudging his twin.

"Yeah," answered Theron sotto voce. "Pa looks embarrassed. Never suspected him of an Oriental entanglement."

"Hush up," said Mr. Bundy, and then, turning to Mr. Tajima, "What's your business?"

"First," said the Japanese, "I wish to say that I have it all written out in words and paragraphs in an envelope which I have intrusted to one who may be depended upon. If I am not returned to my home by a certain hour, this envelope will be delivered to persons in executive positions."

"They're a wily race," said Damon.

"It is a business of delicacy," said Mr. Tajima. "Shall I speak it from here or come closer?"

"Come closer," said Mr. Bundy, and as Mr. Tajima mounted the steps Damon and Pythias, as if by instinct, moved to take up a position behind him, so that he stood in an irregular circle of Bundys. His slow black eyes darted uneasily from one to the other, and then he smiled again his fawning smile.

"I AM very friendly," he said. "I come to avert a misfortune."

"Kind of him, ain't it?" Pythias asked of Damon, who wriggled very capable shoulders under his coat and nodded.

"I think," said Gelon sententiously, "I smell skunk."

Theron laid a bronzed hand on Mr. Tajima's shoulder and waggled the little man back and forth playfully. "Got a friend by the name of Blade?" he asked. Mr. Tajima regarded the big young man apprehensively.

"No friend of such name," he said.

"I know," declared Theron. "He's heard about Pa's driving. I bet you he's a chauffeur. It's no good, little man. Pa can't be taught."

"That is not my business," said Mr. Tajima, who obviously did not know how to regard the conversation of which he was the object. He grew manifestly uneasy. "My business is of a revolver from which shots had been fired."

"I guess," said Mr. Bundy, "we better let him talk. Nobody gets a chance to edge in a word with you boys around. Go ahead, Mister. What-you-say-your-name-is?"

"Mr. Tajima," said the Japanese. "You, sir, saw a revolver fall to the floor and pick same up."

"Who told you?" asked Mr. Bundy.

"That does not signify. No. On the same night a man for whom I am servant and cook becomes deceased. I am not present, but I return at the moment when one man and one young woman leave the door. I scrutinize the young woman. Then, for many weeks, I look here and there until I see the young woman again, and I visit her in friendly spirit."

"Did you visit the man too?" asked Mr. Bundy.

"I have not found him. But I say to this young woman that I do not wish to make a report to persons in authority which would be unpleasant."

"And she said?"

"That, by reason of poverty, she was not able to satisfy very reasonable request."

"Did you specify the amount?" asked Mr. Bundy.

"A very small sum for so great a service; namely, $25,000. But she did not possess this sum. Thereupon I say, ask it of your wealthy and distinguished parent."

"Which," said Mr. Bundy, "she refused to do."

"Firmly," said Mr. Tajima. "She say she would prefer my disclosing her to the authorities to that alternative."

"Time out," said Damon, "till we catch up. You seem to know what this bozo is talking about, Pa. What's the idea?"

"He thinks," said Mr. Bundy, "he knows something about Martha, and has attempted to blackmail her."

The four young men drew closer, and their faces were not smiling.

"We can bury him in the cellar," said Pythias.

"No," said Damon, "there's a better place in the orchard."

Gelon touched the tip of Mr. Tajima's nose with his forefinger. "You mean this lad tried to blackmail our sister?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bundy.

"We'll deal one hand of poker to see who gets him," said Theron.

"Please," said the anxious Mr. Tajima, "no violence. I have all written on a paper to be delivered if there is violence."

"Anyhow," said Pythias with some satisfaction, "Martha was game. She wouldn't run home bellering to Pa."

Mr. Bundy coughed. "Let's get this straight," he said placidly. "You claim you saw my daughter leaving the house where your master was shot."

"I saw her very clearly."

"And, failing $25,000, you will make this fact known to the police."

"American education is highly expensive," said Mr. Tajima, spreading his hands expressively.

"Um. . . . Boys, I guess we got to talk this over. Is there a good lock on the coal-cellar door?"

"I put on a new one," said Damon.

"Then," said Mr. Bundy, "we will let Mr. Tajima wait there while we discuss his proposition."

"He'll practically ruin his pants," said Gelon gravely.

"And we can bury him when it gets dark," said Theron.

"PLEASE, gentlemen, remember I take precautions," Mr. Tajima said nervously.

"I'll bet," said Pythias, flexing his knee, "I can kick him to the end of the hall."

"Not a drop kick, though?" said Damon critically. "I bet you five you can't make it a goal from the field."

"Let me," said Gelon. "The last man I kicked had a busted back."

"You ought to let me," said Theron. "I never kicked a man that tried to blackmail my sister."

"No, boys," said Mr. Bundy, "take him gentle. We can flay him after folks go to bed."

"When," agreed Pythias, "nobody can hear him scream."

Mr. Bundy jerked his head toward the door; whereupon the four young men fell with enthusiasm upon Mr. Tajima and lifted him kicking into the air, kicking and squealing and scratching and biting.

"He ain't a tame Japanese," said Pythias; "he's a wild one."

"Stand back and let me domesticate him once," said Gelon, who suffered some irritation by reason of a kick in the ribs.

"No horseplay, boys," warned Mr. Bundy. "This has got to be discussed."

"Pa's so calm in emergencies," said Damon. "You got to admire him."

"Besides," said Mr. Bundy, "if I want him killed, I can do it myself."

"But he's a savage underneath," said Theron.

"Hot, red blood—that's Pa all over," agreed Pythias.

"Will you boys clear out with that insect?" said Mr. Bundy sharply.

Presently they returned, brushing their hands. "He slid across that floor pretty slick," said Gelon.

"Yes," said Theron; "it beats all how those tweeds collect coal dust."

"Sit down," ordered Mr. Bundy, "and shut up while I think."

"Gosh," said Pythias in a whisper, "Pa's going to ratiocinate, as Mr. Poe says!"

"I'm practically finished," said Mr. Bundy. "I'm a quick thinker. Boys, Martha is mixed up in the Colburn murder somehow."

"Hell's bells!" said Pythias. "How come?"

"If I'm right," Mr. Bundy went on, "Martha was dining with the man. The table was set for four. That's Martha and Colburn and two others. We don't know who."

"What was she doing in Colburn's place?" asked Theron.

"How should I know? She's a woman, isn't she? How's a body going to tell what any woman does anything for?"

"I thought you knew all about women," said Pythias.

"Hush up," said Mr. Bundy. "Then, maybe half an hour later, she came with young Blade to a place where I was."

"Mortimer?" asked Gelon.

"Him," said Mr. Bundy, "and she dropped a gun on the floor out of her reticule—and it had been shot."

"You cabbaged it," said Damon.

"To be sure,"

"But others saw it," said Gelon.

"Yes," said Mr. Bundy, "but here's the point—this Japanese didn't."

"What of it?"

"Why," said Mr. Bundy, "somebody who was there must have told him."

THERON shook his head in admiration. "Pa's acute," he said.

"The question," said Mr. Bundy, "is who?"

"Which," said Pythias, "brings us back to the point of departure—Blade."

"Blade came with her?" asked Theron.

"Yes."

"Then," said Theron, "he must have been one of the other two at Colburn's party."

"To be sure," said Mr. Bundy. "And there was a girl. But what I don't see is why Martha had the gun."

"It wouldn't surprise *me*," said Damon, "if Martha had a steam shovel."

"But that can rest," said Mr. Bundy. "We can put two and two together helped by the slip this Japanese made."

"What slip?" asked Pythias.

"Telling about my seeing Martha drop the gun."

"How was that a slip?"

"Because," said Mr. Bundy, "a Japanese servant a couple of miles away couldn't see Martha drop a gun in Miss Patty's speak-easy down in the Forties."

"Where does that get us?" asked Gelon.

"It connects the Japanese with somebody who was in that room."

"Sure. With somebody who is helping with this little blackmail scheme," said Damon.

"Blade," said Pythias.

Mr. Bundy nodded. "Now the question is," he (*Continued on page 57*)

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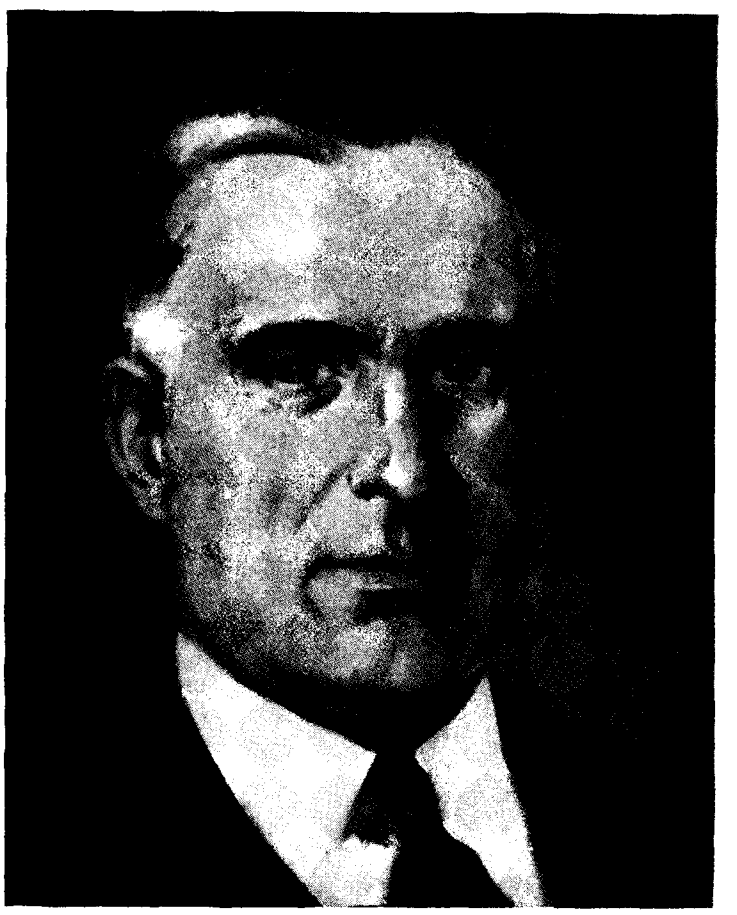
"Cheap" paint will *never* fool Jim Stewart again

He, *like thousands of others, now* knows *that "You can't paint a house with applesauce"*



IN every town and city—even on the farms —you will find "Jim Stewart." There are thousands and thousands of him. He typifies the man who has found out that *"cheap" paint isn't cheap at all.*

Last fall the particular "Jim Stewart" we have in mind found it necessary to repaint his house *AGAIN.* He decided to see just what there was to this rumpus about "cheap" paint.

So he bought $46.75 worth of fine old SWP House Paint from his local Sherwin-Williams dealer. A short while later he returned with $17.00 worth of the paint. And this is what he said:

"I never in my life saw anything *cover* like this SWP. I figured this job on the same covering basis as the brand I have been using and *I had almost half of the SWP left over.*"

Is "Jim Stewart" *converted?* He is. Will a "cheap" house paint or any other "cheap" paint product ever fool him again? It will *not.*

If you are tempted by the "low-price," the wonderful claims and eloquent promises of a "cheap" house paint, remember this:

"Cheap" paint is low priced for one reason only. It is cheaply made of *cheap* materials. Look at the formula.

SWP House Paint, on the other hand, is a strictly quality paint. It costs more per gallon, because it is made of finest materials.

The white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate, zinc oxide, linseed oil and even the beautiful colors used in SWP are all made by Sherwin-Williams.

We could buy these materials on the open market, usually at less cost. But we could not control the superfine quality demanded by Sherwin-Williams.

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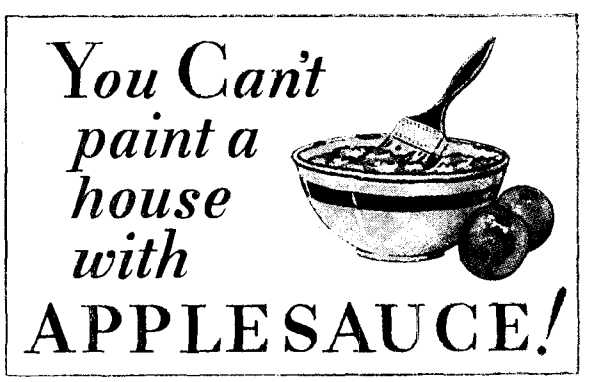
The average "cheap" paint, for obvious reasons, covers only 250 square feet per gallon (2 coats).



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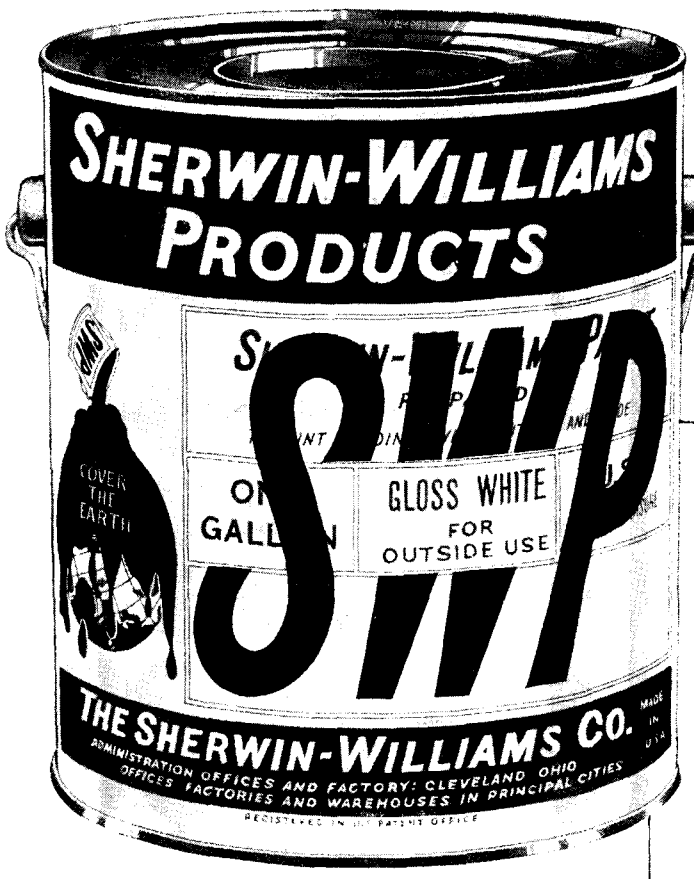

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A Place to Sit Down

Continued from page 28

meet Wormy, and Wormy was on his way again. Wormy hurried, not because he saw a track employee approaching, but because he saw fair game ahead. A good-looking young woman seemed to be trying to avoid a tough rat who was arguing with her. Wormy knew the rat, one Jimsy Dalton. He sensed the trouble at once, and stepped into the breach.

"HERE, you, beat it," he exclaimed fiercely to the rat, at the same time giving him a heavy wink. "Tryin' to bother this lady? Get out before I throw you out of the park!"

"Aw, g'wan," growled the boy, until he saw Wormy's second wink. Then he slunk away, muttering over his shoulder.

"Was that little rascal bothering you, lady?" Wormy asked solicitously. "Awful sorry, but we can't keep them out—"

"I'm—I'm afraid he's a tout," blushed the girl. "He told me to bet on a horse in the first race. I did, and it lost. Now he wants me to bet on one in this next race. Named Ellen Marie."

"The little rascal!" said Wormy. "Tippin' you off to that poor old crip! I'm sorry, ma'am. But we have a lot of trouble with these touts. Now, I'm a betting commissioner here at the track, and I ought to do something for you, to sort of make up for your bein' imposed on here. Let me see—well, yes. My people are goin' to put over Sleepy Child in this next race—if you want to bet. Long shot, but don't bet too much on it, will you? And please don't say anything. Maybe I can help you in the next race too, ma'am. I'll be right here about ten minutes before the bugle. Yes, ma'am. Oh, don't mention it, ma'am. Glad to oblige."

Not much sense monkeyin' with the women. They never slip a guy more'n a nickel. Still, this one might be so glad to get rid of Jimsy Dalton, and if Sleepy Child went over at a long price—He encountered the rat Dalton and promised him half of anything the girl might slip him. Jimsy sometimes acted as Wormy's runner, steering him possible victims when he, Jimsy, was on his uppers and couldn't get goin'. An old racket, but everything seemed to work today.

Wormy went on. A glance at the board showed him that Tin Can paid not merely 7 but 8 to 1. If the boy'd put up his fifty, he took back four hundred and fifty. Four centuries and a half. Any split the boy made—good huntin'.

"Well, well, we put one over, didn't we?" Wormy greeted the bespectacled youngster who stood, grinning all over, by the designated iron post. "Have you collected?"

"I should say so. I could hardly wait until I got the money—four hundred and fifty," said the youngster excitedly. "And I want to do something for you."

"All right, all right, whatever you say. Twenty-five per cent's the regular—"

"Fair enough," agreed the youngster so readily that Wormy kicked himself for lacking the nerve to say 50 per cent. He took the two fifty-dollar bills handed to him and blinked. "I couldn't have won but for you. How do we wager next?" asked the boy.

"Nothing, for a little while," Wormy declared cautiously. It don't do to rush things. Even a sucker is liable to get wise if you shove him along too fast. "But in the race after this one I may have a winner. See you right here after this race. Yeah? I'll have a wire from my people, and—so long. Don't bet."

The day already a winner, Wormy contemplated looking for a rich sucker who could be induced to lay a heavy bet on the favorite in the second race, that being a tout's easiest game. Favorites win about a third of the time. A percentage of a fat bet even at short odds gives you something to show. But his feet were hurting more than ever, and besides he might bump into one of his other first-race victims. Therefore he slouched around to the lunchroom back of the grand stand, ordered a cup of coffee and climbed up on a stool to rest. Load offa the dogs.

"Oh, Mister, Mister—" Wormy heard a girl's voice as he emerged from the lane between the grand stand and the mutuel shed. He looked around, and it was the girl he had protected from Jimsy Dalton and told to bet on Sleepy Child. Luck was booming with Wormy, for Sleepy Child, a maiden two-year-old in a field of maiden two-year-olds, had won and paid a much longer price even than is usual in such unpickable races.

"Monroe," Wormy supplied. No use givin' this gal his right name. No tellin' when something will get balled up and cause a row. "Yes, ma'am, you won your bet, didn't you? Well, that's fine! I'm awfully glad. But you mustn't risk too much, ma'am."

"Well," the girl laughed, "I got excited and thought if your information was worth betting ten dollars on, it was worth betting twenty-five on, and I bet that much. All the money I had!"

"*What?*" exclaimed Wormy, even his hardened soul stirring at the sporting courage of a girl new to racing and race gambling. "And you must have taken down a lot of money, ma'am."

"Didn't I, oh, didn't I? I collected almost seven hundred dollars," the girl laughed, excitement brightening her eyes. "And I'm going to make you a little present out of it, Mr. Monroe—"

Wormy held up a hand in mock protest. "Oh, yes, I am." (Anyhow, he might as well bluff at refusing. If she took him at his word, she'd only be saving herself a ten-spot.) "So I want you to take this hundred-dollar bill, for I wouldn't have won anything if it had not been for you. Oh, yes, you *must* take it. Maybe you are a rich man, but just as a favor to me—"

"Well, well, well, thank you, ma'am, if you insist. Make a nice little present for my kids," muttered Wormy, thunderstruck. "But promise me, ma'am," he managed to stammer finally, "that you won't bet any more. It's too risky unless you've got lots of money to play around with. You take that dough—that money—and go home with it, ma'am." Wormy always talked caution to his clients to build up their confidence in him.

"Oh, but I don't dare do that," said the girl. "I came over here to risk a little and win a great deal of money if possible. If I lose what little I started with, that's all right. But I need a great deal or none. And, since you told me about that darling little Sleepy Child, and since I saw you talking to Mr. Pinckney, I know you must be on the inside of everything—"

"WHO?" asked Wormy suspiciously. In all his years as a tout nobody had given him this kind of a rush act.

"Mr. Pinckney—you know him, don't you?"

"Oh, old Pinck? Pinckney, oh, sure, Pinckney," laughed Wormy, suddenly deciding he might as well play ball. Things were comin' his way. Shoot the works. "Old Pinck and I are old friends. Many's the heavy commish I've handled for him. He's got the greatest stable—and when he's in the East I handle all his money out here. Yeah, old Pinck!"

"No, no, you're thinking of someone else," the girl protested, interrupting Wormy's tale of affiliation with a great turf character. "I thought I saw you talking to him after you left me. Listen, can't we sit down some place? I need help, and I can tell you the whole story in a minute. Please?"

"Oh, all right, ma'am," deferred Wormy, but he took out his old watch again, in the familiar movement.

"The reason I want to win is this," the girl explained. "I'm managing a florist shop over in town. I have a chance to buy it and a greenhouse dirt cheap. But I've no money. If I can win a stake, fine. If I lose what I start with, never mind. Pinck came over here to ask his father for a loan, but he knew his father wouldn't let him have it. His father gave him a steamship line, and it failed. Then he gave him an electric railway, and that went into receivership. Pinck doesn't like business, and those things had no chance, anyhow. But this flower business is a wonderful chance, and—"

"I see, ma'am, I see." And Wormy thought vaguely of his own idea about a cigar store. A place to sit down. No more tramping on broken arches. "You'd have a place where you could sit down, like as not," he muttered absently. But he should worry about this good-lookin' skirt. Time to drop her, and get a-hold of his live one, the guy with the glasses. "That would be great, ma'am, and maybe I can help you. But not in this race. You be right here before the next one, though, and I may have some information by that time. Yes, that's right, right here. Wouldn't play this one if I was you. And don't let anybody talk to yuh, 'bout bettin', or anything."

ASSUMING his businesslike air, Wormy hurried away as rapidly as his aching feet would let him. He heard the girl saying something about putting this thing over on her own, without the young man Pinck's help, because she was sore at him. And he reflected that she talked an awful lot, but, then, a dame that's made a winnin' generally lets her tongue hang out a foot. Even a nice one, which this gal cert'ny— But he bumped into Jimsy Dalton, suddenly hard and aggressive.

"Gimme," demanded Jimsy.

"Sure, I handed her one, and she slipped me a twenty," Wormy agreed quickly. "Better'n you'd have done, givin' her that lousy Ellen Marie thing. Here's a ten. And quit grabbin' the women. Y're not smart enough to handle 'em."

He left the surprised and suspicious Jimsy behind him. He knew Jimsy was too dumb to figure he had more'n a tenner comin' to him and oughta be thankful for that much. Slip Jimsy fifty? Not unless he lost his mind. It was well he acted quickly with the rat, and hurried along, for when he found his bespectacled friend the youngster was becoming impatient.

"Thought you were not coming," exclaimed the young man. "Took a flyer on the last race with a ten-spot—"

"You oughtn't be bettin' like that," protested Wormy righteously. "They'll get you, sure."

"But I saw you at a distance, telling a young lady friend of mine something," smiled the youngster, "and then I saw her buy tickets on Sleepy Child. I figured that even if you were not right, she was due to be lucky. So I had ten on Sleepy Child myself."

"Fine and lucky," commented Wormy, frowning. "But to win regular, you gotta *know* something. Now, in this next race, I've got a wire from my people to get the money down on Bugaboo, and I've done it. Look at these tickets." Out came the sheaf again, for purposes of convincing. "This race is as good as *in* right now—"

(*Continued on page 36*)

Thanks!

A recent visitor to our offices was amazed at the stacks of letters which filled one corner from floor to ceiling. We were proud to explain. For they are the letters we have received this winter about COLLIER'S Radio Hour.

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THE EDITOR.

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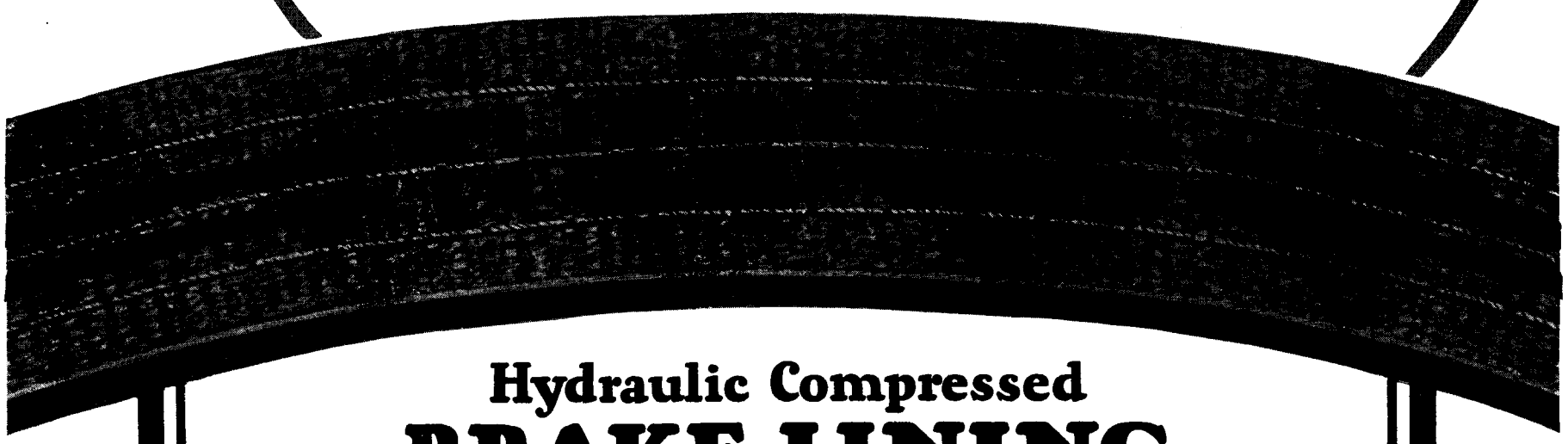

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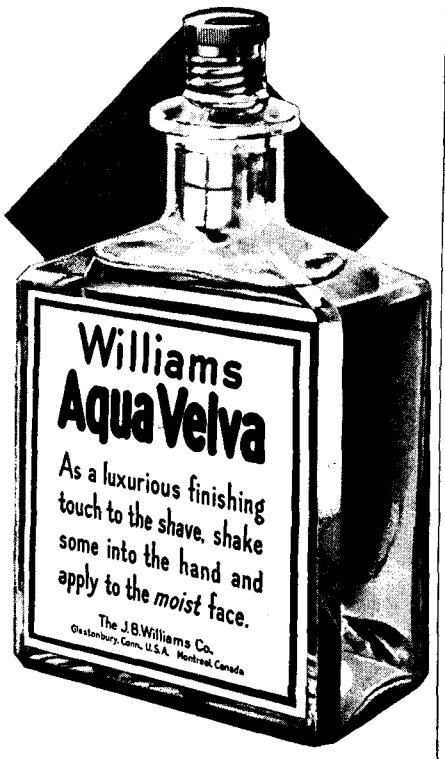
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For use after shaving

A Place to Sit Down

Continued from page 34

"How about Royal Antler?" queried the young man.

"Not a chance, not a chance," Wormy declared positively. "One of Pinckney's. His trainer's a friend of mine. And his jock, Eddie Shanks, tells me this goat can't win a mule race. No, no. Not a chance. Eddie and this trainer oughta know."

"Well, all right, Bugaboo, then," agreed the youngster reluctantly. "But I thought perhaps I'd like to wager on Royal Antler, because Father—you see, Mr. Pinckney—well, I'm William Arthur Pinckney the Third."

"Wha-what's 'at?" gasped Wormy. Great gosh, they'd not only run him outa this one but alla other tracks! That gal said something about Pinck too. Why was he so dumb? And old man Pinckney the biggest guy in the game! That bird could reach out and ruin more guys than a muddy track. And here's a pore fish of a *tout* crackin' around—why can't a guy keep his can shut?

"Yes, he's my father," said the boy. "But he's off me, as I think you'd say it. Sent me through all the colleges in the land, and then pitchforked me into two different businesses. Well, I failed at both, but both were impossible, really. And now he's thrown me out. That's why I wish to make a—killing, you call it?"

"Yeah?" muttered Wormy, trying to think. If a guy could only keep from clickin' his trap alla time. Boy, where's an out? And his feet began hurting worse than ever.

"Not for myself, you understand," continued the boy earnestly. "I'm trying to help a young lady. She's down on me just now, and no wonder. I accused her of trying to take advantage of me. And then I flared up and tried to buy her with an offer to set her up in business. Things are in a terrible stew. She probably will refuse—"

"Say, listen," began Wormy, still laboring heavily over his problem, "that gal's happy as a clam. You should worry. Look"—and he suddenly resolved to stick to his story, let the chips fall with the cards. "Go ahead and make your play on Bugaboo. Bet on him to win, with, say, a hundred. And then double that to place. Gives yuh cover, see?"

"I don't understand," protested the youth.

WORMY thought to clinch matters by taking the boy's money and buying the tickets himself, but that's raw stuff. A track dick catches you, and out you go on the fly. Or, anyway, on the first bounce. So he carefully explained to William Arthur Pinckney 3d, what he should do and agreed to meet him after the race. Then, bewildered, his forehead wet with sweat, Wormy took himself off to the lunch counter again to recuperate. His feet hurt, and his heart seemed to be weakening. Another cup of coffee— If they caught him with his fool line about old man Pinckney—good night. And yet Bugaboo *might* come through, in which case he'd be runnin' out on a bunch of jack. He was already two centuries to the good, and if Bugaboo did go crazy and win—yeah, Ma always said the game was crooked. His end of it, anyhow. But why not stick long enough to see what win this race?

All right, let's go. The race finishes. Not much racket, so the favorite must of lost. Maybe Bugaboo—that cup of coffee and the rest on the stool helped. Wormy braced his shoulders and edged his way through the crowd, his heart speeding up somewhat as he heard talk of Bugaboo. Presently a glance at the board showed him Bugaboo had won, at a fair price. He'd hit again!

"Mr. Monroe, Mr. MONROE," the girl had to repeat his name. He'd forgot what name he'd gave her.

"Oh, yes, yeah, Miss—ah—"

"Miss Downing, Mr. Monroe," said the girl. "And I'm *so* disappointed! Think how much money I'd have had if I had bet on Bugaboo."

"Too bad, ma'am," lamented Wormy. "But I'm going to let you in on another good thing for the next race, the *big* race. Now—"

"Will it be Mr. Pinckney's horses—I understand he has two, and if I bet on both of them and either one wins, I collect. Is that right?" she ran on excitedly. Wormy had never seen a girl so pretty. He stared briefly.

"Yes, 'at's right, ma'am," he agreed. "But, in the first place, about seven out of ten people here will be playin' Pinckney's pair, which means if they win it'll be a short price. Odds-on, mebbe. And, second place, Pinckney won't win. He ain't win a real big race since Peter Pan was a pup. Pinckney luck, they call it. No, Pinckney can't win."

"I'd thought it would be fun to win on Pinck's father's horses," lamented the girl. "But maybe if Pinck's father won't help us, his horses wouldn't either. What shall I do about this race?"

"WELL, I like Orchard myself," began Wormy slowly. "And my people down East—" But mebbe he'd better drop that stuff, in case. "Yeah, I like Orchard. Orchard to win."

"But there's no horse named Orchard in this race," the girl protested, looking at her score card. "Oh, yes, here it is, but it's not Orchard—it's *Orchid!* Why, why, that's hunch, Mr. Monroe! He has to win! A hunch!" She seemed jubilant beyond expression. Suddenly her expression froze on her face, and she stared straight before her.

"Not a hunch, but my judgment. Twenty years on the track," began Wormy, stolidly. Then he saw her staring and looked around. William Arthur Pinckney 3d approached, a cloud over his eyes.

"I'm sure I don't see why you intrude here!" exclaimed the girl icily.

"Phyllis, please—" began the boy abjectly. But he could not hold in his excitement. "I have just won another substantial wager on Bugaboo, thanks to the advice of my betting commissioner, Mr.—"

"Callahan," spoke up Wormy, unthinking.

"Callahan," agreed Pinck. "And we have an appointment to discuss the next race. As you may know, Phyllis—uh, Miss Downing, I have undertaken to supply funds—"

"You can mind your own business, if any," snapped the girl. "And I'd like to know why this man tells me his name is Monroe and tells you Callahan. And not only that, but tells you to bet on Bugaboo, and tells me afterward there wasn't any sense in *my* betting on Bugaboo!" Indignant, her eyes flashed.

"Now, now, ma'am," Wormy sparred for time. Ever know it to fail? Any time a guy lets his tongue hang out, he steps on it. He wanted to take it on the run, but his feet hurt. All right, jump in, heavy. "Miss Downing, and you too, Mr. Pinckney, look here. This is no time for two nice young folks like you to be fighting. You're tryin' to do the same thing, ain't yuh? And ain't I tryin' to help yuh? All right. Quit punchin' the bag! I've got the winner of this race, see?"

"Panbread and Peter Stirling?" queried Pinck. "Dad's horses?"

"Not in a thousand years—" began Wormy resolutely. Might as well get the old bit against them back teeth and let 'er go. Shoot the moon.

"Pinck, oh, Pinck, it's a hunch, sure as you're born," exclaimed the girl, all smiles and excitement again. "Orchid, Orchid!"

"No?" queried Pinck, unbelieving.

"It says in the program 'Orchid, by Flower Boy,' and, Pinck, you know very well it's a hunch! Aren't we going to buy that business? And aren't you going to go in for raising and developing orchids?"

"Not unless you get a move on," in-

(*Continued on page 38*)

By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

Between Deals

CONTINUING the Bridge Questionnaire started last week, ten more questions are submitted today. The answers will be found on page 44.

1. In the six following cases, would the final double be business or informatory?
(a) South one Spade, West double, North two Spades, East double.
(b) South one No Trump, West double, North and East pass, South two Clubs, West double.
(c) South one Spade, West two Hearts, North and East pass, South two Spades, West double.
(d) South one Spade, West double, North two Spades, East and South pass, West double.
(e) South one Spade, West double, North pass, East two Clubs, South two Spades, West double.
(f) South one Club, West one Diamond, North double.

2. Declarer, holding simple honors, is playing a contract of four Spades redoubled. He wins nine tricks (three-odd), and detects one of his adversaries in two revokes. What is scored?

3. Who is the dean of Bridge teachers?

4. Who was the author of a saying quite celebrated in connection with the game of Whist, which would be equally appropriate for the game of Bridge: "Vous ne savez pas le whist, jeune homme? Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez!" (You do not know Whist, young man? What a sad old age you are preparing for yourself!")

5. What is meant by "love-all"?

6. With no adverse bidding to indicate the location of any adverse card, should a Declarer finesse to catch a King when holding A-Q-J:
(a) With a total of 11 cards of the suit in his two hands?
(b) With a total of 10 cards of the suit?
(c) With a total of 9 cards of the suit?
Holding A-K-J, should he finesse to catch a Queen:
(d) With a total of 9 cards of the suit in his two hands?
(e) With a total of 8 cards of the suit?
Holding A-Q-10, with what number of cards of the suit in his two hands should he, when leading from the other hand, play:
(f) The Ace on the first trick?
(g) The Queen on the first trick?
(h) The Ten on the first trick?

7. What declarations should a Dealer make with these three hands?

	(A)	(B)	(C)
Spades:	A-10-4-3	A-Q-10-7-4	A-Q-10-7-4-3
Hearts:	A-9-6-2	K-J-10	8-5
Diamonds:	J-7-5-3	J-4-3	J-4-3
Clubs:	Q	6-2	6-2

8. South bids one Spade, West one No Trump, which becomes the contract. In leading Spades to his partner's bid, which card should North select from each of the following holdings: (a) Spades K-2. (b) Spades K-5-2. (c) Spades K-10-5-2. (d) Spades Q-2. (e) Spades Q-5-2. (f) Spades Q-10-5-2.

9. What inference as to the holding of the bidder can be drawn from an initial bid of: (a) Two Spades? (b) Two Clubs? (c) Three Spades? (d) Three Clubs?

10. Has the Dummy the right to call attention to a revoke made by an adversary?

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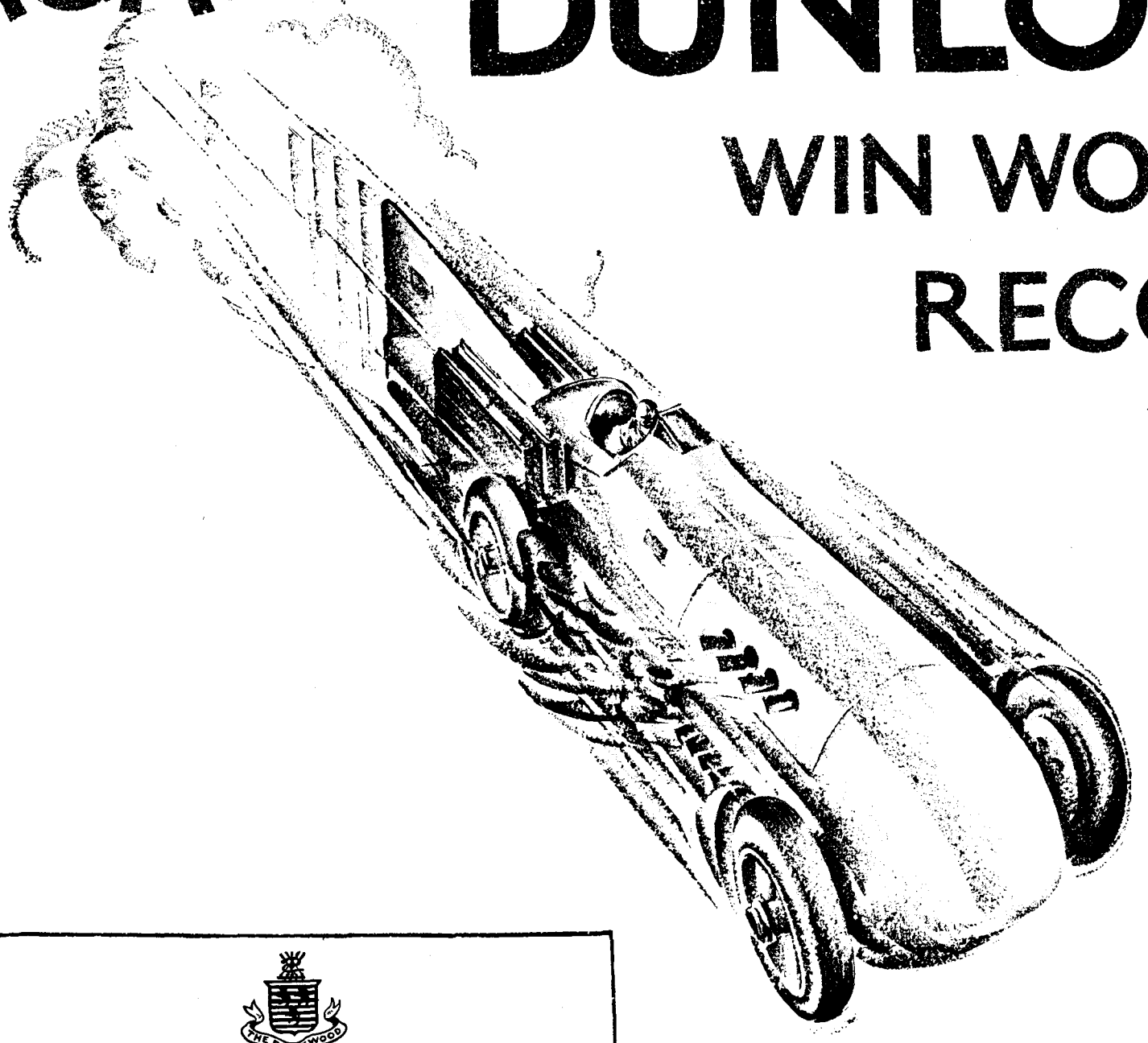
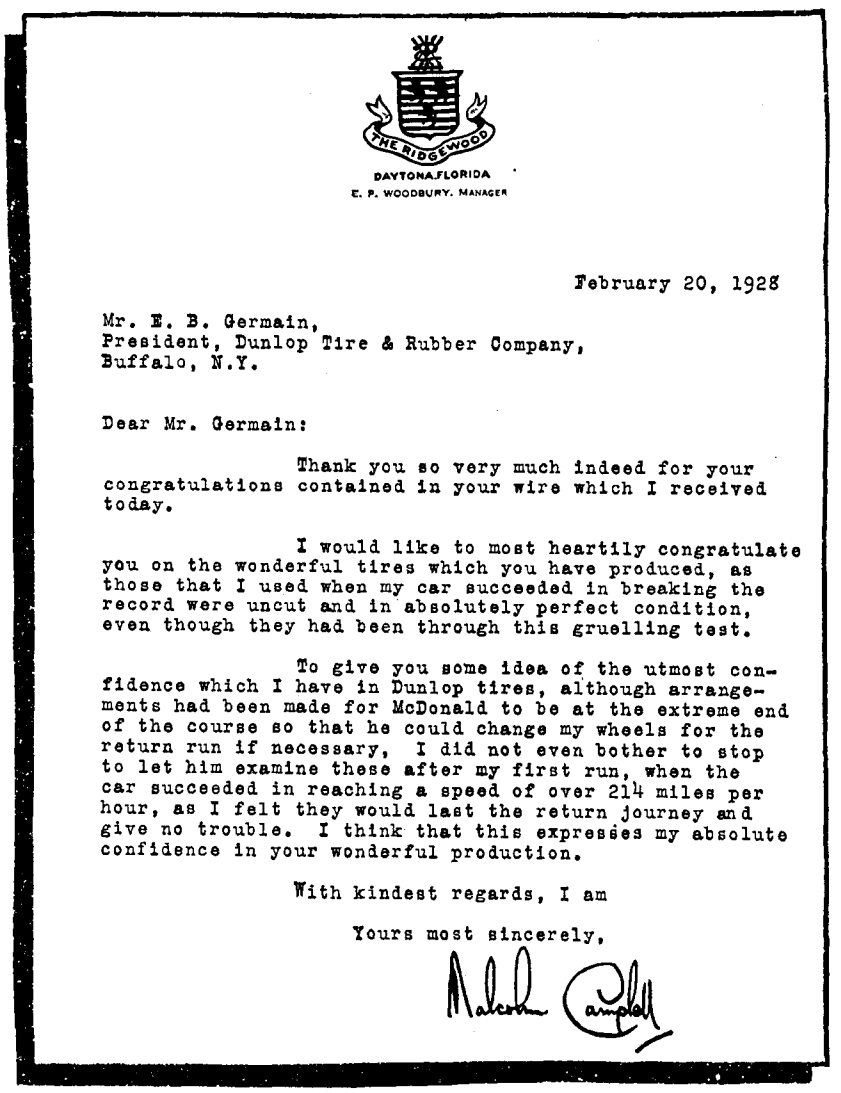




THE RIDGEWOOD
DAYTONA, FLORIDA
E. P. WOODBURY, MANAGER

February 20, 1928

Mr. E. B. Germain,
President, Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Germain:

Thank you so very much indeed for your congratulations contained in your wire which I received today.

I would like to most heartily congratulate you on the wonderful tires which you have produced, as those that I used when my car succeeded in breaking the record were uncut and in absolutely perfect condition, even though they had been through this gruelling test.

To give you some idea of the utmost confidence which I have in Dunlop tires, although arrangements had been made for McDonald to be at the extreme end of the course so that he could change my wheels for the return run if necessary, I did not even bother to stop to let him examine these after my first run, when the car succeeded in reaching a speed of over 214 miles per hour, as I felt they would last the return journey and give no trouble. I think that this expresses my absolute confidence in your wonderful production.

With kindest regards, I am

Yours most sincerely,

Malcolm Campbell

Captain Campbell's *207 miles per hour*

OVER 104 yards a second . . . the fastest mile made anywhere . . . on track, road or beach. The wonderful driving of Captain Campbell at Daytona Beach smashed all speed records of all times.

No other tires ever stood anything like the strain imposed by the daring Captain in his 900 h. p. Blue Bird Car.

Centrifugal force so great it would hurl a tire tread sky-high . . . terrific internal heat! And yet the Dunlops came through "perfect," according to Campbell. Such supreme tire tests provide the knowledge from which Dunlop's everyday tires have been perfected. The previous world speed record was made on Dunlops—Dunlop holds eighteen world records in all.

But Dunlop's proudest record is this: 26,000,000 Dunlops are giving greater safety, surer service, and bigger value to millions of motorists.

DUNLOP TIRES

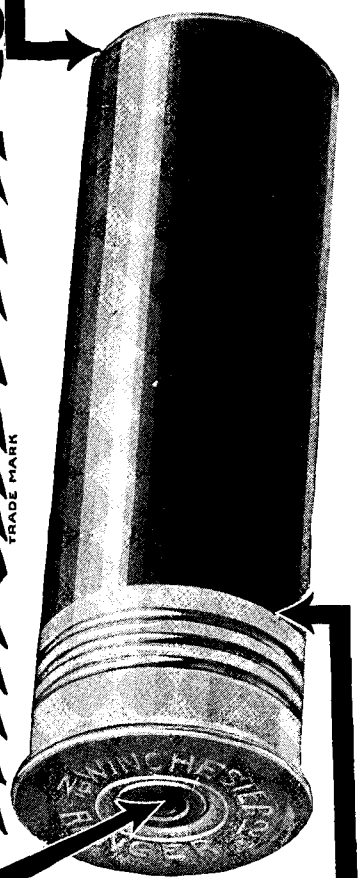
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's a SHOT-SHELL VALUE

"RANGER"

The Winchester "Ranger" has *always* been a satisfying hunting and trapshooting shell at a popular price. And now, it has been made even better—higher brass base (shown below), harder crimp and a Winchester Primer that is even better than before. With these new features added to Winchester uniformity and loading precision, it gives the shooter "more shell for his money" than ever before. Its low price cuts shooting costs and so enables you to enjoy more frequent sport. Insist on "Ranger" Shotshells—one of the most notable ammunition developments ever introduced by Winchester.

HARDER CRIMP



MATERIALLY HIGHER BRASS BASE

IMPROVED NEW WINCHESTER NO. 4 PRIMER—SURE FIRE, LARGER STRIKING SURFACE

FREE—Write for free booklet—"The Game—The Gun—The Ammunition." It suggests the guns and ammunition best suited to target shooting and different kinds of game.

Dept. C.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

A Place to Sit Down

Continued from page 36

terrupted Wormy gruffly. Maybe the thing *was* a hunch, even if there ain't anything in hunches. "Not much time left. Here, Pinck, bet all you like on Orchard. And, Miss Downing, there's the women's windows over there. I'm going to play Orchard myself too. Already got my people's money down"—force of habit, here. He couldn't drop the bluff. "And I wanta place some dough of my own. Meet you right here, and we'll all three watch the race together." This was inspiration, or another hunch, or something. He had not bet since the day Behave Yourself galloped away with his money. And never in all his life had he stayed with a boob while a race was on. Mebbe they can get their hands on yuh, when y'r horse loses for 'em. And here he was, gonna watcha race with *two* boobs!

He saw the whole race, standing on his tired and throbbing feet between William Arthur Pinckney 3d and Phyllis Downing. Can yuh feature it—an old, married, sober, hard-workin' tout sinkin' his roll on a dog in a horse race?

WORMY was trembling, even as a motorist before a traffic cop. "Now, then, Mooney, bring him down here! C'mon, you Orchard! Look, look, there he comes—no, no, *no!* Mooney, Mooney, MOONEY, they won't let you through, c'm outside, come around—no, *no!* Yuh can't get through there. Look, they're cuttin' him off, cuttin'—aw, dirty, purty raw, I calls it—did yuh see that, hey, Pinck? Yuh see it, Miss Downing? He could 'a' come through there like a train through a tunnel, but would they let him? They would *not!* First Shanks throws Panbread on him, and then Nig Burns jams him back with Peter Stirling! Can yuh tie that? Ow, robbers!"

Poor old Wormy Joe Callahan went strong while the fever was on him. Then he suddenly burned out, and could only gasp.

"Look, look!" suddenly screamed Phyllis. And Pinck turned to her with a white, moist face, to nod confirmation.

"What? What's 'at? They set botha Pinckney's back for interference? Gives us 'at old race? Boy, oh boy—" But, suddenly faint, Wormy halfway collapsed. His legs seemed to buckle under him, somehow. If Pinck, clutching him, and Phyllis, already holding his arm, had not held him, old Wormy Joe Callahan would actually have sunk to the pavement. And it was not because of his hurting, sore feet either, Phyllis, laughing, looked at Pinck. And Pinck, laughing, held on to Wormy Joe.

"D'yuh think he'll be a good price?" quavered Wormy. The strain had been too much for him, but he began to recover. "Looks like he'd oughta be anyhow 5 to 1, this Orchard."

"Long price, Orchids," murmured Pinck, looking at Phyllis.

"Profit figured in," she laughed.

"Profit?" echoed Wormy, not understanding. "Say, it's all profit. Didn't we start from scratch, or blame near it? What's the board say? Can you see it, Pinck?"

"No figures up yet, Mr. Monroe," grinned Pinck.

"Callahan," said Phyllis mischievously, "didn't you have a great deal of money wagered for your clients, Mr. Callahan?"

"Sure, look," rejoined Wormy, falling into the trap. How can a guy help bein' a boob? And he fetched out his old sheaf of tickets. "But, then, I had some of my own money down, and I never bet. *Never! No more,* I'll tell the cock-eyed world. But what does 'at board say, Pinck?"

"Let's see, there's the man; he's putting up—" began Pinck. "Yes, there it goes, $14.80. What does that mean?"

"To two dollars, better'n 6 to 1. *Yay!*" and Wormy let out a yell. "Alla people out here must 'a' been playin' Pinckney's entry, to give us that long a price! And I had two centuries on old Orchard."

"I had three hundred," added Phyllis, flushing excitedly. "Pinck?"

"Plenty," murmured Pinck, turning suddenly cagy. "Including a hundred and fifty for Mr. Monroe, my betting commissioner, which I forgot to hand him as his commission after Bugaboo won."

"Aw, say, kiddin' me?" demanded Wormy suspiciously. "Lay offa that commissioner stuff. I'm nothin' but a dirty old tout—or was. And I got my own tickets on this race."

"Wait a minute," insisted Pinck, with Phyllis standing beside him. He held out three tickets to Wormy. "You take these tickets and collect on them, will you? And call it square on the day?"

"Aw, I rode your hunch—" began Wormy.

"Yes, and we rode your horse," Phyllis added.

"Well," Wormy hesitated. His feet had begun to hurt sharply, as though the pavement was pushing hot knives up into 'em. If a guy could get hold of a cigar store and a place to sit down! His head ached too. His heart—but he wasn't sure he knew anything about hearts. "Well, listen. If you two folks have got enough jack, with this race, to buy your flower shop—"

"Two or three, *and* a greenhouse," interjected Phyllis happily, looking at Pinck.

"And will promise me that y'll go straight away from this race track and never bet no more, O. K. by me. Gimme the tickets," said Wormy. Might as well keep y'r nerve and grab the dough, now that ye've gone this far.

"Good-by, Mr. Monroe," said Phyllis.

"Callahan," added Pinck.

"That's me—Joseph Monroe Callahan, better known as Wormy," Joe grinned, rubbing a tired hand over his pock-marked face. "Good-by."

"MA, GIMME another cup coffee," said Wormy Joe, at supper. Seemed like a guy has to drink a barrel of the stuff to get straightened out. Feet hurt, even in these slippers. Head's achin'. Something else wrong, in between the stomach and the Adam's apple. Sorta flappin', like a pigeon under a roof—

"Dad, when I grow up, am I gonna be in business with you?" asked little Joe.

"I should say not," snapped Ma Callahan. "It's a dirty, rotten game—"

"No, you're not, Joe," Wormy interrupted. "But little Daisy, there, if she's as good-lookin' as she oughta be, or as Ma—why, Daisy will be in with me. Nothin' like a purty girl—"

"Joe Callahan, are you crazy?" demanded Ma, interrupting. "Taking a girl to that filthy old track—"

"Who's talkin' about a track?" demanded Wormy in injured surprise. "I haven't been near there since four o'clock, and that's not all. I'm not goin' back. I gotta line on a cigar store—"

"Joe, oh, no, Joe?" Ma Callahan gasped. She had been on the point of sitting down after setting out Joe's second cup of coffee. But she sat down much more suddenly than she had intended.

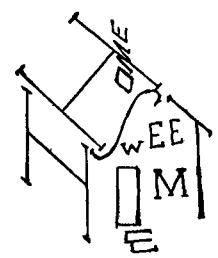
Since she's recovered her breath she ignores Wormy's talk about his feet boggin' down on him and chooses to think she influenced him to drop touting for a decent business. No, Joe never says anything about how his heart bogged down on him, but if you ask me—

Nameographs

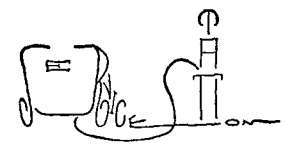
Digging up Nameograph ideas is much more exciting than a grab bag and it's more profitable, too. Why, at the least ambitious of bazaars they'll charge you ten cents a grab. But if you hook a good Nameograph out of the air like "Dinah," "Polar Bear," "Home, Sweet Home," you may collect $5.00 from Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

"Bringing Up Father," by Luis Villar, 2250 Sheridan Ave., Detroit, Mich.

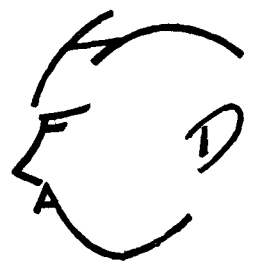
"Dinah," by Glendae Thompson, Box 286, Calome, S. D.



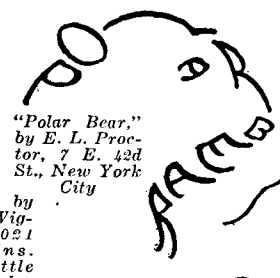
"Home, Sweet Home," by Wm. Kennell, 535 Hancock St., Portland, Ore.



"Service Station," by W. A. Ownbey, 339 N. Henderson, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

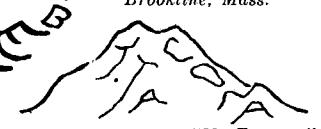


"Head," by Martha Head, 25 Abbottsford Rd., Brookline, Mass.

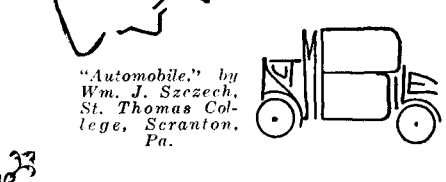


"Polar Bear," by E. L. Proctor, 7 E. 42d St., New York City

"Calvin," by G. E. C. Wiggins, 1021 Home Ins. Bldg., Little Rock, Ark.



"Mt. Tacoma," by Mrs. C. W. Ellsworth, 3219 E. C St., Tacoma, Wash.



"Automobile," by Wm. J. Szczech, St. Thomas College, Scranton, Pa.

"Crime," by Armando Oscar Montes. Manati, Porto Rico

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Good"?.. I call it *perfect!*

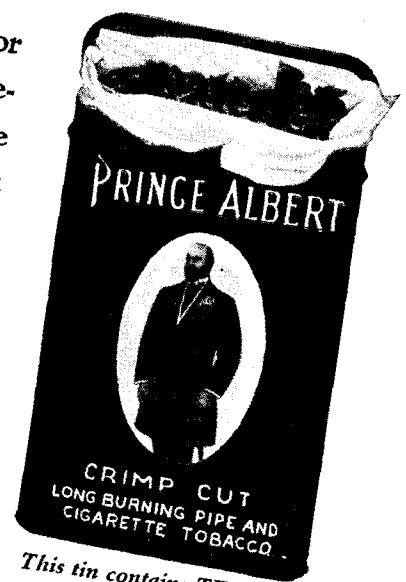
PRINCE ALBERT is a mild tobacco, but "good" is too mild a word to describe it. "Good!"—why you *know* it's better than that the minute you open the tidy red tin and set loose that P. A. fragrance. Your mouth waters for a taste of such tobacco.

You waste no time in loading up and lighting up. Then you get the answer to why P. A. leads them all in sales and satisfaction. Cool as a speed-cop taking your number. Sweet as getting off with "Don't let it happen again." Mellow and mild and long-burning. What do you *mean*—"Good"?

Some fellows stumble into the detours for awhile, and others take the main road to pipe-joy. The more you demand in a smoke, the quicker you come to P. A. — to stay. You can't fumble the fact that more men smoke P. A. than any other brand. "Good"? I call it *perfect!* So will you.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



This tin contains TWO full ounces of pipe-satisfaction.

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three Words *from* Business about Collier's

THROUGH ALL THE LETTERS about Collier's that come to us from manufacturers and their advertising agents runs the same theme.

The conviction that Collier's fulfills to an unusual degree the modern demand for a quick return on the advertising investment.

Business says, "Collier's—for ACTION!" And substantiates it again and again with facts and figures based on results.

"I was particularly delighted to learn that the last two insertions of our advertisements in Collier's have brought bigger returns than any advertising we have run with you, similar size space, before," writes an advertiser. "If this keeps up we shall certainly have to substantially increase our space in Collier's."

A sales manager says, "While about one-quarter of our advertising appropriation has been spent in Collier's and three-quarters of it in (other) publications—Collier's seems to have attracted more attention than the rest . . . I am convinced that we have spent our money wisely and know we have received more concrete results than from any other form of advertising we have attempted."

The vice-president of a company manufacturing a product selling from $218 up writes, "Collier's has gone a long way toward selling (our product) to the general public and has created a widespread interest . . . We have had more than 70 dealer requests (in two weeks) from every portion of the United States, 30 of which have already submitted satisfactory references and signed our contract."

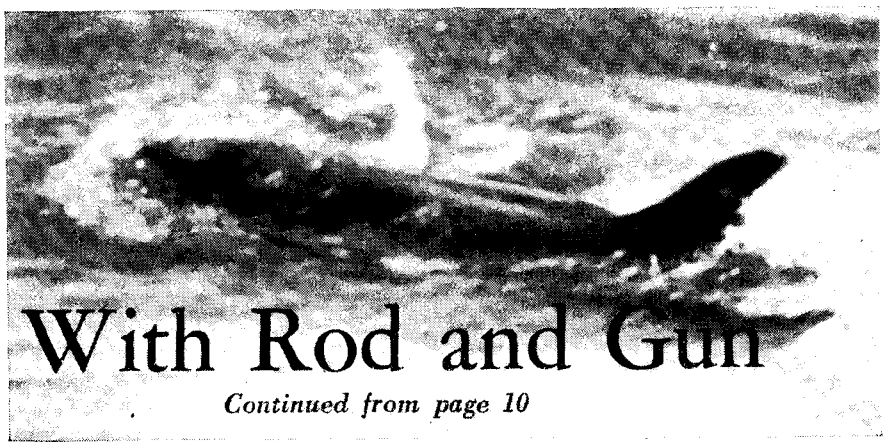
Another advertiser says, "We have used Collier's for many years and believe in it . . . I know from the unusual things which occur in the sales correspondence that the publication is productive. For example, a woman in San Francisco writes in (about our product) with the date indicating that she must have received the magazine in the morning and mailed her letter in the afternoon . . . Then again a man in Illinois wired our Chicago distributor to ship him (our product) as described in the Collier's ad of that date."

These comments about Collier's are typical of many. We shall be glad to furnish the names of the business executives making them—together with amplified evidence of the way in which Collier's is meeting the present-day demand for advertising ACTION.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK

Now more than
1,600,000
with over
650,000
on the newsstands

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



With Rod and Gun

Continued from page 10

This big man killer is led by a line, not a pilot fish

a nuisance if he didn't have his own scales," said Mr. Rice.

The ocean in our neighborhood was now red with the herring hog's blood and the boat was surrounded by sharks. A shark's eyes, we learned, are so placed that he can see only the cross-town traffic and he has to be guided to his food by a pilot fish. He will follow, said Captain Fagan, wherever the pilot leads.

"We might as well catch a few sharks," said the captain. "The big one right down there will weigh close to six hundred pounds and you'll find him a lot tougher to land than your amberjack."

"My idea," I said, "would be to hook the pilot fish and make the shark follow him right into the boat."

"I don't want a live shark in my boat," said the captain. "There might be only Mr. Gravelle left to tell the story."

"Why Mr. Gravelle?"

"Because sharks won't eat photographers."

Mr. Hannagan was about to make some comment, but didn't.

Well, Captain Fagan got the big shark on his hook, and Mr. Hannagan was elected to bring him in. He worked an hour and turned the job over to me. I worked a minute and turned the shark over to the ocean along with a hundred and fifty feet of line and a good part of the captain's best rod. I had loosed the brake when I shouldn't have, or something, and the captain did not join in the general merriment.

He tossed another line overboard, and at once another big shark was hooked. Mr. Gravelle was assigned to this one, and the gallery appeared to be pulling for the shark.

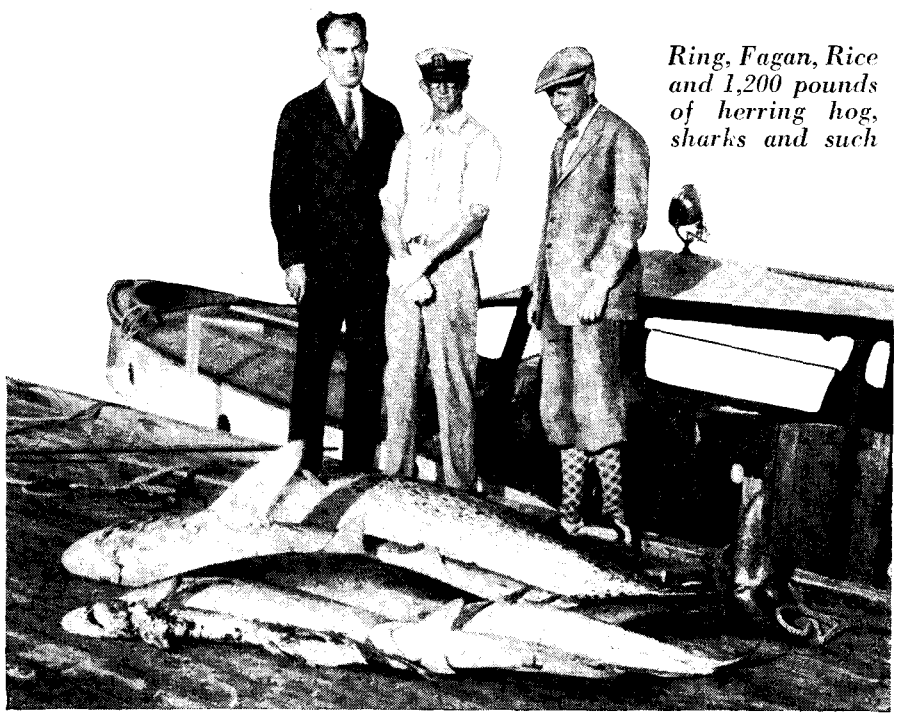
Cap Fagan shoots, then gaffs him

Finally Captain Fagan relieved Mr. Gravelle, and the next thing I knew the fish, a 300-pounder, was on top of the water and the captain was firing a revolver right past my ear. Thirteen bullets in the neck and bosom just made the shark laugh. The captain then pointed the gun down his throat and shot out both his tonsils, and still he seemed amused. But a bullet between the eyes gave him a headache, and the humane Mr. Rice suggested offering him some aspirin.

Three more shots, or nineteen all told, took all the fight out of him and Captain Fagan gaffed him onto the deck and pounded him senseless with a club, after which we christened him Rasputin and finished him off with bichloride of mercury.

Well, we caught a few smaller sharks and thralled a while longer for the elusive sailfish, then chugged back to the Flamingo dock and telephoned the womenfolks to come down and have a look at our day's haul. They were mad at us for interrupting a game of Russian bank.

My next book will appear in the fall.



Ring, Fagan, Rice and 1,200 pounds of herring hog, sharks and such

LOST $35,000

THE OTHER DAY a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute walked into a business man's office in answer to a telephone call.

"I have sent for you because I am in serious trouble," said the man. "I am on the verge of bankruptcy.

"Fifteen years ago I had an opportunity to enrol with the Institute," he went on. "But I was just out of college, making a good salary, and I expected to get my experience out of my work. I did pretty well. I accumulated a small fortune."

He hesitated. "It's gone now," he said. "In the last two months I have lost $35,000 in my business, and all because there are certain fundamental principles of business I thought I knew *and didn't*.

"But it's not too late," he concluded. "I can get back that $35,000, and this time I won't lose it. I want to enrol for your reading course before another sun sets."

Procrastination is the thief of *cold hard cash*

It is the business of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to prevent just such tragedies as this. How? By providing a means whereby a man may become familiar with *all* the underlying principles of business.

The young man of twenty with no responsibilities to anyone but himself can perhaps afford to take a chance.

But these are serious days, these days after thirty! The earning of money, once taken more or less lightly, has become vital. You want your wife to have every comfort this world offers. You want your children to have as good a chance as you had—a better chance.

It is to mature men—men who not only *want* to succeed but *must* succeed—that the Institute appeals most strongly.

For more than nineteen years it has been the privilege of the Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power, to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business. More than 300,000 men have profited by its training.

Its Advisory Council consists of these prominent men:

General T. Coleman duPont, the well-known business executive; Percy H. Johnston, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York; Dexter S. Kimball, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell University; John Hays Hammond, the *eminent engineer*; Frederick H. Hurdman, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

The typical Institute man is—*You*

You are probably over 30. The average age of Institute subscribers is 37.

You have a wife; perhaps children. A majority of Institute subscribers are married.

In other words, this training is especially designed for *you*. Will you let us tell you about it?

Send for "Forging Ahead in Business"

Out of our experience we have prepared a book called "Forging Ahead in Business." We should like to send you this book—free by mail, and without obligation.

It is a cheerful, helpful book. It proves conclusively that a man's responsibilities and income can be increased by a definite addition to his business knowledge; and it points the way. The coupon brings it to you.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

To the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 539 Astor Place, New York City

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature..... Business Position.....

Business Address.....

IN CANADA, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto
In England, 67 Great Russell St., London—In Australia, 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So Many Now Prefer The Cunard Cabin Way To Europe . . . Especially The New 1928 Service

Going the "cabin" way to Europe means traveling . . . with every modern convenience . . . but on the more leisurely 7½ day boats . . . more moderate in price because more moderate in speed.

So great is the demand today among intelligent people for this type of ship, Cunard announces a special new cabin service, at rates from $152.50 up.

Two Cruise Ships . . . The Scythia and Laconia . . . Now Take You The Cabin Way To England

Even as cruise ships these two were noted for their beauty and luxury . . . the Beau Brummels of the sea! Now popular demand puts them into the Cabin Service during the Summer season . . . the same de luxe rooms and service . . . with a brand new moderation in price!

Every Modern Comfort On The "New" 1928 Caronia and Carmania

Over half-a-million dollars have just been spent on these two famous boats . . . adding new conveniences . . . a "grooming-up" process to bring aboard such comforts as hot and cold running water in every room . . . real beds . . . the luxury of glass-enclosed decks . . . winter gardens, etc.

SAILINGS

NEW YORK—PLYMOUTH·HAVRE·LONDON
CARMANIA—April 27 · May 25
CARONIA—May 11 · June 8

NEW YORK—QUEENSTOWN · LIVERPOOL
SCYTHIA—April 28 · May 26
LACONIA—May 12 · June 9

CUNARD LINE

See Your Local Agent

1840·EIGHTY·EIGHT·YEARS·OF·SERVICE·1928

What's the Damage?

Continued from page 17

and found that this man had six separate suits pending in all of which he claimed generous damages because of the same disability. So HE went back to work.

Then there was the fellow who was in an accident but who disappeared after his presence in the crash had been duly recorded. He had been away on business, he said, when he presented himself four months later, suffering pains in his right heel which he believed were due to the accident. They took X-rays, and these showed a fracture of a small bone in the back of the heel, constituting a permanent injury. The company settled for $5,000 and congratulated itself.

They Fool Their Own Doctors

SOME time later this same man was in another accident, and after making sure that the various persons interested had spelled his name correctly, he again went away for a few months.

The insuring company in this case was not the same as in the previous one. Again this man presented himself and demanded compensation for a permanent injury to his foot, and again the X-rays—as well they might—bore him out. But before settling for an amount in the thousands, this company, on a hunch, started a little investigation. After being questioned rather energetically the man settled for $185. Later it developed that he had fractured his heel three years previously when he fell from an apple tree in his native Italy.

However much they may delight vaudeville audiences, contortionists are thorns in the benevolent sides of casualty insurance companies. There was one who could throw his hip or his shoulder out of joint at will—and he willed too often for the peace of mind of more than one company.

When claims are filed after trivial automobile accidents the companies know to their sorrow that almost invariably the driver will be suffering from mysterious internal injuries, sustained when he was "thrown against the steering wheel," while his passengers in the rear of the car are almost useless, due to headaches and internal skull injuries caused by the painful way in which they were bumped against the roof of the car. And if these injuries are phony, who's going to be brutal enough to prove it? You can't say a man isn't suffering from headaches and dizziness if he says he is. Often these people fool their own doctors.

All these little incidents may be amusing, but multiplied they cost considerable money, and you'll find your share of it on your bill for automobile liability insurance.

In many cases investigators for insurance companies visit supposed victims or their relatives and by representing themselves as sympathetic obtain frank and unrestrained statements which are disastrous to the phony claimants' cases. Sometimes because they think their visitor is working with them and sometimes just because they love to brag about how they're pulling the wool over the eyes of the insurance companies, people will talk freely about fake injuries and fake stories.

The chief of the claims bureau for one of the largest companies offers two pieces of advice to genuine victims of automobile accidents, and it applies to personal injuries and damage to property. One is: don't be too eager to sign a release in return for a flat payment by the company. The other is: don't be too eager to sign a lawyer's retaining order.

"The companies' adjusters in some cases may be overzealous or they may believe they know the full extent of the damages done when they make their offer," he told me. "But if you sign a general release and later discover that the damage was greater than it at first appeared you can't expect the insurance people to come forward and say, 'Here, old man, this is going to cost you more than you thought it would, so here's an extra thousand.'

"And don't let any lawyer, particularly one of whose standing you have no knowledge, sweet-talk you into signing a retaining order whereby he receives perhaps 50 per cent of any settlement payment. Some of these lawyers handle 20,000 cases a year—mostly over the telephone.

"We had a case recently where an automobile was damaged in a collision. The owner claimed $200 damages. After he had made this claim an ambulance-chasing lawyer got to him, talked him into retaining him on a 50-50 basis—and settled for $37.50. The owner collected half of this. And not an hour later our investigators filed their report recommending payment by the company of $150 damages.

"Mind you, I'm not trying to argue anyone with a just claim out of retaining a lawyer. But I do advise dealing directly with the company's representatives first. You can listen to their offer and then if it's not satisfactory, turn your claim over to a reputable lawyer and settle it through him either in or out of court.

"It's impossible to protect the public against ambulance chasers. They have avenues of reaching injured persons that are closed to reputable agencies.

"For instance, there is a woman in one of the big city hospitals right now recovering from injuries received when she was knocked down by a truck. We have not been allowed even to see her. Yet today we received a letter from a 50-50 lawyer notifying us that she had retained him to handle her claim. How he was able to get to her when we couldn't isn't such a mystery if you are familiar with the way such lawyers work with internes, nurses and others on a percentage basis.

"Now, assuming that we would have settled this particular case for, say, $600 and that the lawyer is able to collect $800 (which is unlikely), the woman is going to be out at least $200 when she divides 50-50."

Since motorists and motor owners generally are so careless in the matter of their liability policies, I asked an official of an organization listing among its membership a great group of insuring companies to set down a list of rules that should be followed when the matter of taking out a policy comes up.

In the first place, he pointed out the wisdom of trying to get some sort of assurance as to the financial stability of the company in which you take out a policy. Be sure the company behind your policy is sound.

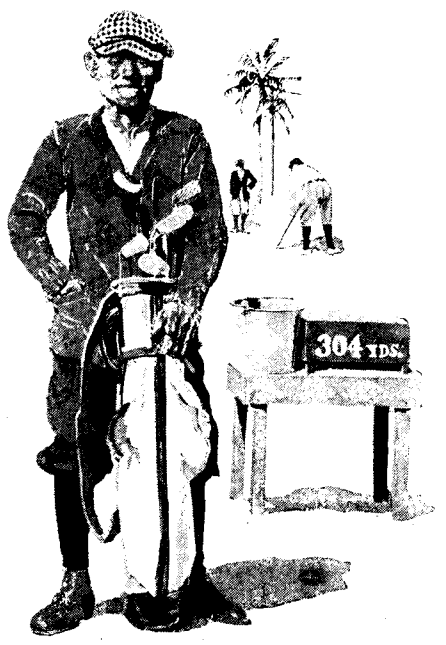
Then, READ your policy. And if, reading it, you don't get a thoroughly clear idea as to exactly what protection it offers, ask the agent to explain it. Not one insured motorist in a thousand, according to this official, reads or understands his policy.

Beware of Bargains

ESPECIALLY important is it that you understand whether it is a "name assured" or an "omnibus policy." The former extends protection only when the person named in it is at the wheel of his car, while the latter covers damages caused when he or any member of his household is driving. Then there is still in effect in some states an indemnity policy which makes the company responsible for damages only in the event that the person insured cannot meet them out of his own holdings. There's no need of discussing the merits of the different policies; the point to be stressed is: make sure which you are getting.

There's another point to be taken into consideration—and here again this reporter won't undertake to decide it for you. It's this: many stock companies urge you to insure in big companies do-

(*Continued on page 44*)



Tom Masson Says

Migration note: Yesterday a flock of golf balls passed over my head on the way to Miami.

The Greeks have been given 62 years by Secretary Mellon to pay their debt. We hope this noble example will move the hearts of some of the installment men who are camping on our trail.

So many electrical inventions have been introduced into kitchens that every cook now has to know watts watt.

A science item informs us that a diamond will turn green when exposed to radium. That's nothing. We've seen a whole girl turn green when exposed to a diamond on a rival.

The average American makes 185 telephone calls a year. About half of these must be in trying to get the same number.

"Prohibition is an experiment and the experiment will run its course," says James M. Cox. It seems to be a case of flowing on forever.

One source of political scandal will be removed when women rule the state. There'll be no Veterans' Bureau.

President Coolidge is said to have saved $400,000, which he considers enough to retire on. Now we know he won't start a paper.

The hospitals are getting so crowded that there is talk of limiting operations to those who really need them.

When the battleship building program begins to lag, the only thing to do is to have another disarmament congress.

In spite of birth control, this country is forging ahead. We look forward to the time when there'll be an inhabitant to every motor car.

The best place to start your play is in Chicago, where it is sure to go with a bang.

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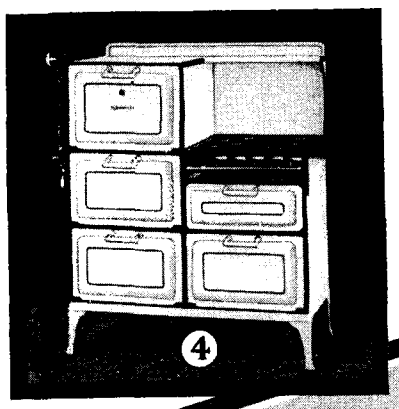
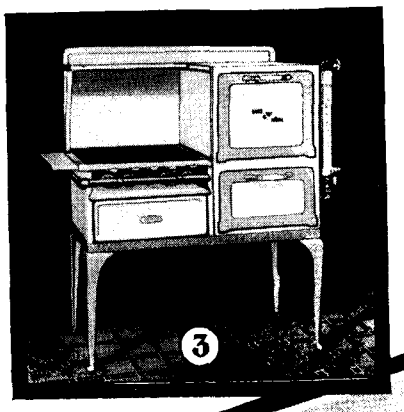
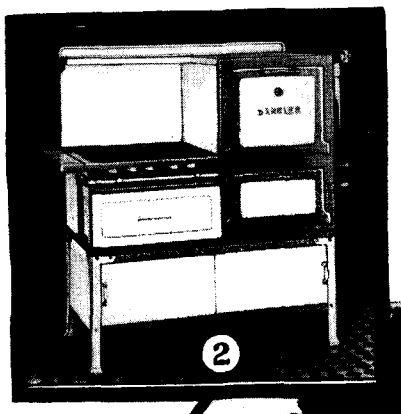
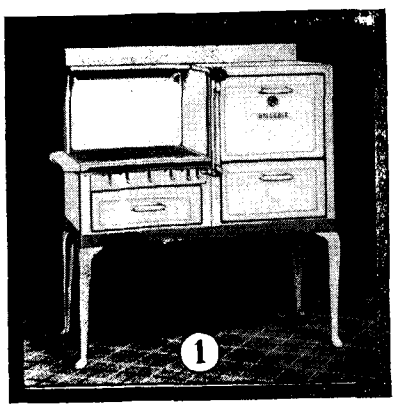
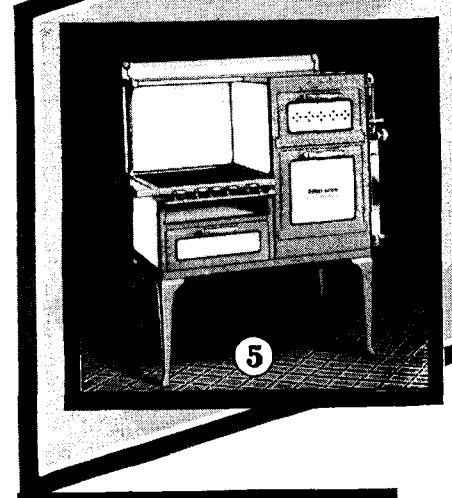
Why Women Prefer These Famous Stoves

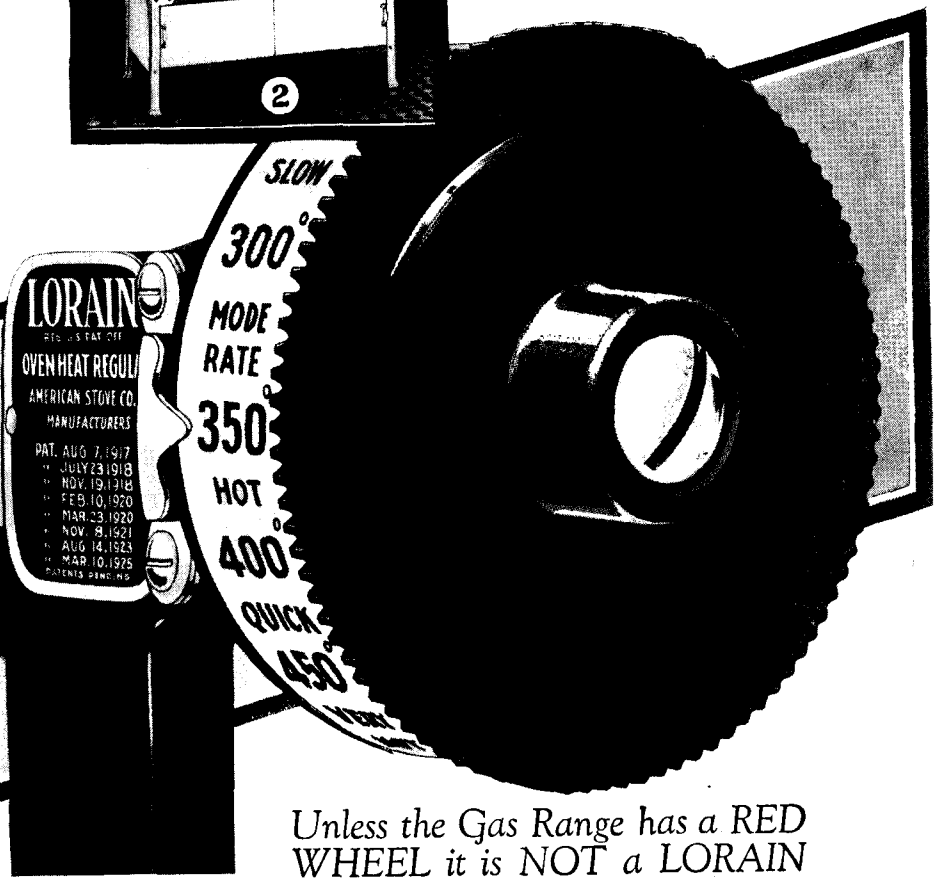












No matter where you live you can now use a Lorain-equipped Gas Range

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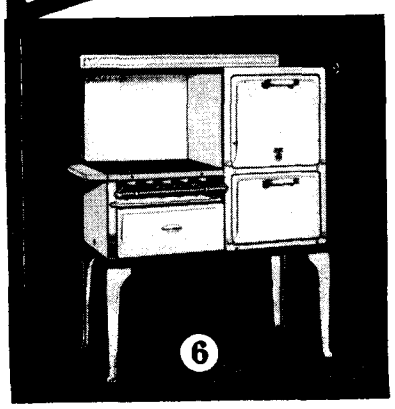
Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN



1. **RELIABLE** Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
2. **DANGLER** Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
3. **QUICK MEAL** Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
4. **NEW PROCESS** New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
5. **DIRECT ACTION** Direct Action Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.
6. **CLARK JEWEL** George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

IN MILLIONS of American homes you will find cook stoves bearing these famous names: **Clark Jewel, Direct Action, Dangler, New Process, Quick Meal, Reliable.**

Some of these stoves were built long before the first automobile appeared on the streets of this country, and their owners claim they are still giving satisfactory service.

Not many manufacturers of fifty years ago have survived the wars, panics, depressions and growing competition so destructive to all industrial undertakings. Yet the Divisions of American Stove Company have *not only survived* but have grown in size and in favor with the multitude that buys their merchandise.

There can be but one reason for this outstanding success—*desire* and *ability* on the part of American Stove Company to build better gas ranges than anyone else and to sell them at more reasonable prices, quality considered.

American Stove Company has never ceased attempting to improve gas range construction. Even after giving to the world the greatest invention in all the history of cooking (the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, which regulates and automatically controls the oven temperature) it did not stop its search for further improvement.

In the great factories, foundries, laboratory and research kitchen of American Stove Company thousands of men, men who have spent most of their working-lives building stoves, are striving to give greater and greater value to buyers.

So, when you buy a new gas range make sure that it has a Red Wheel. For then you will *know* that it is one of the six famous makes manufactured by American Stove Company. (See illustrations.) You will *know* that your range is equipped with the famous Lorain Regulator—the supremely accurate, always faithful, never-erring device that will provide you with many, many hours of relief from the drudgery and worry of cooking.

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Col.—4-7-28

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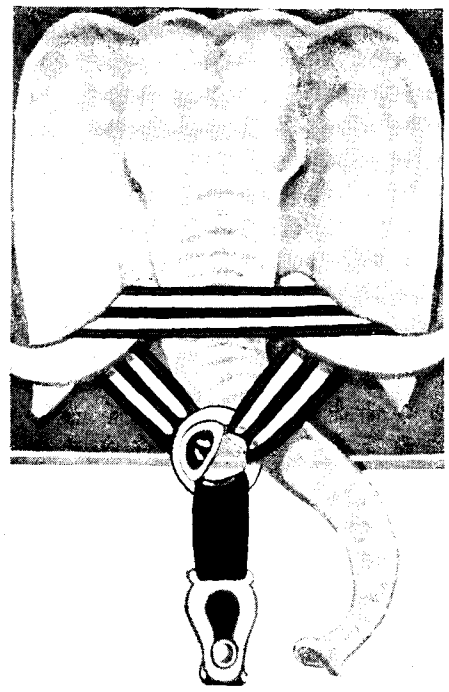

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03

What's the Damage?

Continued from page 42

ing business nationally, arguing that should you meet with an accident while touring you will be able to get in touch with an agent and make adjustments more readily. On the other hand, the mutual companies (which usually are more limited as to territory) point to the fact that all claims are adjusted from home offices anyway, so it doesn't make any difference. But, as in the case of different policies, it's something to be thought about and to KNOW about.

Now, as to how much personal-injury insurance to carry. For some years the so-called 10-20 was the most popular policy. This provided that the company would pay up to $10,000 in the event of injury or death to one person in an accident for which the insured was responsible and up to $20,000 for more than one person. But juries have proved decidedly sympathetic to automobile-accident victims and have been very generous with their verdicts, and judges are slow to set aside or cut big awards, with the result that more and more automobilists have increased their insurance to a 20-40 or 40-80 basis.

"It all depends on the automobile owner's financial standing how much he should carry," said my informant. "John D. Rockefeller well might carry a $200,000 minimum policy but for the average citizen of moderate income and little property I suppose 20-40 is a safe bet. The question of good citizenship enters into it too, although, alas, not as much as it should! There are drivers who own little property, but who don't want to hide behind that fact in the event of their car's causing injuries or death. They provide for their responsibilities with insurance policies."

Only 25 per cent of the total number of cars registered in the United States and Canada are insured against public liability and property damage. Yet the need for such protection is growing every year.

When you go to take out automobile liability insurance you'll find that rates are pretty well standardized. The majority of the stock companies base their charges on data supplied by the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, while most of the mutuals base theirs on information gathered by the American Mutual Alliance. This doesn't mean that you can't depend on companies which are not affiliated with either of these national bodies. It does, however, suggest that you look well into any policies offered at absurdly low rates.

Property damages and personal-injury insurance rates are based upon two things in each territory; accident frequency and accident severity. In New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other large cities where traffic is heavy you'll find an enormously high frequency rate and a comparatively low severity rate. It's easy to see why.

"Driving While Under"

IN CONGESTED districts traffic moves along rather slowly, but automobiles are always bumping into things—or persons—though usually at so low a speed that little damage results. On the other hand, in the more open spaces where the lads and lassies like to step on it, when a car hits something it's generally a 100 per cent complete accident. That's why you find low frequency but high severity outside the large cities.

Insurance policies which provide for payment for damages to one's own car are usually "deductible." That is, in most cases the insured undertakes to pay the first $50 or the first $100 damages. You can see what a help such policies are to the companies. Persons who carry 100 per cent coverage are always running in for a new fender or tire cover or something equally inexpensive. The trouble is that they're usually not satisfied unless they collect enough to pay for a complete painting job and a box of cigars for the mechanic too. That's why there's an enormous difference between the rates for full as against the rates for deductible policies.

One company, for instance, in a certain territory charges $297 for a full coverage on a medium-priced new car while the rate for a $50 deductible policy on the same car is only $107—almost $200 less. And they'd rather write the deductible policy except in the case of really expensive automobiles.

No Place for Recklessness

FURTHERMORE, they reserve the right to refuse to write full coverage policies in certain cases as, for example, in that of a certain wealthy motor-car owner who will have nothing but real leather tire covers on which are painted her family crest and her initials. Tire covers are always getting ripped up a bit, and after the company had replaced about eight of them at $47.50 each, they made the lady change to a $50 deductible policy.

This brings up the matter of cancellation of policies. They all provide that the insured or the company may cancel after giving reasonable notice—and the company needn't say why either.

There's one man I know who was roaring along the country roads one night when he bumped into a truck and a touring car, causing about $150 damage to both. He was, as the police so delicately put it, "driving while under." However, he had a certain amount of influence in the county where the accident occurred, and nothing appeared on the police blotter. The insurance company was notified—without any mention being made of the alcoholic content of the motorist at the time—and paid all claims.

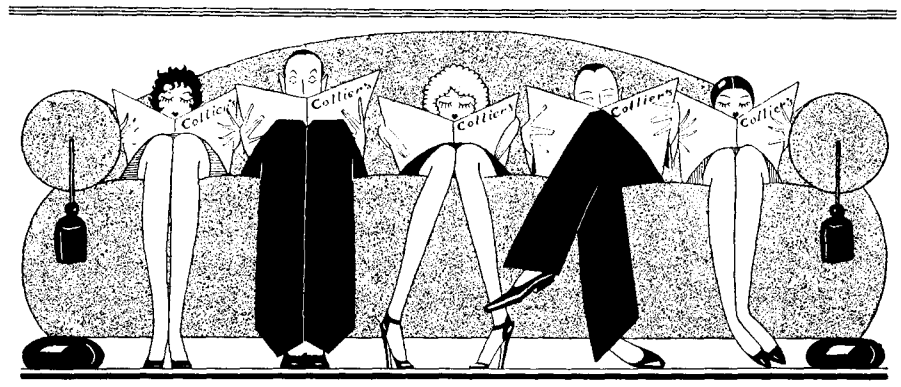
About a week later the insured was notified that his policy would be canceled at the expiration of the usual notice period. Special investigators had looked into his case and found out what the real trouble was.

Now, when a policy has been canceled under such circumstances, can the driver get a policy in any other company? Sometimes he can; often he can't.

A claim adjuster told me of a case where a man had not only been driving while drunk but had been convicted and sentenced and his license suspended, yet his insurance was not canceled.

"He was a reputable citizen and property owner and not a habitual drinker," said the adjuster. "He went to some banquet or other and gulped down a few too many and happened to hit a traffic signal on his way home. Now, that man was a good risk; he'll probably never drive again if he's had even one drink. We'd much rather carry him than a man who's always having minor crashes due to reckless driving."

Incidentally, most companies won't grant an application until they've received a confidential report from their private investigators. And these investigators don't care what your law-violation record may be nor how you stand in your lodge. All they try to find out is whether you're addicted to reckless driving, reckless drinking or other little activities which bid fair to land up smack against a telegraph pole or someone's new sedan.



Answers to Bridge Questions

on page 36

1. (a) Business; partner of doubler has previously doubled.
(b) Business; partner of doubler has made a Business Pass.
(c) Business; doubler has not doubled Spades at the first opportunity.
(d) Informatory; doubler has doubled Spades at the first as well as at the second opportunity, and partner of doubler has not bid or doubled.
(e) Business; partner of doubler has bid.
(f) Business; partner of doubler has bid.

2. Declarer takes two of the adversaries' tricks as the penalty for the first revoke and one as the penalty for the second; these, added to the nine he won in play, give him a total of twelve tricks, or six-odd. He scores 216 (six times 36) for tricks, 100 for making redoubled contract, 100 each for making two extra tricks over his contract, 50 for making a Small Slam and 30 for honors. His total score for the hand, above and below the line, therefore would be 596. If playing Progressive or Duplicate, he also would score 125 for game in one hand.

3. Miss Kate Wheelock, who started teaching Whist in the city of Milwaukee on April 13, 1885. She has taught Whist, Bridge, Auction Bridge and Contract Bridge in all parts of the country continuously since that date and is still teaching, being at present located in New York City.

4. Talleyrand, who was an inveterate Whist player. The provisional government he formed upon Napoleon's abdication was composed, with one exception, of his associates at the Whist table.

5. A score of nothing to nothing. In Bridge, as in Tennis, love means nothing.

6. (a) No. (b) Yes. (c) Yes. (d) No. (e) Yes. (f) With 11. (g) With 9 or 10. (h) With 8 or less.

7. (a) Pass. (b) Bid one Spade. (c) Pass.

8. (a) King. (b) Deuce. (c) Deuce. (d) Queen. (e) Deuce. (f) Deuce.

9. In (a) and (b), that the bidder has at least six cards of the suit, headed by A-K-Q. In (c), that the bidder is trying to preëmpt and does not wish his partner to bid any other suit. In (d) the inference would be that preëmption was being attempted, but a Minor three-bid seldom shuts out other bidding; a player with the Minor length and strength that justifies preëmpting should bid four or more.

10. Yes, unless he intentionally has seen the face of a card held by Declarer or either adversary.

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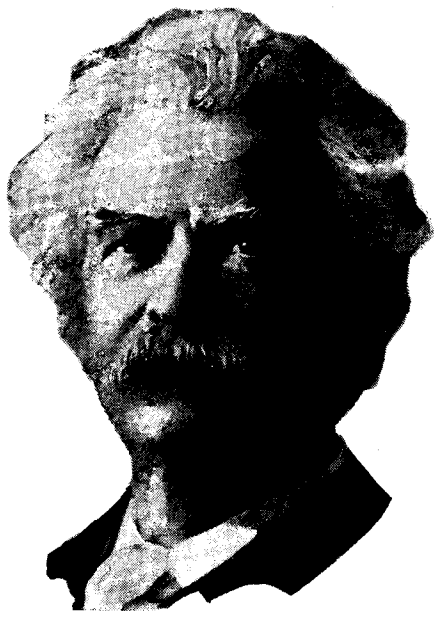
wanted to be your friend



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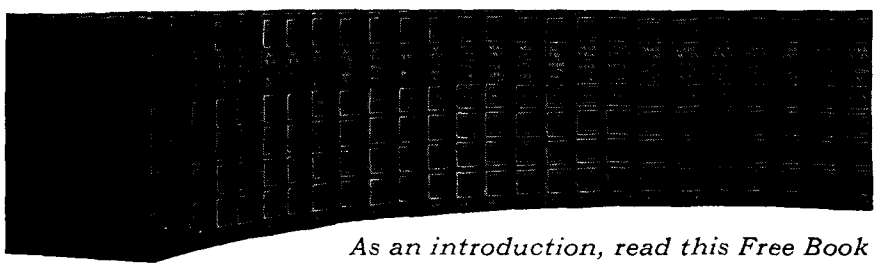

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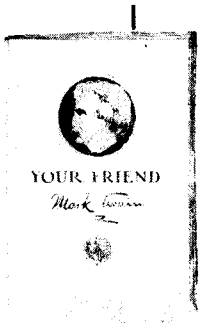

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The New Dynasty

Continued from page 16

work my hands most off for you. I—"

Her face lifted to his in a moment of reckless surrender, she had swayed toward him, but his last blundering words drew her back.

"Anyway, I'll always think about you, Noel. I didn't promise them I wouldn't do that. And maybe you'll try—try to be—"

"Linda! I'll keep doin' my best and somehow it's got to come out so—"

She eluded his outstretched arms, but looked back to smile away his hurt.

Noel stared after her. If only there was something he could do to prove himself worthy of her! His eyes roved to the marching pines. They were like an army closing in on him. They were stamping to the very door of his cabin. They would, would they? The lust of battle swept him. He stalked to the shed, reappeared with an ax and laid about him.

Hardly had the first tree crashed than he began on another. Three of the enemy lay prone when Linda came slowly past on her way home. With scarce a breath he hacked the next foe at hand, attacking it here as it swayed, then there to lure it from the direction of the cabin, springing aside as it lunged downward. The girl thrilled at his valiant young strength. He was like a knight in single combat against an army. It was splendid! She wished, as she slipped on by, that her father could have seen it.

Her father had. He spoke of it.

"It looked like he was fightin' soldiers," Linda suggested.

"No—he's just headlong. Got to blaze away at something. It's the commonness in 'em that lets him go flingin' at things first here and then there. That kind o' people don't hold their notions in; they do the fust thing that comes to them. Folks with—uh—dignity stops to think how it'll look. It don't cut a man much of a figger to go whalin' away choppin' down trees like the devil was proddin' him . . . Common."

"Awful common," abetted Sally. "You couldn't picture Asa Raynor doin' that."

"A fiery lot, them Raynors," Hannah caught at the familiar name. "Plenty o' spirit. And brave. The sayin' was they wa'n't afeared o' nothin', onlest of each other."

That night when the loft became a palace throneroom Noel was not in the assemblage. Zealously Linda managed to contrive a world-astounding feat of his accomplishment that served to open the haughty ranks of courtiers that he might walk between them in triumph to her. It was exhausting, but glorious.

"What are you always settin' and starin' about?" Sally demanded a few days later. "A body'd think you saw somethin' the rest of us couldn't."

"I was just thinkin'," Linda explained vaguely. A crucial moment had been interrupted. Noel, sublime in knightly array, had just saved the queen. She slipped out and turned eastward to Pecan Hollow. Here, seated on a fallen trunk, she drew her court about her again.

ACROSS her preoccupied vision a man stalked. The twigs crackled under his booted feet. He was thin, swarthy, lithe as a fawn. A nondescript hound shadowed him.

"Oh—hello, Asa," she greeted blankly, and rose to go.

"Wait a minute, Linda, I got something to talk over with you," Asa Raynor announced casually, though his eyes gathered eagerness as they swept over her. "Let's set down here a minute. The old man's bent on me marryin', and you're the only one of our kind around here."

The girl sat so still, gazing straight ahead, that he was shaken from his high tone.

"We're suited all right," he half pleaded, "and I don't know of anybody else your folks'd hear to your choosin'. Can't I tell the old man we've fixed it up?"

"No, don't—I mean wait. Maybe I won't have a mind to marry at all."

Asa looked down at the creamy face, the shadowed blue eyes, tossed black hair. She was worth a little effort.

"I want you to learn to think better of me, Linda. Our folks would be mighty happy if we could make up to marry, and we would too."

"I know—I haven't got any feelin' against you, Asa, only—seems to me things are too—too mixed up. I like you better'n I did, but—I got to be goin' now."

She cut directly north to the highway, going swiftly to discourage Asa's accompanying her. The way led near the west line of the Sexton land. Noel, sleeveless, bareheaded, was sawing the slaughtered pines into lengths, and he had a white man working for him! Toddy Gillis!

SHE went on, her head bent in troubled reflection. Maybe that was the best Noel could do, hiring Toddy. The niggers wouldn't work for just anybody. But if he had to hire a white man, he ought to get one that wasn't looked down on so much. It was strange that Noel could look so clean and strong and yet be so lacking in pride.

"What's wrong with Toddy Gillis? Why does it go against a man to hire him?" she asked her father.

Shock widened Jeffry's lazy eyes. Questions savored of heresy. No one around Gordy's Crossroads ever challenged the existing order of things. It was felt to be poor taste. Acceptance of others' opinions was more polite, precluding embarrassment.

"Folks that hold themselves as anything at all don't hire him. That's enough. It goes a long way back, and it don't make any difference how it started, that's the way it is. Mebby it's because he hasn't got any spunk, or mebby he said or done something that got people to thinkin' queer of him. Anyways, it's come to be that only trash'll hire him."

"Noel just don't go by what ever'body thinks," Linda flared, tears springing in her eyes. "And he—he's all right."

"There ain't no real harm in young Sexton"—in damning tolerance—"only what he is and what his fambly was keeps a-comin' to the top. Nothin' can hide bein' low-born. Nothin'."

That night when her tiny light was out no miracle, however inspired, could make a place for Noel Sexton in that proud court. The queen was lonely, restless. Her dress grew in magnificence, the hall augmented to an impressive distance, the attending throngs were multiplied, yet she was bored with it. At last a messenger dashed in, whispered to her. The queen drew a cloak over her glittering robes and slipped away to the bedside of a handsome young commoner who had been injured in some yet-to-be-decided manner and was calling for her with every breath. Never in all her splendor had she been as happy as in this humble cabin stroking the tumbled fair hair of this valiant man whose very life hung upon her touch.

The episode lingered on in the morning, wrapped her in tenderness, followed her through the day, drew her past the Sexton place at sundown.

Noel, bareheaded, hands in his pockets, was walking about a pile of new lumber, whistling meditatively. Linda passed very slowly. Was he too absorbed to see her? At last he turned, hurried down to the road. His eyes were so full of adoration her own flickered away from them.

"Looks kinda shiftless, all these stumps over the place," he apologized, "but we're goin' to get them out. Things'll turn out all right. They've got to, Linda."

Her gaze came back to his slowly. As she expected, the whole story of his hope and longing was in the earnest

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face. Her own longing rushed to meet it. If only he would make himself acceptable to her class! He was so dear and so blundering.

She suggested partial reform.

"You could get a nigger, couldn't you, Noel?"

"I reckon so, but Toddy needs heartenin'. He's kinda down. I don't worry any about talk. Anyway, I love you, Linda, and the awfuller I look to be, the more you'll know I love you."

For all his baffling obstinacy, his last words brought a shy smile that played up at him, and then away. "You must be goin' to build a lot of new fences," she shifted.

Noel glanced back at the pile of lumber and laughed softly. The laugh held some happy secret.

AS SHE turned in her gate Mr. Raynor was coming down the path. His greeting bore a patronage that set her heart pounding. Through the window she could see her father walking the floor, his head lowered gravely. Not one of the three looked up as she burst into the room.

"What—what is it?" her suspicion demanded. "He come for—for somethin'. He did, I know he did."

"Asa Raynor ain't one to be put off. He's like to change his mind, so Mr. Raynor come for an answer," Sally made belligerent defense.

"It ain't as if there was anybody else for you, Lindy," her father tempered mildly.

"You didn't tell him I would—you didn't!" Neither would meet the blazing eyes.

"Oh, hum-hum," moaned Hannah, "sometimes I don't take no comfort in bein' poor and high-born. Common folks has more pickin'. Oh, hum-hum."

In other days Linda had not encountered Asa Raynor a dozen times a year. But now she was always meeting him. He had a new canvas jacket and a green tie. A rifle was usually slung in the crook of his arm, and a hound padded at his heels. A whisper had gone around more than once that the rabbits that Asa Raynor carried home often had no bullet holes in them. It was just darky talk and Linda gave it no credence, but stories persisted that he could catch a wild creature in his quick wiry hands when the dog ran it past him and that its shrieks of pain and terror and Asa's chuckle could be heard for long afterward. He had a peculiar grace of motion that kept one watching him, fascinated.

The news came at last to the Darcut home that Noel Sexton was fixing to marry a girl down about the mill. He had built a downright good house for her and aimed to paint it. Linda crept to her room and sat in the dark, beating her fists on her knees, clenching her nails into her palms. She did not cry.

After a while she came down and slipped into her chair. She was very white.

Jeffry was reluctant to take the advantage he sensed, but after a while broached gently: "Mr. Raynor ast me if you're ready to marry, Lindy. Asa's gettin' on to thirty. The old man'd like to see him settled and know his fambly was goin' on. Asa's the last of 'em."

"All—right. Yes"—huskily, the blue eyes staring ahead.

He came late one afternoon and disposed of the matter in a few careless words, indicating that the haste was his father's. A few months' difference one way or the other was of no moment to him.

With youth's instinctive search for happiness, Linda strove to endow her betrothed with glamour, investing him determinedly with knightly attributes. He was handsome in his swarthy, arrogant way, what little he said had point to it, and there was a special fascination in his long, nervous fingers. They looked knowing, as though possessed of a separate intuition. Desperately she wove her dreams about him.

Now and then the memory of Noel's merry hazel eyes and the worship that had once dwelt in them would flare up and consume the flimsy structure of her makeshift contentment. Then the thought that Noel had easily consoled himself with another would bolster her pride and she would hunt out Asa and surprise him with the new fervor of her interest. He was wont, at such times, to set a higher value on himself, treating her with an amused condescension that chilled her effort to shift the wealth of her warm, hungry heart to him. Only the gibing progress of the new house on the Sexton place held her stanchly to her bargain.

Toddy Gillis had pulled the old house down and cleared away the débris, and there stood the new one, double-gabled, lavish of windows. Noel was fashioning shutters to hang at them. What happiness could blossom in such a place! Traitorously Linda pictured herself there, tidying the bright rooms for Noel, cooking for him, waiting on him.

She lingered past one day, toying with the vision. Noel came abruptly

(*Continued on page 48*)

Here's Jerry Dowling, wagoner and lady killer, workin' out on the dumb mademoiselle that ran the café in Raincourt. The only props he used in his love scenes was a postcard picture of the N. Y. C. Public Library and a wallet stuffed with cigar coupons. He told the wooden-shoe babes the picture was his home in America and the coupons pocket money.

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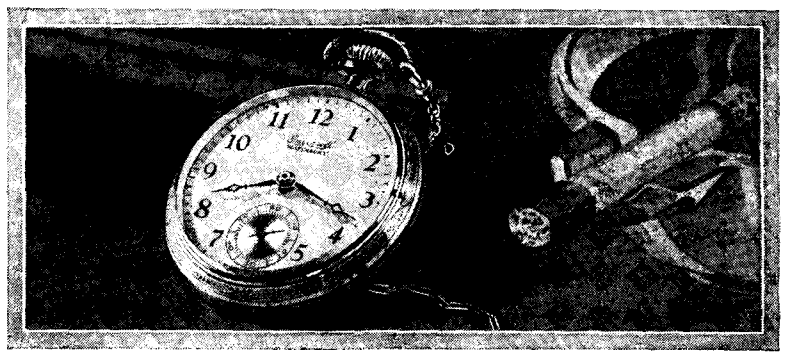

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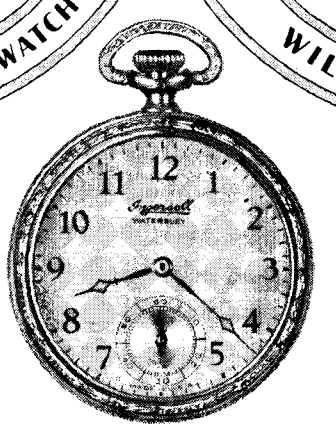

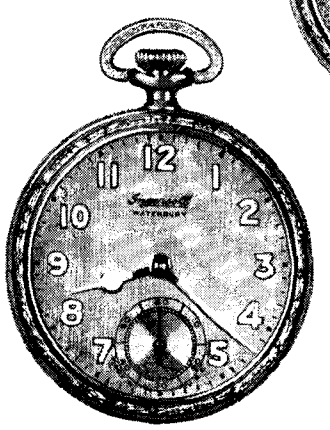

Above—New Waterbury, Chromium Finish $5.00
Left—Radiolite model $6.00
Right—Back view, showing Butler finish, standard on both models.

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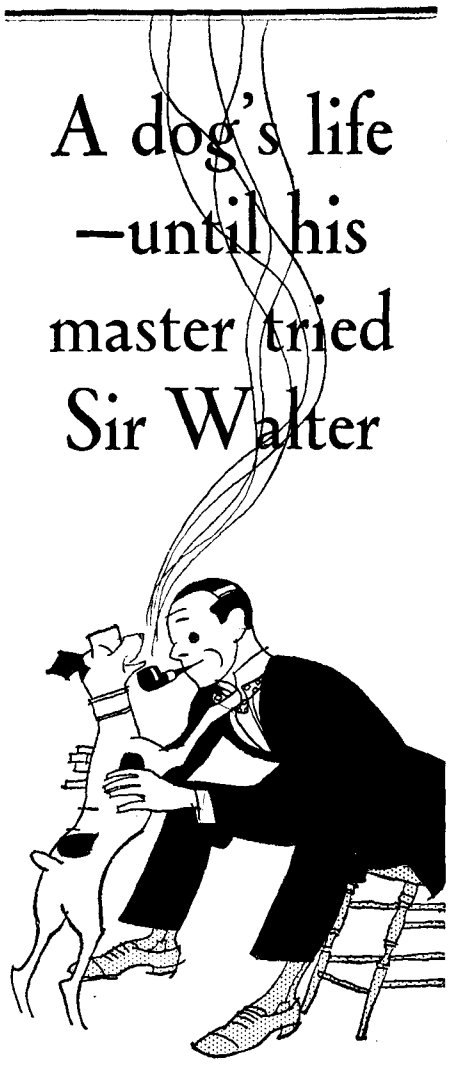
A dog's life —until his master tried Sir Walter



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The New Dynasty

Continued from page 47

around the corner of the porch and saw her. Saw her staring wistfully at the house he had built for another! She would have hurried on, but he called her. His handsome face was drawn, the ruddiness gone from it.

"Linda, I just heard about you thinkin' to marry Asa Raynor. You mustn't, you shan't."

"What've you got against me marrying?"—eagerly.

"Nothin', only so it isn't Asa," Noel bungled.

"Oh—I thought—" Tears sprang to her eyes, humiliating her. "What call have you got to say that? Asa wants me, and—I'm not just thinkin' to marry him; I am goin' to. Right away. Tomorrow."

SHE flung away from him, turning off at the road that led to the hollow. There she waited for Asa and told him that she was ready to have the wedding the following day. Asa had had an unlucky afternoon of hunting and was morose. All right. One time was like another to him. He had not fetched home a single kill, and the old man would laugh at him. The dog was to blame.

The hound lay shivering and fearful a little way off. It crept to him now, whimpering. Asa kicked it savagely, Linda turned on him with blazing eyes, then quieted.

"Dogs is awful tryin' at times," she said loyally, and got up. "I better go on and tell the folks about tomorrow."

Sally's indolence roused to an enthusiasm of bustling preparation. She would drive with the couple to Soulene for the marriage, and when they came back they would all have sangaree and cake. There was the cake to make, and Linda's old best dress—the new one had not materialized—must have lace at the neck. Quite late it developed that the scraps of lace she had thought to use would not piece out. Linda was hurried off to the store for a length of cheap lace and a bit of blue ribbon to brighten her hat.

She cut across the hollow, for the store closed soon after nine o'clock. Wan starlight sifted through the new foliage. A hum of insects and the croaking of frogs kept up a mild din. She could hear the hushed bark of a dog, the crackling of twigs, and now the labored breathing of a chased thing. It came nearer, passed where she hid behind a gum tree—a wood hog, long-legged, sharp-snouted, tusked. Behind it, in easy gallop, came Asa Raynor's hound. The hog, as though in panic of some unusual element of the hunt, did not stand to fight, but plunged on frantically.

Abruptly it swerved, but too late. A figure had leaped out at it from behind a palmetto, a man. Asa! His hands went unerringly to the animal's throat. There was an almost human shriek of terror as the brute stumbled, fell headlong. The man threw his body free of the murderous hoofs, not losing the hold of his steely fingers. Again he had to shift fleetly while his arms held their tension against the flouncing of the maddened creature. The dog stood to one side, stiff-legged, bristling.

At last the bulky form was still. Asa stood up, contemplated the carcass a while, chuckling, then gathered some brush to conceal it. As he picked up his rifle and swung jauntily away, the dog ran ahead, capered back, twisting, yapping as though begging recognition for his part in the affair. Asa hit him out of his path with the butt of the rifle.

Linda leaned against the tree, panting, sickened. Terror of the frightened brute, of the strangeness of the man, shook her. Brave the Raynors had always been, and smart. But now it came to her hazily that their once fine courage had sharpened to willful cruelty, their shrewdness to animal cunning. And Asa, the dregs of them, was the man she had promised to marry. Tomorrow!

She shrank at the thought, laying her hot cheek against the cool bark of the tree. She would go straight and tell his father that she could not go on with it. Her knees trembled as she flung heedlessly through the undergrowth, indignation gathering in her that William Raynor had dared demand her for his loathsome son. But it was unlikely the old man knew of Asa's ways. She would have to find an excuse, put him off, for Asa was all he had, and William held him dear.

As Linda hesitated in the shadows before the Raynor house, old Caleb, the Negro man, left the barn with a mule and a low sledge trailing behind it. He was going to bring in the kill. Through the window she could see Asa now, depicting in pantomime the scene in the hollow. She tiptoed around the porch to the window, unbelieving.

Then William Raynor knew! Asa was exaggerating each motion, multiplying it, making the epic far more hideous than the reality. His father leaned forward in his chair, eager relish

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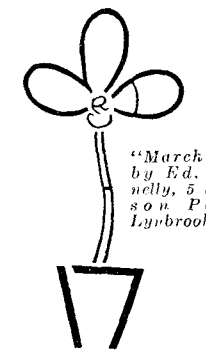

"March 17," by Ed. Donnelly, 5 Jackson Place, Lynbrook, L.I.

in the blinking old eyes. His wheezing chuckle applauded, his thin lips fairly smacked over each repulsive detail, each point of triumph. But sudden perplexity lost him the moment of high climax. The dry laugh stilled.

"It comes to me you said a grayish hog, Asa. I can't bring to mind any of ours like that one. Grayish—um-m." His shriveled face thrust forward, his tone tightened, hard, pushing. "What—mark—did it have? You seen its ears. What mark—"

ASA cut off a long, gloating laugh to ponder his father's question in cynical insolence.

"It had one cleft and three notches"—defiantly. "The Jemisons' mark."

"You—thief!" the old man screamed. "You get out! Get out! You ain't one of us. Our people've always been hon'rable. Always! Brave and hon'rable." Tremulous hope flashed across his agony of bruised pride. "You didn't see the notches till afterward, did you? When it was too late? You'd have let it loose, wouldn't you, if you'd seen in time?"

Asa's black eyes danced in an intoxication of defiance. "I always sight a brand first thing. 'Twan't black dark. I seen that brand all right."

The lean, wiry body of the other drew taut as though it had been lashed, and sprang. Asa stepped deftly aside, then grappled. They rocked about the room, clinching, pummeling. The hurt of outraged pride in William Raynor's face changed to joy of inflicting pain. His eyes gleamed with it. Both had forgotten the issue. Now one slipped footing, gave way, now the other. A chair turned over. The table tilted, the lamp tottered, fell with a crash of glass.

Linda broke from the nightmare that had held her and fled. A man stalking ahead of her turned now in the starlight, wheeled and came back impetuously.

"Noel!" her hands went out to him. "I was coming to ask you to wait, just to wait—what is it, Linda? What's happened?"

She shivered as the terror ebbed back. Instantly his arms were about her and she was tumbling out fragments of her story, sobbing, clinging to him. Noel patted the dark head against his shoulder and soothed her to quiet.

"I knew, but I couldn't tell you straight out on him. I was just crazy after I heard—and up till then I'd hoped and hoped and just kept on building the house for you."

"For me? Noel! For me?"

It was incredible, that sob in her voice. The fog of tradition had swept from between them for an instant. He held her close, for in a minute she would remember.

"Won't we be happy in it? Just like it was a court!" Then, when he was so still, "Didn't—didn't you say it was for me?"

"Everything is for you. Everything in the world I can get for you." He kissed the black lashes down, the smooth cheeks, the waiting lips. "I'll work my hands off for you."

Linda didn't even shudder. New gods had shouldered out the old. "We've got to go tell them now," she reminded him. And, in candid sympathy for her parents, "They'll feel awful!"

THE family had been sitting in silence a long while, except for Hannah's droned plaint. Sally had much to do, but a paralysis had fallen on her efforts.

"The Raynors are fine folks, but now it comes right down to it, I wonder—wonder—"

"There ain't nobody else hereabouts," Jeffry consoled.

"If it wa'n't for that bird flyin' agin the pane just afore young Raynor come! . . . Oncet the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter turned to a star so's she wouldn't have to marry wrong. . . . She's awful sweet, Lindy is, and him—oh, hum-hum," Hannah resumed her moaning.

Sadness settled on the room. Alert steps up the path, now at the door. The two young people burst in.

"I come to ask for Linda," Noel announced staunchly. "We just—belong to each other."

Jeffry rose. "We got our fambly to think of, but—maybe if she wasn't promised—" He wavered, his somber eyes intent on the young couple: Linda dainty, fine; Noel handsome, fearless. He had never noticed before that Noel Sexton was so proud-looking. Strong and gentle. Linda would be safe with him. She was sweet, Lindy was, his little girl, all he had. "If it wasn't that we never break our word—Asa Raynor—"

"Asa—I'm afraid of him. Of his hands. He kills things with them, things with other folks' marks on 'em," Linda burst out vehemently. "I saw him. In the hollow. . . . It don't make any difference to us that Noel can't be wrote in the book that's about Darcuts and God. We're goin' to start a new book. Tomorrow."

"Uh, huh-huh, old famblies is new first. New things is cleanest. Uh, huh-huh," chanted Hannah contentedly.

Jeffry's face had gone blank. "With other folks' marks on 'em!" he whispered.

"Lindy, if you hadn't gone that way—" shuddered Sally.

"The last of the Raynors!" grieved Jeffry. "And my little Lindy. Noel—come sit. We'll have the sangaree now."

He made way for the new dynasty.

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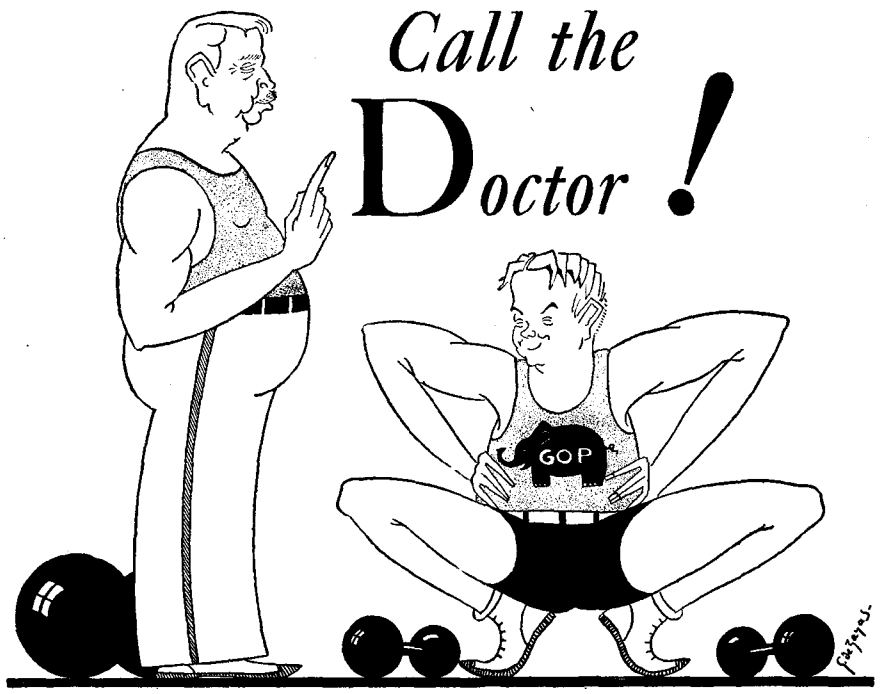


Call the Doctor!

BY · THE · GENTLEMAN · AT · THE · KEYHOLE

THE revealing thing about Dr. Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior—No. 1 among Secretary Hoover's political advisers and according to current report chairman of Republican National Committee-to-be if Mr. Hoover wins the nomination for President—is his office.

Nowhere else in Washington, at least occupied by one so highly placed as Dr. Work, is there an office like that. No guard stops you, no mendacious private secretary regretfully informs you that the great man's time is all taken up with dates made over the telephone.

You just take pot luck with the rest on the visitors' bench.

At the other end of the room in plain view sits the Secretary himself, behind a flat-topped desk, discoursing pleasantly with the man who has progressed that far from the bench.

Secretary Mellon is as hard to see as the King of England or the Pope. You have to get by much gold braid to see Secretary Wilbur and many shoulder straps to see Secretary Davis, and so with the rest of them.

Now, of course, this may be self-protection. W. R. Nelson, whose office in the Kansas City Star used to be in the center of a big room bigger than the floor of the biggest barn, with all his staff around him, said he had it there to discourage people with improper requests from coming to see him. And, considering how many persons are headed for jail for contempt of court for refusing to tell what took place in conferences with one of Dr. Work's predecessors, Mr. Fall, and how many others are being tried and retried for conspiracies which were hatched in that very room, the present Secretary of the Interior is probably wise in being as open as a five-dollar Bible!

But even if there had been no Secretary Fall, no black bag, no sporting club in the wilds of New Mexico financed with Continental Trading Company bonds, Dr. Work would still probably have been as accessible and easy to see as Pikes Peak. It is his way.

A Nonvenomous Spider

NOW, there is a certain affectation about a man who does things in a manner radically different from the prevailing one. Dr. Work is professionally Western, breezily democratic, unctuously conversational, frank as an open-faced watch, unspoiled by the East or by great office. He is a tall, slim, mustached man, erect as an Indian. He smiles readily, the muscles of his face twisting this sign of affability a little: a sort of aside to you that here is a fellow of pleasant humorousness.

Do I convey the impression that Dr. Work is quite aware of himself as a person of irresistible qualities, human and shrewd, the best politician in the world? I mean to.

There is about that accessibility something that reminds you of that beautiful poem, "'Will you walk into my parlor,' said a spider to a fly."

The flies that are invited to walk into that open-door office are Southern Republicans looking for a hook-up with the next President of the United States. Dr. Work thinks pretty well of himself as a spider, a sort of nonvenomous, kindly spider, weaving golden webs.

It seems odd to think of a doctor as a master politician. So far as I can recall, no M. D. has ever before been charged with the duty of delivering the body politic of a new-born President. But why not? The art of doctoring consists largely in jollying a man into thinking something that isn't. So is the art of politics. And Dr. Work will be able to issue bulletins with the best of them: "Temperature, respiration normal, prognosis favorable, and overwhelming victory is indicated."

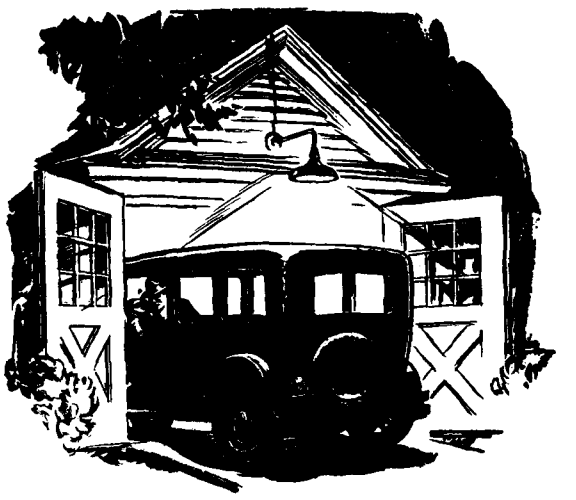
Anyway, the Job Fits Him

WHEN Will Hays in 1920 made the doctor Western manager of Mr. Harding's campaign, he started an ambition that led to an incident in Republican politics last year. A scheme was on foot to reward Chairman Butler for his sour solemnity by kicking him up into the job of chairman emeritus and making the affable Dr. Work working chairman. This, it was said, provoked the announcement of President Coolidge that the last man he would think of for the Secretaryship of State, in case of the deplorable resignation of Secretary Kellogg, would be Dr. Work's candidate, Secretary Hoover.

I don't know why Dr. Work—or anybody—should want to be chairman of the National Committee. But Dr. Work does. And he should be. Maybe they'll need a good bedside manner in the next campaign.

There is a lot of carping criticism of Dr. Work as No. 1 in the Hoover outfit from those perfectionists who yearn for that nonexistent marvel, the great politician. You hear that the doctor is all bluff heartiness and no action. He has, they say, the optimism that is worth five dollars a visit, a few bread pills and nothing more. The answer is that Mr. Hoover, with no opposition, moves steadily toward victory. Perhaps by the time this is printed you will be able to forecast a Hoover majority on the first ballot. That is always the answer, "Well, he won, didn't he?" A good chairman is a man who has a winner.

Anyway, Dr. Work is remarkably well equipped. No one can look more salubrious than he. And no one, in case it is needed, has a better bedside manner. In these preliminary maneuvers he is badly placed. He is only No. 1. There are also No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, and so on up. And it is hard to tell who is which.



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There's Magic in the Air

Continued from page 9

making it and using it. The beauty of it is that cellulose can be made chemically from almost any old thing.

I have faith in the future of the metal chromium. It has been known for a long time that chromium added to steel or iron makes it very hard and also proof against rust. Think of the waste caused by rust every year! Millions of dollars!

A new development of general interest, moreover, is chromium plating. It gives a high silvery luster, is very hard, does not tarnish and will not peel off when beaten with a hammer.

Most of the chromium comes from Rhodesia and is British-owned. The cost is higher than other industrial plating materials, but its wearing qualities are better. Chromium plating has great possibilities.

We need never fear a fuel-oil famine. Though our supplies of crude oil are known to be limited, oil can be derived from shale and from coal. In Germany a plant is already in operation producing oil from coal by the so-called Bergius process. The possibilities of coal tar are astounding. Already dresses are dyed brilliant and beautiful colors—by chemistry of coal tar; but far greater things are ahead.

I have been very careful about any general predictions regarding the airplane industry, but I expect great things of it. It is not something that can be built up overnight.

Safer and better planes are being built, and suitable landing fields and marked airways are being laid out. Unquestionably we shall use the air more and more for transportation as highway congestion increases. Not only is speed a factor, but the air is a wonderful roadway in all directions, ready-made, unlimited.

I think the real development of the air awaits the perfection of some device that will enable a plane to land in a smaller space, with certainty and safety. More than anything else we need some construction similar to a helicopter which will apply power for quick vertical ascent and provide a brake for slow vertical descent.

The economic benefits of the airplane are sure to be tremendous. For example, from a real-estate standpoint.

Thousands of acres of beautiful country, the best in the world for sport and recreation, can now be bought for a song because they are not easily accessible. In the Canadian provinces, for instance, huge forest reserves are offered practically for unpaid taxes. Many such opportunities also exist in the United States. Sooner or later the airplane will bring this property within a few hours of the great cities.

One of the first great inventions that we may expect is that of cold light—and cold light is surely coming. The best lamp we have today has a metallic filament which is heated by a current of electrons. When it gets hot enough the collisions of the atoms with each other lessen and check up the surface electrons so that they can cause vibrations in the ether, which constitutes visible light. Of the energy put in, however, 96 per cent goes into heat and is lost, while only 4 per cent is used to develop light. Some day this situation will be entirely changed, and most of the energy will be used to develop light, thus enabling us to get more than 20 times as much light as we get from the same amount of electricity.

But inventions are under way which will decrease the cost of electricity. With present methods we are getting electricity from water power, coal and oil. The development of electricity from water power is along sane lines, because no natural resource is being consumed, but the present development of electricity from coal and oil is only of a temporary nature and is under conditions where the cost of fuel is continually increasing over a long number of years.

A hundred years from now it will be as foolish to use coal or oil to develop electricity as it would be to use cordwood to stoke the Twentieth Century Limited. Electricity will be developed in one of three ways:

1. From the heat of the sun.
2. From the tides.
3. From the heat of the earth.

It is estimated that twenty-five million times as much heat is imprisoned in the depths of the earth as could be developed from the combustion from all the coal and oil near the surface of the earth. High temperatures are common in the depths of the earth, and this temperature increases steadily as the depth increases. Oil wells already have gone to a distance of about 8,000 feet, and the temperature increases with the depth. Those who have visited Yellowstone Park have been impressed by the possibilities of the geysers. Yet in many states of the Union there are similar geyser formations which are commonly known as steamboat springs. Some day these sections will become great industrial centers. The heat of the earth will be used to generate electricity, which in turn will be used to operate factories, the same as the water power of Niagara is used to operate the factories of Buffalo. It may be that our descendants will simply have to bore a hole in the ground in order to get heat to warm their houses. Already (in an experimental way) an engine has been operated by natural steam.

"Saturn," by Fred R. Lundy, 2610 Lombard St., San Francisco, Cal.

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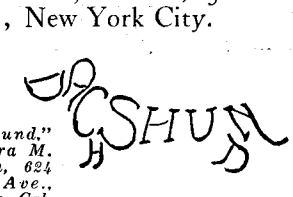

"Dachshund," by Laura M. Franseen, 624 Dorothy Ave., San Jose, Cal.

A Problem as Old as the Hills

HOWEVER, the heat of the earth is not the only possibility. The power of the sun is tremendous. The use of the sun today is only awaiting an invention of a one-way heat transmitter. For instance, metals transmit heat much more readily than does a substance like wood, wool, or asbestos. On the other hand, all of these substances transmit heat equally one way or the other. Some day, however, a glass or metal will be invented which will allow heat to come into a boiler but not allow it to escape. Then the sun will become a tremendous source of power and enable all of us to have unlimited power at almost no expense.

The problem of the tides is as old as the hills. They possess tremendous energy. Inventors are not so much interested in great propositions, such as harnessing the Bay of Fundy, as in harnessing the mere 5 or 6 feet of movement which takes place at every wharf.

Surely one of these three sources of power—the heat of the earth, the heat of the sun, or the rise and fall of the tides—will some day be utilized to develop electricity at a greatly decreased cost.

Inventions have already been made in the horticultural field. Burbank was an inventor just as much as is Edison. The use of fertilizer is an invention, and the man who first devised fertilizer should be ranked with the world's greatest inventors. Inventions are coming also whereby communities will be able to change climatic conditions by turning off or on an electric switch and in the same way to bring about artificial rain. The farmers will be able to capitalize in some mysterious way the earth's rotation, a tremendous source of power which some day is going to be harnessed in connection with agriculture.

The greatest agricultural inventions, however, are to take place in the use of plants as machines instead of as food. To illustrate: if I plant a field of corn, I consume the corn. That is, I really develop a little machine in each hill, but I ruin the machine once a year in gathering and consuming the corn. On the other hand, when I plant a nut tree and eat only the nuts, I am consuming merely the products of the machine and not the machine itself.

Some day we will come to our senses and quit planting machines and destroying them every year. No wonder the price of wool is high when we eat the lamb! No wonder the cost of food is high when we eat the seed! New inventions will change this entire situation. Inventors of the future will do for agriculture what Edison, Thompson, and Steinmetz have done for the electrical industry. There is no reason why the strawberry cannot be grown as large and as easily as the Irish potato. Cherries, peaches and apples may be as big and as cheaply raised as cabbages. The artichoke, the quince, the persimmon and the parsnip will some day vie with one another in lusciousness and food values.

Already we have found that by feeding certain plants on formaldehyde they can be made to develop sugar and starch. Plants can then be grown so that they will taste exactly as the grower desires them to taste. If the Everglades of Florida were properly used, it should be possible to get a menu—from soup to nuts, with a bottle of fruit juice thrown in—for less than the cost of a ham sandwich.

Of all departments of life today, perhaps those of distribution and selling are the most out-of-date. Our methods of wholesaling and retailing are today where manufacturing was a hundred years ago when all they had was the hand loom. We have the chain store, the mail-order house and the department store. All of these are improvements, and in a way inventions, but something is coming which we cannot now visualize. Possibly the vending machines will blaze the trail for some such new form of distribution. Certainly there is a tremendous waste of energy today in the great number of people who are engaged in distributing goods, so that it costs more to sell goods than to make them.

While I cannot vouch for all these developments, I have heard the following forecasts: There will be chains of department stores. Individual retail stores will pool their purchasing power and organize themselves for group buying through a central agency. Retailers will buy of cash-and-carry wholesale houses just as private consumers now buy of the cash-and-carry retail store. Manufacturers will make a more scientific study of the buying power of a locality and not waste their efforts in trying to sell a fundamentally weak market. The great national publications will raise still further their standards, so that the acceptance of an advertisement will be added proof of merit, thus reducing sales resistance and lessening advertising waste.

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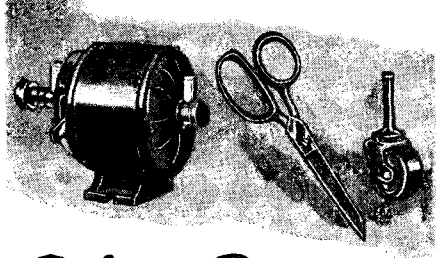

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The subscription idea will be extended, so that by subscribing to various services you can receive at regular intervals a necktie, box of candy, or other merchandise. There will be continued elimination of needless grades, sizes and styles. There will be further mergers. Certain merchandise will be shipped in more efficient form, such as dehydrated foods. Suburban development will expand, with the great city stores branching out into surrounding territory. The automobile will continue as a chief agency in revolutionary distribution.

Cheap Rubber for All of Us

I WOULD like to speak of the possibilities in connection with the extended use of different commodities. The most powerful illustration is the use of radium. Some day a cheap method of getting radium will be discovered and with this discovery the world will be revolutionized. Other things are at hand, such as cheap rubber. Experiments now in process are already bearing much fruit. Rubber will some day be as cheap as coal tar. Our houses will be carpeted with rubber, our streets will be paved with rubber, and our offices walled with rubber.

Until very recently color and music were used only by artists. Within the last two or three years color is being used to merchandise automobiles, books and other products. Music is still in the entertainment stage. We may be on the verge of discoveries whereby the use of color and music will be developed as water power has been. It is known, for example, that they have a bearing upon health.

In the somewhat related field of sound the scientists and engineers have already accomplished marvels. For example, a charge of dynamite is exploded at a certain point. A miniature radio broadcasting station instantaneously signals the exact instant of the explosion to another point several miles away. Then at the receiving point delicate instruments wait for and time the arrival of the sound wave, which, of course, travels more slowly than the radio wave. If now the sound wave arrives on normal schedule, one knows that the intervening ground traversed by the wave contains no mineral deposits. On the contrary, if the sound wave arrived with abnormal rapidity, this points to the presence of mineral deposits, for a sound wave speeds up when passing through such deposits. In this way oil-bearing rock, for instance, has been located hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth without even digging a hole.

This whole subject of wave motion is full of the most fascinating and far-reaching possibilities, bringing electricity, magnetism, sound, light and radiant energy into the common fold of service of humanity. Control mechanism may be evolved, whereby far-away machines in localities difficult of access —such as an isolated power station— will obey their distant master's voice.

Through mastery of wave motion we already send sight, hearing and power over incredible distances. It is inspiring to watch man's steady assault on the age-old and fundamental barriers of time and space. It renews faith in his essential greatness and ultimate destiny. Of more immediate concern, however, are the changes that directly affect the food we eat, the homes we inhabit and the garments we wear.

Readers are already acquainted with the tremendous advance which there has been in the use of wood pulp in connection with the manufacture of rayon, celanese and various forms of artificial silk. This, however, is only one feature of the possibilities of wood pulp. There is no reason why a standard suit of clothes could not be made and manufactured as cheaply as a book and sell for two or three dollars.

There appears to be now marked lack of efficiency in the design and production of many lines of wearing apparel and items of personal adornment and service. One can trace this mainly to the factor of style. Constant change in style is what keeps cost sky-high. But even the slaves of fashion are responding somewhat to the universal influence of discoveries and inventions. For instance, we wear rubber heels. We close and open our overshoes in a single swift motion.

Not only will we have synthetic clothes, dishes and various household appliances, but we will some day have synthetic foods. I have a grandson who never tasted cow's milk until he was over a year old, and he is the huskiest little brute you ever saw.

Some enthusiastic chemists who are doing work in synthetic milk believe the time may ultimately come when cow's milk will no longer be distributed in the larger cities of the country as today. They think the time is coming when the milk cart will be abolished.

However, the dairy industry need have no fears. Even greater scientific inventions utilizing cow's milk in more efficient and economical ways are a possibility. Many have already been developed to give us dried milk, condensed milk, etc.

Last year some friends of mine gave a luncheon at which all the foods were synthetic. The hors d'œuvre were furnished by an electric company, the milk and cream and butter by a leading oil company, the meats by a yeast company and the vegetables by a prominent chemist.

Everything—even the soup—was manufactured artificially without the aid of any farmer, horticulturist or gardener. Moreover, this applied to the fruits, ice creams and other dainties that were served as dessert.

Of course timber is already being raised so as to keep up the timber supply. Reforestation is not only being carried on by the more progressive lumber companies, but the commissions which are studying flood control are recommending reforestation as one of their preventives of further disaster.

Distribute the Good Things

IN CONNECTION with this and the manufacture of synthetic clothes, foods, etc., it may be necessary to bring about climatic changes. The time is coming when the heat of the tropics will be used to heat the cold regions. There is enough of all good things in the world, but the trouble is that they are not properly distributed. There are enough natural resources to make every inhabitant healthy, happy and prosperous.

I have not yet mentioned atomic energy. It is said that the hydrogen in a teaspoonful of water could generate 100,000 kilowatt hours of electricity, or 133,000 horsepower. The time is coming when we'll no longer need to buy coal. With a medicine dropper we'll supply enough heat and power for a factory.

But in those days there will be no independent heating or power plants. There will be only one central power plant in each city which will generate its power from atomic energy and which will supply light, heat and power to every factory, store and home in the community.

Furthermore, when we get atomic energy, power may be broadcast as well as music, slavery will become a thing of the past, and light and power will be furnished by every community free to its people, as highways, fire protection and education are now furnished.

In order that readers may not think I am entirely crazy in making these statements, let me refer to researches of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, Cal., under the direction of Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan.

While the physicists and chemists are busy studying the molecules, atoms and electrons, the bacteriologists are exploring the glands. There were certain glands in our bodies whose functions were unknown until recently. Some very interesting research work, however, is now being done along these lines under the direction of Dr. Allan S. Rowe of Boston.

Dr. Rowe is very conservative and refuses to be interviewed on the subject, but from talks I have had with him I am astounded at the possibilities of his research work. Not only is our general

(*Continued on page 52*)

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There's Magic in the Air

Continued from page 51

physical health definitely allied with our glands, but there is a very direct connection between the glands and our emotions, temperament, energy, courage, initiative, and other qualities which are so potent in business success.

Without doubt the time is coming when we will take pills for our mental and spiritual development as well as for our physical welfare. In generations to come there will be just as wonderful spiritual and mental changes brought about by bacteriologists as have been wrought in the physical body by surgeons and physicians.

Although Dr. Rowe does not countenance the suggestions of some, that gland research work may ultimately result in increasing the average length of life to two or three hundred years, yet he has found that there is a direct relationship between the glands and maturity.

From talks which I have had with others engaged in gland research, I am convinced that such research work will result in definitely increasing the active years of a man's life. I feel that, a few generations hence, men and women will be in their prime at 100 years of age. When one likewise takes into consideration the tremendous increases in efficiency which are ahead of us, enabling a man to do in an hour the work which took our grandfathers a week to do, the tremendous effect of lengthening man's life becomes immediately apparent.

Mark Twain once remarked that "Everybody complains about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." In the future I look for fewer complaints and more research; and as result of such research it is entirely possible that we shall eventually be able to do something about the weather.

A Machine That Thinks

HAVE we fully analyzed our physical environment? Temperature, humidity, barometric pressure, etc.—we recognize these familiar factors, but are there other factors more obscure and subtle? Why does everything go so smoothly some days and on others all awry? It is not inconceivable that science may discover in cosmic chemistry some undetected element that is affecting your life and mine in ways we do not now comprehend?

But the chemists and bacteriologists are not the only ones who are engaged in developing these marvelous inventions and discoveries. The psychologist is adding his bit to the coming revolution of life and psychology is slowly becoming a science and beginning to render a real service to mankind. An impartial study of it indicates that its greatest developments will be in connection with the instincts and emotions. For hundreds of years the emotions have been suppressed, and yet history has constantly shown that the emotions have been that "something" which has put things across.

Man's emotions gave him liberty; man's emotions made him an explorer; man's emotions developed the sciences and industries; to man's emotions we owe all art, music and the other beautiful things of life. Yet these things have come in a world and under an educational system which has attempted to crush the emotions. The psychologists, however, are now endeavoring to harness the instincts and emotions, and the result will be tremendous.

A study of any city will show that 95 per cent of its industries, 80 per cent of its merchandising and 70 per cent of its buildings are the result of the ambitions of less than 3 per cent of its people. Hence, to double the population, industries and influence of any city, it is only necessary to increase this 3 per cent to 6 per cent. I have already referred to inventions which will enable us to harness music, poetry, art and color. In such work the psychologists will lead.

In commenting upon the work of the psychologists, let me touch very briefly upon another vast domain which I foresee emerging in the near future. The past has been an age of efficiency in manual work. Shall we not some day, and perhaps soon, enter upon an age of efficiency in mental work?

A few months ago, for example, I asked some of my staff engineers to see what could be done toward reducing the mental work required in certain statistical operations. We found that by setting up a very simple mechanism we could cut the time of such operations from several DAYS to several MINUTES. Moreover, whereas the work formerly required high-priced statisticians to handle, it can now be performed by inexpensive clerical labor.

Of far broader scope is the so-called "thinking machine" which is being developed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This machine rapidly performs calculations and solves mathematical problems which are beyond the power of the unaided human brain.

It is well to conserve muscular energy. But what if we can also conserve mental energy, and thus have growing resources with which to tackle higher and harder problems? Conservation of natural resources is fairly well understood. We have yet to grasp the tremendous import of the conservation of mental resources. We are headed that way as we begin to invent these machines that not only relieve the brain of needless labor, but give it power and compass that defy our utmost imagination to forecast.

Yet even more important than the work of the psychologist is the work of the economist. Few realize the tremendous economic waste which comes from letting the business cycle run wild. There is no need of periods of unemployment; there is no need of poverty and distress and there is little need of sickness and trouble. A large proportion of these and other troubles are due to letting the business cycle run wild.

Now, of course, we cannot eliminate the business cycle by legislation or sunshine clubs. We can't continue prosperity by merely talking prosperity. So long as there are reckless booms there must be senseless panics; if prices become abnormally high, they must become subnormally low. We cannot have inflation without the following deflation, any more than we can have hills without having valleys.

On the other hand, as John the Baptist said in his introduction of Jesus' work, we can gradually make the crooked straight and the rough ways smooth. Gradually the economists and statisticians are bringing this situation about. Gradually the Babsonchart will be flattened out, and the peaks, both above and below the normal line, will be less. But we must not fool ourselves by thinking that the valleys of depression can be rubbed out without likewise eliminating the peaks or booms, labor shortage and high prices.

In this connection the work of vocational guidance, where each man will get into the line of endeavor for which he is best fitted, will fill a most important rôle. Newton's law of attraction plays as great a part in the economic world today as does his law of action and reaction. As the law of action and reaction determines changes in business conditions, so the law of attraction is the basis of efficiency and happiness.

I have reserved to the last what I consider will be the greatest of all advances; namely, methods for teaching character building and developing character in a practical scientific way. Moreover, when I refer to character, I have not simply in mind morals and ethics, but rather the development of that spiritual power which determines the direction in which a man shall go, the life he leads and the service he renders. Ethics is mechanical, but spiritual power is dynamic.

Two hundred years ago the work of the churches was regarded as equally important with work in the domain of hospitals and engineering schools. During the past hundred years, however, the medical and engineering professions have been immensely stimulated by public interest and have gone ahead by leaps and bounds. It is not in the interests of civilization that we should leave our churches where they were years ago. We should not be willing that so many of the best brains and the greatest energies should go into industrial and scientific developments. Today, I believe, we are on the verge of a great change.

Many Are Called—

MEN are beginning to realize that it is useless to manufacture tools for people who don't know how to use them. Our present system of putting these tools in the hands of people without proper character is like giving firearms and matches to a crazy man. The next great development in education will be along the lines of developing character, teaching people how to use properly the instincts and emotions, intelligence and material possessions that they now have.

This means that inventors will gradually direct their attention from material things to spiritual things. Instead of being content with discovering how to develop radio waves they will endeavor to invent waves of happiness, because in the end happiness is the real goal. All things else are mere tools which fail of their purpose unless they make people more truly happy.

Hence, as I visualize from my statistical records the great inventions in the generations to come, I feel that the greatest of all will be along spiritual lines, with happiness the goal.

An old English poet, Thomas Percy, said a whole lot in a few words when he remarked, "Every white will have its blacke, and every sweet its soure." Great stories are told of fortunes gained from inventions. Few are told of fortunes lost in the same way.

We have already seen that most inventors die poor. Promoters have fared better, but I doubt if this class averages out to make any great wealth. An invention may be very "sweet" when it first appears. But it is safe to say a great many dollars are going to be lost before it becomes the "boon to humanity" it is first painted. Development and perfection! Oftentimes a long slow process attended by discouragement and despair!

Look at the automobile, product of our greatest single industry! Of the 180 companies that started to make automobiles from 1903 to 1924 only 59 remain. Of these 59 only 11 have been in business for the entire period.

The same story applies to radio. Think of the radio companies that have gone by the board. Not over 2 per cent of the radio stock companies originally formed are now doing a profitable business with well-rated securities. And still radio as a whole has enjoyed tremendous growth and popularity.

I certainly do not mean to discourage investment in well-seasoned securities of profitable industries resulting from new inventions. But the average man of moderate means should let the wealthy promoter invest in untried securities, no matter how promising the outlook. Every new industry undergoes a seasoning process when its securities are being adjusted to their true market value and the inefficient concerns are being weeded out.

In the hundred years' existence of our Patent Office over 1,600,000 patents have been granted. About 45,000 are granted every year. If all of these inventions worked out successfully, we should need stock exchanges covering the whole area of New York City to handle the securities.

Truly with inventions "Many are called but few are chosen."

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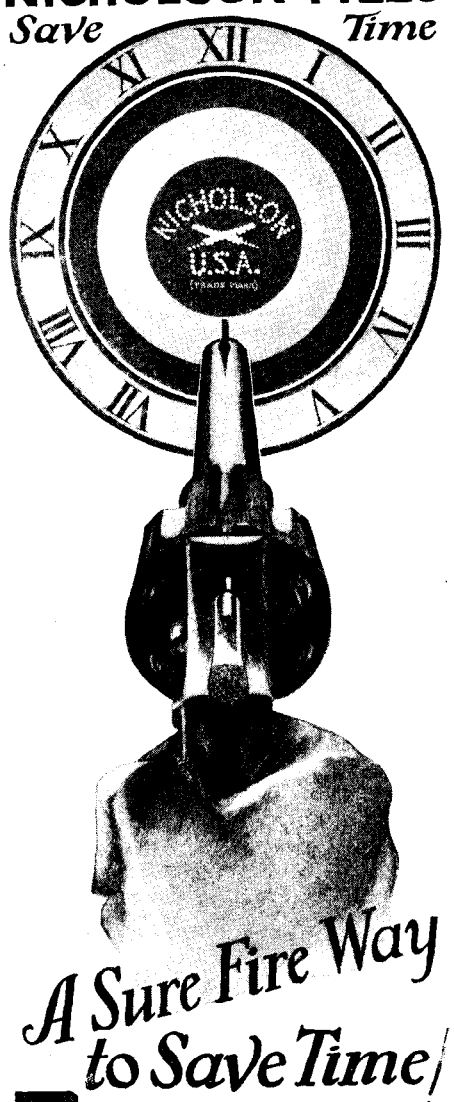

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Director Science Service

THERE is no known top to temperature. The temperature in the interior of certain stars is estimated to be 72,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and some may rise higher yet.

But there is a bottom to the temperature scale, and that is not so far down but that it has been almost attained in the laboratory. This is known as "absolute zero" and lies at minus 459 degrees Fahrenheit. Any substance cooled to this point is totally deprived of heat and we would naturally assume that it would be likewise devoid of internal energy, and remain at rest.

But R. D. Kleeman of Schenectady calculates that, under certain conditions, certain substances may become unstable at absolute zero. Common white metallic tin so reduced may be under an internal strain of 3,000 times the pressure of the atmosphere and so be forced to expand. Many other substances are likely to possess this property. Mr. Kleeman is busy searching for them.

This reasoning leads to a startling conclusion. Out in empty space a body like a meteorite or planet, no matter how hot it may be at first, will gradually lose its heat by radiation until it has cooled down to absolute zero. Now, our moon long ago lost its internal heat and must be losing more heat than it gets from the solar rays or by reflection from the earth. Some time it will approach the zero point, and then may become unstable and explode if it contains elements and compounds possessing this particular property. But since we do not know enough about the composition of the moon we need not keep awake nights for fear that our only satellite will blow up and shower the earth with its fragments.

What is the matter with matter nowadays? Matter used to be the main thing in the minds of chemists and physicists, the only thing, you would think, to hear some of them talk. Matter was permanent, impenetrable, imperishable, unalterable and endowed with certain inalienable rights, such as inertia and gravity. But now?

Vanishing Matter

FIRST Bohr robbed us of the nice little hard round atoms which were so handy to play with. He reduced the solidest of substances to a lot of electrons revolving in empty space. A man would amount to no more than a pinhead if you squeezed the vacuum out of him. That was humiliating, but, anyhow, we could fall back on the electron in place of the old-fashioned atoms and regard that at least as something substantial.

But this reliance has been taken from us. Einstein showed that matter may dissolve into energy and so vanish. Now Dr. C. J. Davisson says the electron behaves as if it were a form of wave motion. Even waves, we would think, would have to be waves of something. But the new physics deprives us of that. The ether has been declared a fiction of the imagination and not a useful fiction. Heisenberg reduces the electron to a mathematical point from which waves originate. And for Schroedinger waves are merely logical chains of events. So, as Bertrand Russell puts it: "The electron ceases altogether to have the properties of a 'thing' as conceived by common sense," and "Matter is a convenient formula for describing what happens where it isn't."

"Now the day begins to lengthen and the cold begins to strengthen" runs the old saying that we recite to one another after December 21st. What we mean by the "day" in this case is merely the proportion of daylight which increases after the sun crosses the line. But actually the entire day is lengthening in the course of centuries. So is the month. And both vary from year to year in the most perplexing manner. The trouble is that we can find no reliable timepiece anywhere in the universe. Or rather we cannot tell which timepiece to take for standard.

How Long is a Day?

ASTRONOMERS have three clocks: the earth, the moon and the sun, and no two of them agree. Whichever one we decided to call right, the other two are both wrong in their measurement of intervals of time. If we take our earth as invariable—as we naturally would, for when watches disagree each man believes his own—then the sun and moon cannot be relied upon. They do not keep their appointments as they should. From this earthly standpoint the moon lost about 15 seconds from 1876 to 1897, and then on the contrary gained about 11 seconds from 1897 to 1918. The sun in the former of these periods lost 19 seconds and in the latter gained 11 seconds. The length of the month is at present shortening at the rate of one thirty-third of a second in a century. In 250,000,000 years at this rate the month will have a day less.

Since the planets agree in general with the sun, astronomers are inclined to lay most of the changes and irregularities to the earth and the moon, chiefly to the earth. If, then, we assume that the earth is slowing up in its rate of rotation, the day is being lengthened by about one five-hundredth of a second in a century. This gradual retardation may be ascribed to the tides and tidal waves, and should force the moon to alter her distance from us and change her time of revolution.

But this does not account for the sudden and surprising alterations in the earth's rotation. What happened, for instance, in 1918 to make the length of the day change from being 1/650 of a second longer than the average, to being 1/540 shorter? This might be accounted for by some sudden shrinkage of the earth or shifting of its surface. But the diameter of the earth would have shrunk ten inches to produce such a shortening of the day. And the sinking of all the Himalaya Mountains and connected ranges to the level of the sea would not alter the distribution of the mass of the earth sufficiently to produce such an effect on its rotation. Since we know that no very conspicuous changes on the surface occurred that year, we are led to surmise that there may have been some shifting of the ballast in the hold, some slight but world-wide alteration in levels of layers of different density.

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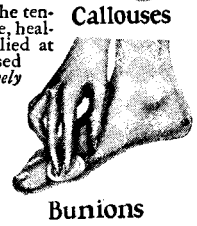

Bunions

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Gerrity of the U. S. N.

Continued from page 7

Although the door was splintering, Josephine-Céleste had turned her back to it and to the room. She was smiling, staring, smiling at Dibó, whose crimson likeness glowed through the damp whitewash on the wall behind the bar. That second bullet, Tom observed, had removed Dibó's head.

There was a jagged black hole in the door now, and through it struggled Philippe, tearing his body on the splinters. He was wearing a tin crown fashioned from a kerosene can, and blood was on the bed sheet which he wore as a robe. A single-action .44 was in his right hand, a hatchet was in his left, and thrust into his belt were three knives and an ice pick. He stood swaying and blinking bloodshot eyes in the lamplight.

"Sinner!" he shouted at Josephine-Céleste. "Jezebel, yo' day has come! Prepare to meet yo' Gawd!"

Too drunk to draw a bead, Philippe slumped into a chair, sagged across a table and pushed his tin crown to the back of his head. He grasped the pistol with both hands like a rifle.

Bang!—a lamp shattered.

Bang!—an inch from Josephine-Céleste's elbow, a pile of silver coins took wing like swallows.

Philippe sat up, shook his head, and considered his pistol uncertainly. He blew the smoke from the muzzle.

"De powers of evil is strong!" he observed. "Only one mo' shot, dear Lord, fo' yo' honor an' glory! Oh, Gawd, guide dis bullet! Beware sinners! *Hyar comes Death!*"

Knocking over the table, he started for the till. A police whistle shrilled. A gendarme stood in the door. Hardly looking at him, Philippe stooped, found the hatchet, and scaled it with a quick underhand toss.

The gendarme fell flat on his chest, but his head was twisted toward the ceiling, and the hatchet handle jutted queerly from his neck.

Suddenly Philippe noticed Tom. "Antichrist!" he shouted. "Dis cat, Jehovah, dis hyah tomcat, he come from hell! He's Antichrist, an' back to hell Ah'll send him. *Praise be to Gawd!*"

TOM felt the gun muzzle punching into his flank. He wanted to run, but something, *something*, held him to Josephine-Céleste.

The gun muzzle was still probing his ribs. The suspense! Tom opened his eyes again. Philippe was swaying on his heels, but now he was staring fixedly at Josephine-Céleste. She had turned and was sneering. At least her mouth was sneering, but her eyes seemed to be crawling into Philippe's brain.

"So!" she whispered in English, leaning toward him—"so, you are God, are you? God, eh? God Almighty? *Indeed!*" She sat back and laughed silently, but her eyes never left Philippe's.

"Ah *am* God!" shouted the Negro. "Ah'm de one and only God—de Great Jehovah—de giver of life, de bringer of death, de worker of miracles."

"Miracles?" Josephine-Céleste laughed audibly now. "Miracles? Very well, then, Monsieur God! Let me see you fire that pistol into your mouth and then drink a glass of rum. . . ." She whisked a bottle to the till and sat back with a challenging gesture.

Never hesitating, Philippe poked the gun muzzle into his mouth, pulled the trigger, and blew off the back of his head. The tin crown came off with it.

There were police whistles sounding in the street, and the floor was blazing where the lamp had fallen.

Josephine-Céleste laughed, stepped from the till, and made a reverence before Dibó. Then, without the slightest difficulty, she slid her great bulk through the hole in the back door.

Tom hopped through after her.

As they paused in the cool, damp blackness they heard shouting and clamor in the street, and somewhere, off in the hills, the throb of a drum.

"Tom, Tom, Tom, Tom, Tom. . . ."

"Come," whispered Josephine-Céleste, "Dibó is calling. I am his *mamaloi*. Come."

A gendarme in an oilskin coat rose up from behind the soda cases, and struck Josephine-Céleste along the side of the head with a cocomacaque club. Then, standing over her, he beat her twice more for good measure. His club was raised for a third blow when he saw a pair of eyes which blazed jade fire. He retreated to the fence, crossed himself and made the sign of the horns. Then he blew his whistle, shouted, "*A moi*" and patted a little bag, containing three pebbles and a bat's heart, which hung on his chest beneath his uniform.

THREE more gendarmes arrived, carrying flashlights. Tom Gerrity of the U. S. N., eyes still gleaming, climbed aboard the ample and inert form of Josephine-Céleste, and cleared for action. He furled his ears, arched his back, swelled his tail, and hissed promises of blindness to the first man who raised a club.

The Negroes paused and chattered among themselves. There was much fingering of charms. Here, manifestly, was a *mamaloi*—a voodoo priestess with her familiar demon standing guard over her. They'd heard of this Josephine-Céleste before. It would be certain death to touch her!

Out in the street a Ford chattered and gnashed its teeth, and the sergeant himself appeared.

The sergeant—a thin-lipped capable Negro who had won his Medaille Militaire at Verdun—was the owner of the blond and beautiful Irma. He recognized Tom at once. Furthermore, he had a way with cats.

"Well, well, well," he said, stepping forward and stroking Tom's back. "How's the old tiger? Get down a moment, won't you, while we hoist your witch friend out to the car? And"—he wheeled toward his trembling cohorts—"if I see another man fumbling with a voodoo charm tonight, I'll break a cocomacaque over his head. Get that? Come—pick her up, you cowards!"

Very meekly, Tom stepped down. He even rubbed against the sergeant's puttee. He admired a man like the sergeant—a man who would make his subordinate snap into it. And, riding to the gendarmerie he lay on the sergeant's lap beneath the steering wheel.

At the station house Tom expected, hoped, to see Irma. He wondered where she was. As he prowled about, peering into the corners and under furniture, the sergeant chuckled and poked him in the ribs.

"Irma," he explained, "is at home with my wife. It may happen any minute now. . . ."

The police surgeon revived Josephine-Céleste, and they decided to put her into a cell. Probably, said the sergeant, she hadn't shot her husband, but just the same he never took chances with these *sacré vaudoux*.

As they were leading her away Josephine-Céleste gazed fixedly, pleadingly at Tom. But—something had happened to him. Something had come between them, or rather, something had snapped. . . . No longer was she beautiful. No longer were there lure and mystery in her eyes. The spell was dissolved, and she had become a fat, foul, and loathsome thing.

Suddenly a fearful rage possessed him. He arched his back and sidled swiftly toward her to give her a good, old-fashioned clawing. He would have done it too, only the sergeant said, "Pf-s-st!" in such a commanding tone that Tom sheathed his hooks and meekly answered "Aye, aye, sir!"

Josephine-Céleste lurched toward him, her great weight dragging the policemen with her. A cocomacaque thudded across her shins, and her face twisted into a grimace more horrible than ever human hand has carved upon a coconut. Sinking her head into her bosom like a snapping turtle, she fixed her eyes upon Tom and hissed in voodoo (which is really very similar to Cat): "*Dibó sangaycurci boito chati infidèle.*"

It meant, "*Dibó*, the Snake God, drinks the blood of unfaithful cats."

Tom replied simply and in American, "Go to hell!"

ALONG toward noon the next day a corporal of United States marines strutted into the gendarmerie, scowled at the policemen, mopped his neck with a bandanna, gave the wastebasket its baptism of tobacco juice, and playfully rubbed Tom's fur the wrong way.

"Howdy, black boy!" he greeted the sergeant. "Colonel Mulqueen's compliments, an' he's read the jondom sergeant's report about the voodoo Josephine What's-her-name. He directs you to fetch her across to Headquarters for questioning, too-sweet. Say, black boy, ain't you wearin' the Medally Militaire? Say, was you at Chatoo-Theery too? . . . Oh, with a frog outfit! Oh! Well, us marines sure saved youse guys' bacon, *I'll* tell the world! Why, say, up there in Belleau Wood, when them Jerries . . ."

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the sergeant. "Tell the colonel we will bring the prisoner over to Headquarters in five minutes." As he snapped his fingers three policemen sprang to attention, saluted, and stepped out toward the cells.

"That's fine, black boy," replied the marine, hitching his automatic around to the front and sinking into a chair. "I'll wait and ride back with you in the

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flivver. It's hotter'n hell outside—hotter'n the day we crossed the Marne River, with all them Jerry .77's ranged on us. Say, you wasn't with them black frogs just north of us, was you?"

"I was with the Moroccan Division. Mine was the Second Regiment of the Legion Étrangère."

"Furrun Legion? You don't say? Is that so! Well, well, well, put 'er there, black boy, put 'er there; and let me tell you it's the first time I ever shook with a nigger! Say, have you seen this movie 'Bew Guest'? There's a pitcher, black boy, *I'm* here to state!"

THE sergeant was dully considering his hand as the three gendarmes marched in with Josephine-Céleste. Her face was not yellow now, but gray; her lips were not red, but green. Below her left ear was a crusted trickle of blood.

"Boy!" exclaimed the marine, tipping his campaign hat still further over his right eye—"boy, that's one fat mamma! . . . Whoa! Better grab that tiger cat, black boy—he wants to claw Fat Mamma! Got the bracelets on her? Let's go! Hep! Forr'd march!" And, despite his aversion to Leathernecks—this corporal in particular—Tom marched out to the flivver with the rest of them. The sergeant's lap was ready for him.

There was something familiar about Marine Headquarters. Tom had never been there before, but the atmosphere was distinctly homelike—naval, kind of. And somewhere, not so far off, he scented the odor of cooking corned willy.

They dragged Josephine-Céleste into the colonel's office, which was dark and cool. The colonel had removed his tunic and was seated comfortably in his undershirt. So was his guest, who was wearing white trousers.

"Good morning, Sergeant," said the colonel, stirring the ice with his finger. "So this is the little voodoo gal, is it? Er, just drag her back a bit, Sergeant; maybe she can spit farther than you think. Look her over, Connet."

Commander Connet, U. S. N., licked his dripping finger and picked up his tumbler.

"Well, Colonel," he said, after a long and careful survey, "I must say I'm disappointed. When you said you'd show me a voodoo, I didn't expect to see a circus fat woman. As a matter of fact—*well, damn my eyes if it isn't old Tom Gerrity!*"

It *was* old Tom Gerrity! Tom Gerrity of the U. S. N., lashing his tail, pacing back and forth, and rubbing his flank against the commander's white duck trousers. And under his breath, Tom Gerrity was singing a chantey:

"Roaming, a roa-ming,
I'll never meowr a-raow-ming go-o-o
No, never meowraraow-ming gaow. . . ."

"All right, Sergeant!" said the colonel. "Hold her as a material witness. Look out, she's spitting at the cat! And now, Connet"—he turned to the naval officer—"you've seen your voodoo *mamaloi*, and I wish you a good trip north. Riverside"—his voice dropped wistfully—"Riverside and Ninety-sixth Street! It's three years since I've seen it!"

"Well, I'll be there next Sunday," said Commander Connet unsympathetically as he put on his cap. "Come along, Gerrity, you damned old deserter!" . . .

The U. S. destroyer Neilson was plying half speed out of the harbor.

"Captain," said the gob at the wheel. "I wisht this cat would move off'n the chart. His rear end is completely covering the channel markin's."

Commander Connet stepped forward and considered the situation.

"So it is!" he said. "I wonder what we'd better do?"

"Ain't nothin' we can do except go it blind," said the gob. "We sure ain't gonta disturb old Tom Gerrity!"

For a Rainy Day

Continued from page 14

obvious tailoring which is important to their chic. They may hang full and free, or straight and narrow. They may be belted in like the army officer's coat, or may be of the cape-coat variety, but the fabric and the tailoring must be correct.

You will notice also that most of the imported raincoats and those of expensive domestic manufacture have the same somber town colors for the outside as have the fair-weather coats. Those with linings have vivid ones.

The umbrella is the real symbol of the rainy day, and here I say go as far as you like in brilliant colors, only don't let it fight with your costume. It is also one of the marks of identification by means of which we read the character of a stranger. Of course it often happens that the umbrella we are carrying is not the one we picked out for our costume of the moment. So many things can happen to an umbrella.

I have never been able to bank on any particular umbrella as part of my costume. The one I kept longest was an objet d'art which I bought with Christmas money, so I knew how extravagant it was. The color was that light taupe shade which always costs two or three dollars more than the more ordinary colors. The handle and tips were ivory—or at least looked it—and perched on the short handle was a carved monkey with his paws over his eyes. He didn't want to know it was raining.

This proved to be like the parasol of Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—a great joy, but a constant care. Soon, however, I learned that no matter where I left it, someone would send it back. It stood by me for two or three years until the monkey's back was finally broken and the silk worn out.

I have always suspected that if I could collect enough money to be that extravagant again my umbrella troubles would be over for another three years. I pass on the suggestion for what it is worth, but it is evident, from the number of good ones shown in the shops and the length of the counters devoted to them, that most women feel it pays to buy a good umbrella.

The umbrella originated as a sunshade in ancient Eastern countries which lay in hot climates. In Nineveh, in Egypt and elsewhere it was an insignia of royalty. Greek and Roman ladies used umbrellas, but their husbands and brothers, afraid of the tag of effeminacy, did not. The use of umbrellas as rain protectors was not unknown in England in the seventeenth century, but was first general in France. Jonas Hanway, eighteenth-century traveler, was the first Englishman to carry one habitually. Then there was a certain John MacDonald, valet or footman in several noble families, who wrote around 1756: "If it rained, I wore my fine silk umbrella, then the people would call after me, 'What, Frenchman! Why do you not get a coach?' . . . but I went straight on and took no notice."

A Tax on the Disposition

THE question of footwear has been solved rather well by the new ankle-length galosh which matches the hose. The top flares down and out in a swash-buckling manner which not only gives dash but an illusion of slimness to the ankle. Those of thin rubber which snap up the front are practical for traveling because they are so easily packed. They can be washed inside, which is also a great advantage.

To sum up: Plan an appropriate rainy-day costume which is just as attractive as you can make it, and you will find that your distaste for bad weather will be greatly lessened.

I don't go so far as to say you will enjoy it—for although most of us can work up enthusiasm over the freshness of a spring shower, continued days of dullness are a great tax on anyone's disposition.

But—don't be like my little monkey and pretend it isn't raining.

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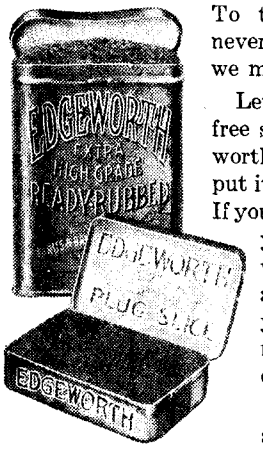
Thanks to the manufacturers for their wonderful product, and I hope that Edgeworth can always be obtainable by the undersigned.

Guy B. Beatty



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If you would like to start or join a local Revolver Club, send us your name. Women, too, may enroll. Ask for Catalog No. 31. We'll see that you get it.

So, purchasing a Colt Revolver or Automatic Pistol for a special service is merely a matter of choosing the proper model and caliber. It is as though you delegated a trusted and expert mechanic to personally select, gauge, assemble, finish and test each part for you. COLT specifications are so exacting and so exactly fulfilled that all COLT fire arms are acceptable for National, State and Municipal Service.

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for April

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$2.00 Neckband Style or Collar Attached

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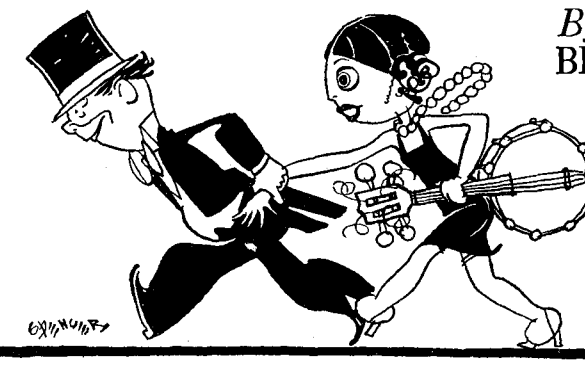


By JACK BINNS

Singing May Singhi

WHENEVER you hear the plunked strains of a banjo accompanying the voice of May Singhi Breen over the Blue Network you are listening to one of broadcasting's earliest stars. May has been singing and strumming in broadcast studios for quite the biggest part of some considerable little time, and she has appeared before many microphones. The banjo she plunks is covered with the signatures of almost every radio performer in the country.

Peter de Rose, who has accompanied her so beguilingly on the piano throughout her radio career, will soon accompany her to the altar. Let's hope that when they embark on the new adventure May will not transfer her broadcasting activities from the studio to the home.

Spotty Programs

SCIENTISTS have found that the waves from broadcast stations are weakest when sunspots are at their maximum.

After listening to some programs we cannot escape the conclusion that the wave is not the only thing radiated by a broadcaster that is affected by sunspots.

In Nineteen Forty-two

SHOULD the new television receivers prove commercially successful the first scene to be broadcast for radio fans to see in their homes should be an action picture of the Federal Radio Commission in the act of closing down three hundred surplus broadcast stations.

By the time the televisors are ready for home use the commission will probably have figured some way out of the mess so that no one can tie up their activities by court injunction.

Jazzless Syncopation

IF JOHN LEDERER lives up to his musical ideas in broadcasting there is a possibility that quite a lot of unwilling folk will be won over to the popular dance music of the day. John is one of the best-known musicians of the South and he has just been appointed conductor of "The Marylanders," a reorganized dance orchestra being featured by WBAL. He contends there is a distinction between jazz and syncopation and defines it as follows:

"The idea that a lot of noise is necessary to get pep and snap into dance music is all nonsense. The most alluring dance music in the world can be soft and beautiful, and at the same time be full of rhythm and syncopation."

The practical demonstration of John's philosophy will determine how WBAL's listeners feel about it.

A Star Program Too

A REALLY interesting program of the educational type is being sponsored by the Atlanta Astronomical Society. Every Thursday evening for fifteen minutes immediately before seven o'clock WSB broadcasts a story of the heavens and their wonders.

The "Voice of the South" is to be congratulated on this feature.

The Fans Never Squeal

A BROOKLYN newspaper radio critic bemoans the freedom of the air enjoyed by blatant advertisers and the lack of public protest against it. In comparison he points to the celerity with which "title readers" are squelched in the movies, or the coughers and sniffers are suppressed in regular theatres. But, he adds, no one seems to care about the blatant radio advertiser.

True, brother, true, but you forget that nimble fingers still have the freedom of the dials and it is easy to quiet aërial blatancy without the need of squawking.

You All Know Him

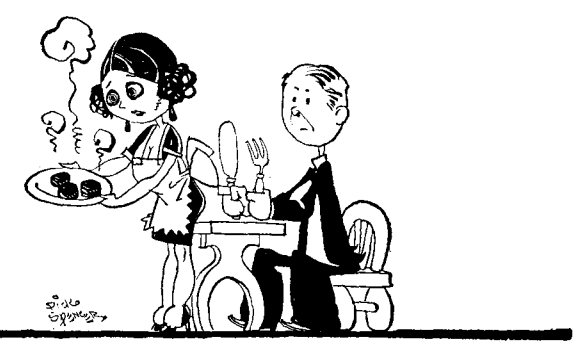
THE only time the majority of New Yorkers get an opportunity to hunt the elusive program is when an S O S call shuts down the local stations.

Thank Heaven these calls come rarely because, apart from the tragedy that oftentimes lurks behind them, it gives us some relief from the guy with a boastful complex.

An Indefinite Date

All young ladies fostering hope chests who listen to morning broadcasts must have been thrilled when Philip Smith, the meat expert, told them how a bride should make her first breakfast successful.

One thing the lecturer failed to reveal was the exact date of the bride's first successful breakfast.



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Free, White and Female

Continued from page 31

said, "whether this Japanese ran down Blade and squeezed the story out of him, or Blade looked up the Japanese and used him to grab his chestnuts out of the fire."

"I vote for Blade," said Gelon.

"If this story busts," said Pythias with compressed lips, "it will be bad for Martha. Kind of bust her dishes."

"It isn't going to bust," said Mr. Bundy.

"How not?" asked Damon.

"Well, first we raise the twenty-five thousand."

"You mean to stand for that?" demanded Gelon belligerently.

"Rather than have Martha in the tabloids," said Mr. Bundy, "I'd sell the old mare."

"Sure." Pythias considered the matter. "It'll smash us higher than a kite, of course. But what's being smashed compared to the other?"

"We got to rally around," said Gelon.

"Hell or high water," agreed his twin.

"There's an idea working around in me," said Mr. Bundy.

"Damon," said Pythias, "you make him a bread-and-milk poultice."

"Fetch up Mr. Tajima," said Mr. Bundy. "We'll turn him loose and tell him it will take a week to raise the money."

"He ain't presentable, Pa," said Theron.

"While I'm working out my notion," Mr. Bundy said, "two of you boys git for New York and keep your eyes on Martha day and night."

"That's us," said Gelon to Theron.

"Go fetch the little man," directed Mr. Bundy. "And don't be rough. We can be rough later."

"Thanks, Pa, for them sweet words," said Damon as they disappeared to remove Mr. Tajima from the unpleasantness of the coal cellar.

RICHARD LAME did very little painting in the weeks following the Colburn tragedy. More than one matter of importance in his life occupied his mind to such an extent that, even if he had not been otherwise occupied physically, it would have been impossible for him to create.

First in importance stood his anxiety for Martha Bundy. He fancied he understood her, and of all the men involved he alone was able to sympathize with her unrest, her ambitions, her revolt. This was not because he loved her but because he possessed the flexible mind of the creative artist, unrestricted by rule of thumb or by convention. It was because he could imagine.

It was clear to him that Martha stood in grave danger—not of discovery by any police—but a far graver, more vital peril than that. He dreaded some rashness on her part, urged on by fear, contributed to by the very courage of the girl. She was in no state of mind to choose for herself a course of action, but, driven by some sudden augmentation of her problem, she might take a step irrevocable and destructive.

There is a physical morality, which, according to the point of view, is either a thing of slight importance or overwhelming; with that Richard was only vaguely concerned. He saw deeper than that, more profoundly, to that morality which has to do with the fibers of the soul itself. And so his great fear was lest Martha, striving for some solution—battering herself against the walls in search of an avenue of escape—might violate that higher, more imponderable morality and lose forever that respect for herself without which it is impossible to live under the eyes of one's fellow men.

He knew that one may lie or steal, deceive or slay, surrender the thing called chastity or commit whatever other sin society has catalogued—and, by service and sacrifice and the will to overcome, win back to self-respect and escape the ultimate penalty. But he knew also that in every life, but more especially the life of a woman, there is some mystic keystone which must not be displaced lest the arch tumble forever in repulsive, irreparable ruin.

It maddened him that there was so little he could do; it made him wretched that she had become unapproachable. At times she wore a veneer of hardness: spurious, he knew, but a dangerous armor for any girl to gird upon herself. . . .

He knew so much that he dared not disclose—and her confidences were not for him.

This, during those days, was his most grievous burden.

Second in its painfulness was the problem of his own family and of his relationship with his father and brother. Events seemed to be driving him toward intervention—yet the tie of blood which hindered them so little arose as a barrier before him. He despised the Blades, father and son, yet shrank from taking a course which might reveal to the world their malignity.

HE HAD scrutinized their goings and comings; had become aware of plottings and dishonesties and unsightlinesses. During those excursions of his into the country he became possessed of facts ample to damn them. Of their intentions toward the Bundy family he was cognizant, yet, so subtly had they engineered them, he could perceive no method by which he might frustrate them—no method excepting the possession of ample money, and money he did not possess.

He was of the type which would willingly have sacrificed a personal fortune to prevent his flesh and blood from achieving a villainy, but there was no fortune to sacrifice.

Then, last of all, was the mystery concerning himself. It was clear to him that his father was alarmed by his presence in America. Why? What reason had Roswell Blade to fear his oldest son? It was upon this latter point that he labored, for, it seemed to him, a possible solution of all lay in the answer to this puzzle.

One thing he did know, and that was that no consideration of blood or shame could hold his hand where Martha Bundy was concerned. There were dark moments when he felt with a species of terror that he might even be brought to commit the crime of Cain if Mortimer succeeded in revenging himself against the brothers through their sister.

Martha seemed to avoid him, yet, persisting, he spent more than one unsatisfactory evening with her. She was reticent. The old fire seemed to have died within her, and she was given to silence from which it was difficult to arouse her. At times she was sharp; at times she was over-merry and flamboyantly cynical, with the cynicism of the girl whose eyes are opened daily upon the life of Broadway. He could not come close to her.

"Martha," he said, "why don't you go back? You're stubborn. Are you finding here what you expected to find?"

"Nothing in the world can make me go back," she said hotly. "I couldn't bear it. I couldn't stand it."

"Aren't you mistaking excitement for pleasure?" he asked.

"What's the difference? It's what I want."

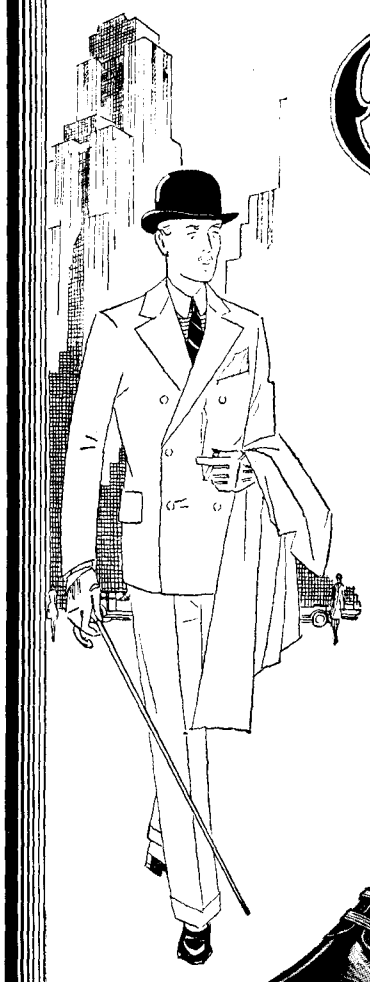
"But"—his voice was grave—"it doesn't want you. You don't belong. Don't you see that the girls who are living this life have climbed *up* to it? It is better than the thing they were used to. You, Martha, have climbed *down* to it. It's no substitute for what you have left."

"I didn't come for a substitute. I came for something altogether different. And this is different."

"But you're not happy."

The eyes which she turned upon him were big, and in their depths was something dark which he translated as fear. "I wasn't meant to be happy," she said. "Oh, don't talk about it. I don't want

(*Continued on page 58*)



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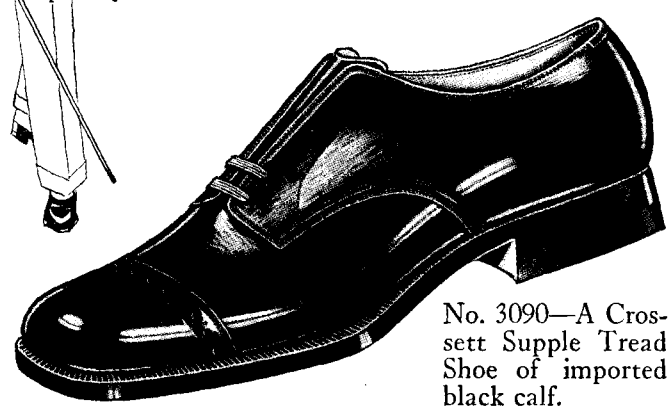
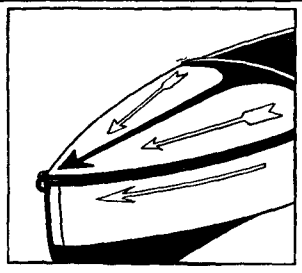
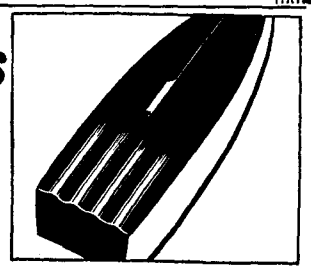


No. 3090—A Crossett Supple Tread Shoe of imported black calf.



Symbols of Safety



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The beautiful arrow-embossed forward deck on the 1928 models is a symbol of Mullins superior beauty and grace.

The corrugated after bottom plates that provide *air runners* for high speed and a true course, are symbols of superior construction that goes through and through.

There are a score or more points of Mullins superiority embodied in every boat that will be of interest to you. Besides, you will find one of the fifteen new models made-to-order for your needs. So, write today, *now*, for the beautiful four color 1928 "Book of Boats."

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REWARD

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There are 14 six-room houses pictured here. To be sure they all look alike, but examine them closely. Thirteen of them are exactly alike, but one, and only one, is different. It isn't as easy as it looks. See if you can find the different one. It is going to be given away ABSOLUTELY FREE.

These Clues Will Help You At first glance all the pictures look alike, but on closer examination you will see that one, and only one, differs in some way from all the others. The difference may be in the fence, steps or even shutters. If you can find the one house that is different from all the others write me TODAY QUICK. You may become the owner of this house without one cent of cost to you.

Built Anywhere in U. S.

The one house that is different from all the others is going to be given away ABSOLUTELY FREE. It makes no difference where you live. The house can be built anywhere in the U. S., and if you do not own a lot I will even arrange to buy a lot on which to build the house. A beautiful and comfortable six-room house may be yours if you can find the different house. Certainly you have longed for the day to come when you could own your own home—this is your golden opportunity. Act QUICK.

You Cannot Lose Positively every one taking advantage of this opportunity is rewarded. Find the one house that is different from all the others and rush your name and address to me TODAY. A postal card will do, just say, "House No. — is different from all the others. Without any obligation please tell me how I can get this fine six-room house without one cent of cost to me."

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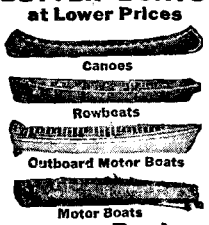

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Free, White and Female

Continued from page 57

to think. Let's dance. . . . Let's go to some other place."

So they would go from place to place, feverishly restless, never content, craving change and clamor and movement.

He tried more than once to tell her that he loved her, but she would not listen. "I don't want to love anyone," she said. "It's no good. It makes people unhappy."

"I want you," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Every man one dances with says that," she said.

And so, in the morning hours, he would take her home unhappily, and go to his studio to lie awake for hours kicking against the pricks.

She was all that kept him in the city—Martha—and a feeling that he must keep an eye on Mortimer. But Mortimer spent much of his time in the country, driving down at unexpected hours and passing into invisibility inside the Blade mansion. Richard kept his room at the hotel and was fortunate enough or skillful enough never to meet his father or brother. . . . Twice he saw Mortimer with a Japanese.

Then, by chance, he came upon a dangling thread and followed it.

OLD Mr. Tansy lived with his granddaughter and her husband in a decaying farmhouse just off the turnpike—a tobacco-chewing old gentleman of great age, but, it seemed to Richard, not older than when he had been a boy larking about the countryside. Grandma Tansy, now at rest, had been generous with cookies and doughnuts in those pleasanter, drowsier days when farms were farms and the roads were for the use of horses. . . . A spot of gracious memories! Now and again Richard would stop to chat with the old man, whose still keen gray eyes scrutinized his face inquisitively.

"You hain't mentioned your name, young feller," the old man said. (It was the night when Mr. Tajima waited in the Bundys' coal cellar.) "But you got a familiar look about you. I been tryin' to put a name to it. . . . You hain't Dickie Blade, be you?"

"Yes, Mr. Tansy."

"I swan to man. Ma often spoke of ye, so she done. . . . I heard tell you was off in Europe or some'eres—with your ma."

"I've been home some time."

"Um. . . . I call your ma to mind. And your grandma for that matter. Yes, sir; born right in this here house, I was. More'n eighty year ago. . . . Don't recollect much about your grandma, do ye?"

"I remember her only vaguely."

"Up and comin' woman. Held her own with them pesky Blades." The old man stopped and coughed and spilled his ashes. "I didn't go to say that, exactly," he apologized. "But so long's it's said, it's said."

Richard smiled. "So Grandmother held her own with the Blades, did she?"

"And Randolph Blade, he wa'n't no purrin' kitten, neither, not for no woman to be married to," Mr. Tansy said.

"I wish I might have known her," said Richard.

"Accordin' to accounts, you ought to be beholdin' to her," said Mr. Tansy.

"In what manner?"

"She was a well-to-do woman," said the old man, "and the talk was Randolph Blade was allus a-tryin' to git his fingers onto her money. But he never done it. No, sir, she outlived him and hung to it till the last."

"Yes."

"She lived in the city," said Mr. Tansy. "Her'n your pa didn't agree."

"So I've heard."

"No, the Blades never was any hands for agreein' amongst themselves. . . . And the story goes that to spite Roswell she up and left her fortune to your ma. That's how the story come to me, and she said, says she, 'The's only one way a wife kin cope with any created Blade, and that's to be independent of him financial.'"

"I'm afraid we Blades are not too popular."

"You," said Mr. Tansy, "was allus a cat of another color. Must 'a' got it from your mother's side."

"Thank you," Richard said thoughtfully. "Well, sir, I must be moving along. I'll drop in another evening soon."

"Allus welcome," said Mr. Tansy.

Richard walked across country considering this ancient tale, this bit of antique rumor. . . . Was it worth investigating? Did any grain of fact lie there concealed? He shrugged his shoulders. At least he would cable his mother in Paris. . . . No stone must be left unturned. . . .

As he pondered upon this thing he paid scant attention to the road he followed, until presently he looked up to find himself approaching the Bundys' gates. . . . As he came abreast of them a small man tore down the driveway at headlong speed, turning into the public road and passing Richard without so much as a glance. . . . Even in the dim light Richard saw the glint of white teeth, and sensed that the runner was a Japanese. He stopped to stare after the man, remembering he had seen his brother in company with one of that nationality. Here was another puzzle.

He stood a moment, then turned and walked swiftly to the station, where he caught a train for New York. There, he believed, was the point from which to begin any investigation of Mr. Tansy's intriguing gossip.

First he dispatched a cable to his mother requesting an immediate reply to his question if she knew anything about the disposition of his grandmother's fortune. Then he went to his studio and retired.

The reply came in the morning. "No knowledge of disposition of Grandmother's money."

So, he thought, it was, in all likelihood, one of those stories, dear to the hearts of country folks, but without other foundation than in their desire for something to roll under their tongues.

BEFORE he went out he called Martha. Jerry Breen answered. Her voice sounded strained, almost hysterical to him. There was a gasp of relief when she learned who it was.

"Can you come over here right away? I'm—I'm terribly anxious."

"Right away," he said, thrusting the receiver into place. He snatched his hat and ran the short distance to the hotel, where he violated the rules of the institution by entering the elevator and directing the conductor to let him off at Martha's door. Jerry admitted him.

"Where," he demanded harshly, "is Martha? What has happened?"

"She—she hasn't been home—for three nights," Jerry said, and then threw herself on the bed and sobbed. "I'm—I'm so worried. And—I haven't known—what to do."

Richard shook her. "Tell me. Tell me everything you know. Quickly."

"She went out before noon—three days ago. I asked the clerk at the desk."

"Alone?"

"First a man came to see her—a Japanese," said Jerry.

"*A Japanese!*"

"Yes. They talked in the parlor off the lobby. . . . Then she went upstairs and telephoned."

"To whom?"

"The girl on the switchboard told me it was Mortimer Blade."

"Yes."

"Then he came for her, and she went away with him in a taxi."

"And that's all?"

"That's—all. . . . Oh, I suppose it's her own affair. But that Blade man! Anybody but him."

"Have you tried to trace them?"

"I tried—but—but not a sign. . . . And something was worrying her for weeks too. . . . I feel as if it was my fault. . . . She's—she's disappeared."

(*To be continued next week*)

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The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 20

and fine and that she was no bigot.

Then Anita had come to me and subjected me to the severest test to which a man may be put. She had offered her most desirable self, and I had rejected the offer. I waved away the taxi in which we had driven from my apartment. I felt the need again of fresh air upon my hot temples.

And as I walked I tried to recreate the scene with Anita. As lightning sometimes leaps from a clear sky, illuminating with painful severity things whose outlines have been pleasantly blurred through familiarity, so a mental lightning seemed now to illuminate Anita, defining her as she had never been limned for me heretofore.

I wanted to tell myself that I adored her, that my passion for her had not changed or diminished in the years since I had first loved her. But it was no good; specters had arisen and could only be laid by the exercise of the mind, not of the emotions.

SHE was beautiful, she was charming, she was brilliant, and she had given me the uttermost proof of her love for me. But that devil's advocate which lurks in the minds of all of us came to the forefront of my brain now and insisted upon being heard.

I went back, led by the advocate, to Anita's jilting of me. That had been as cold-blooded a thing as any woman could do. It would have been possible for her to spare my feelings somewhat, but she had not bothered to do so. I came swiftly enough to our meeting again so recently. I went over the morning's scene with her. I came to this scene which had just been ended.

Up until now there had been nothing which should cause me to doubt her. God knows that she had been cruel five years ago, but she had also been honest enough. She had been honest this morning. I knew that she had told the truth about her telephone conversation with Fred. Then why did I have the feeling of distrust?

Suddenly it came to me that there had been strangeness in Anita's manner: strangeness that she had attributed to her embarrassment. She had subjected me to a cross-examination about Calhoun that had been bewildering and that would have been more bewildering had it not been for the fact that Anita's own presence in my apartment had been so amazing.

How had Anita happened to know that I had seen Jim Calhoun? I had asked her that question, and she had at first evaded my query. Later on she had said that she had seen him. Surely it was a strange hour for her to have seen Calhoun. I remembered now that I had commented on the lateness of the call Calhoun had paid upon her, and now I remembered that she had picked me up sharply at that.

Then she had asked me if I had mentioned her name to Calhoun. Not content with my negative answer, she had asked if Calhoun had mentioned her. When I told her that he had not, she still stuck to the subject, stating that she wanted to know if she had been talked about.

And then she had said that embarrassment had made her discuss trivialities and had announced that she had come to me to stay forever.

Why had she been so excited about Calhoun—for excitement was the only word that could describe her manner? Ugly suspicion leaped into my mind and would not down.

Why hadn't she come right out and said that Calhoun had called upon her? Considering how she had questioned me, considering that the subject had been brought up by her, why had she been evasive? Had she called upon Calhoun?

Why did she want to know if she had been talked about? Why should she think for a fraction of a second that I would discuss her with Calhoun? Why should she be discussed by Calhoun and myself? If she were near and dear to me, all the more reason I should not talk about her to such a man as Calhoun.

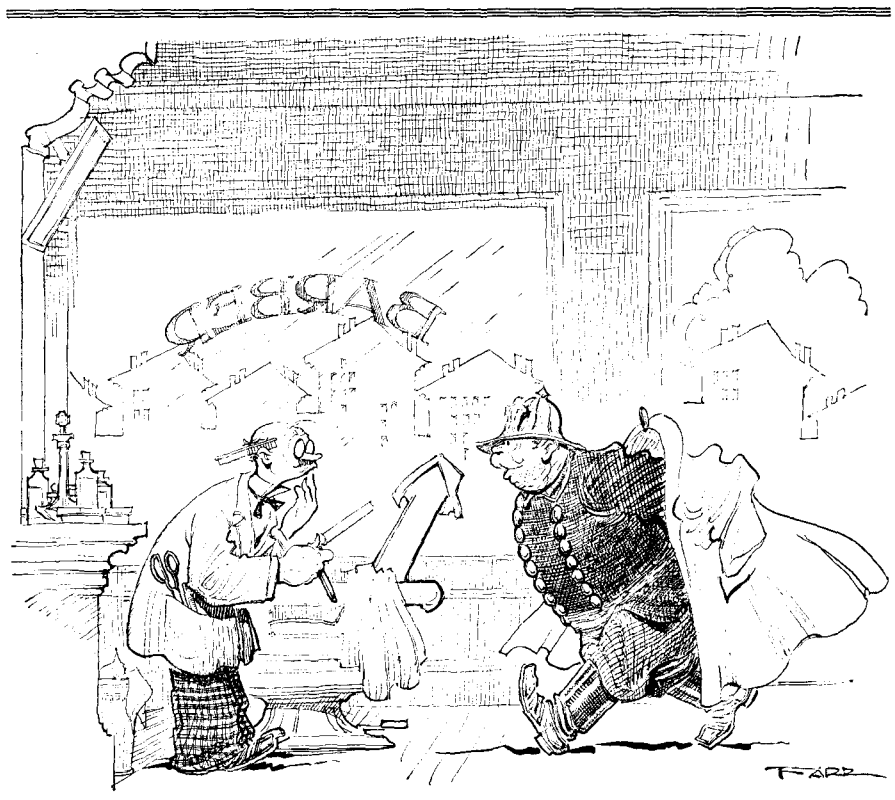
Was she near and dear also to Calhoun?

I tried to banish my ugly thoughts, fought against them as savagely as I knew how. But the more unwelcome a thought, the more stubbornly it persists in making secure its lodgment within our minds.

Other angles occurred to me. Why Anita's great haste? She had gone without me for five years, yet overnight she could live without me no longer.

Nightmares, we are led to believe, come in the slumber of night, but every adult knows that the nightmares of our waking hours are much more horrible than any dreams. Now, on my walk

(*Continued on page 60*)



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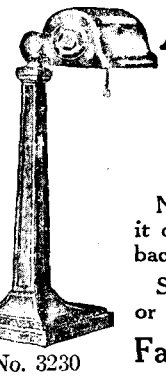

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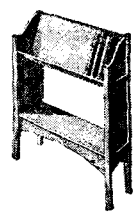
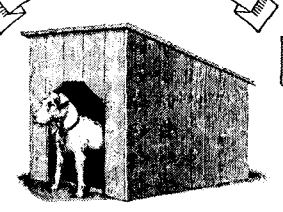
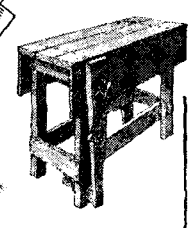




Plan No. 10n

Plan No. 72n



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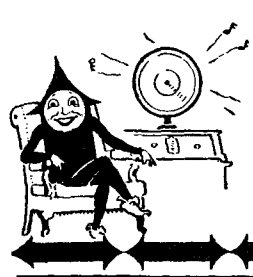

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The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 59

home to my room, I fought the most dreadful nightmare of my life.

I had built up, over half a dozen years, an edifice of love so solid, so substantial, that I had thought nothing could destroy it. When time itself should efface its reality, it would linger on in the immaterial beauty of remembrance. And in the very moment of the culmination of that love, it was —destroyed.

I knew it! I didn't love Anita. God help me—and her—I didn't love her. Hurt vanity, I suddenly knew, had deceived me into thinking that a youthful passion still existed.

I didn't love Anita! This was why suspicion had crept into my heart and mind, why I had dared the sacrilege of analyzing her. But rarely do we cease to love. We must always love a little if not a lot. I had ceased caring for Anita because I had fallen in love with Vonny.

OH, NOW I knew it. Else why did Vonny's sweetly candid eyes look into mine as I walked down the avenue? Why did my untamable thoughts whisper to me that I wouldn't have doubted Vonny, no matter under what circumstances I might have seen her? Why did my heart say to me that Vonny's voice could not ring falsely?

An anguish more sharp than anything I had ever known came to me now. When Anita had jilted me, five years ago, I had thought that I had tasted the bitterest drop that existence could ever proffer to me. But I had been five years younger then, and youth loves to dramatize things, enjoys making them more serious than they really are. Not that I wish to minimize the love that once I had held for Anita. But the love of youth, like the illness of youth, can be recovered from more swiftly than from those things of heart or body which ravage us in later years.

Here, in the moment when I thought I had found all, I had lost all. I didn't delude myself about this. Vonny Candace might forgive my having been a gambler, might be persuaded that Anita and I had not gone to lengths which a young girl might not find it easy to condone, but those things didn't matter. Not Vonny's attitude toward me, which might be remolded, but my attitude toward Anita was what mattered.

For Anita had pledged herself to me, and I had pledged myself to her, and from my pledged word I would not recant. Anita had asked no questions as to my conduct in the last five years. She had not asked if in word and deed I had been faithful to her. Suppose, despising Fred, she had had—affairs—how I hated to think the word—with other men? Had she been bound to me? Indeed not. When I permitted her to show her affection for me, when I told her of my love for her, I had blotted out the intervening years. They had no existence. If I had honor, then that honor was pledged to Anita.

I think no more unhappy man than I could have been found in the city of New York as I entered my apartment. And I might have known that a night so filled with events would not slip into another day without piling up further events.

In my living-room, comfortably ensconced on a chair, sat Calhoun. He waved a debonair hand to me.

"Now don't think ill of your servant, Gorham," he greeted me. "A strange hour for callers, but I persuaded him to let me enter."

"How?" I demanded shortly.

"My dear fellow, don't you realize that you are one of the most interesting —to me at any rate—men in New York. Had you bothered to inquire as to the extent of my information about yourself, I would have told you earlier tonight the name of your butler, his record, and all about him."

"All right," I said. "My butler let you in. A great many words about a simple matter. Go on from there."

"Aren't you a bit abrupt?" he asked.

I stared at him. "Calhoun, you haven't come here in the middle of the night because you acquired a sudden liking for me. The desire to smoke a cigar with a new friend didn't bring you out into the night. I'm in no mood just now for procrastinations. I want to know what the hell you're doing here?"

His eyes wandered over me speculatively. "There probably isn't another man in New York, who knows anything of me, who'd dare adopt that tone toward me, Gorham."

"Listen to me, Calhoun," I retorted, "I've never run into a single man in all my life, anywhere, to whom I've been afraid to speak my mind. If you've come here to tell me what a bad little boy you are, run along home and let me go to sleep."

The tight skin of his face creased in cold mirth.

"I'll be brief, Gorham. You and I settled upon a certain matter earlier this evening."

His voice held a question.

"Go on from there," I advised.

He nodded as though with reassurance.

"A little later I discovered, to my vast surprise, that you and I had other interests than Mr. Kenneth Runyon."

I waited for him to proceed, and my heart seemed to be pounding against my ribs audibly.

"Interests somewhat more—er—charming than Mr. Runyon," he proceeded. "Do you follow me?"

"I do not," I flatly stated.

"Then shall I give the interest a name?" he asked.

"Calhoun," I said quietly, "I've decided that I don't like you."

"Other men have made the same decision," he rejoined.

"Undoubtedly. Good taste still exists in the world," I told him.

"Usually, for reasons that might be obvious, those other men are less frank than you," he said.

"Tact has never been an outstanding quality with me, Calhoun," I responded.

"It is a virtue well worth cultivation," he commented.

"If the reasons are sufficient," I admitted.

"I think that a little thought would convince you that the reasons are weighty."

"In other words, you're a dangerous enemy, eh?" I jeered.

"Exactly that, Mr. Gorham," he said.

"Runyon, you may have noticed, didn't frighten me much," I remarked.

"It may have occurred to you that Runyon and I are two quite different persons," he said.

"Not very different; a matter of degree rather than of kind," I answered. "You see," I went on, "Runyon was born a rat. You evidently were not, but acquired rathood by work and effort. You have arrived at the same goal."

"I TAKE it, then, that your complaisance, in a certain little matter this evening, was assumed," he said.

"You may take anything you damned well please," I cried, "including yourself, out of this apartment."

"That's better. I always like to know exactly where I stand. But there's another matter. The charming matter—"

"Calhoun," I said, "if you mention any names, I'm going to try to kill you."

"Try," he commented. "That is the exact word."

"Mention the name," I suggested.

"It may not be necessary, Gorham. Be sure that if it is necessary I'll name her. But if we understand each other—Gorham, stick to your Candace girl, but let my mistress alone."

I sat down opposite him. "Finish your cigar," I advised. "And get that gun out of your pocket and have it ready. Calhoun, for that I'm going to kill you."

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I may earlier tonight not have been sure of myself when I threatened him—may have been indulging in a bluff—but I was in certain earnest now. And my earnestness was rendered the more intense by the belief I had in his words.

Anita was his mistress! All the loathsome doubts that had been gestating in my brain this past half hour or so took on shape and identity now. He did not need to name her. We both knew of whom he spoke.

AND this was why she had been in deadly fear—why she had wished to compromise herself irreparably with me: because she dreaded my discovery of her affair with Calhoun and wished to bind herself to me by chivalrous ties in the event of my discovery.

As I looked at him, awaited his move, I wondered how such a man could have won her. But the man who can guess why another man holds attraction for woman ought not to waste his time in such idle speculation; there are financial and other rewards for the owners of minds that can read unreadable riddles.

"I take it there's no need for haste," he said coolly.

"None at all, Calhoun," I replied. "I prefer to take my time about it; the longer I wait the more certain I'll be that I'm doing a public service."

"You have confidence, Gorham," he remarked.

So far as I could ascertain, he felt not the slightest alarm.

"Sometimes the thing we plan to do is so utterly right that failure is impossible," I retorted.

"You rely on right alone?" he jeered.

"Calhoun," I told him, "you've your gun; I haven't one. Yet you know that I'm going to kill you."

He eyed me thoughtfully. "I'd know it, I'll admit that, but for one thing, Gorham."

"And that thing?" I asked incredulously.

"We made a little arrangement earlier this evening," he said.

"You *thought* we made one," I told him.

"Have it your own way, only—if Miss Candace were in danger right now, and you knew it—"

"What are you driving at?" I asked.

"Gorham, when a man of my years and experience deals with excitable young fools, he doesn't rely on weapons. He has other things at hand, and knowledge is the chief of those other things You want to kill me because I have been frank with you, because hurt vanity and the remembrance of an old love—you don't love Mrs. Gorham now—combine to anger you against me.

"But I never bring my life into any gamble unless I also bring other things; this time I'm bringing Miss Candace's life. What about a trade, Gorham, mine for hers?"

I stared at him, and my clenched hands relaxed.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

(*To be continued next week*)

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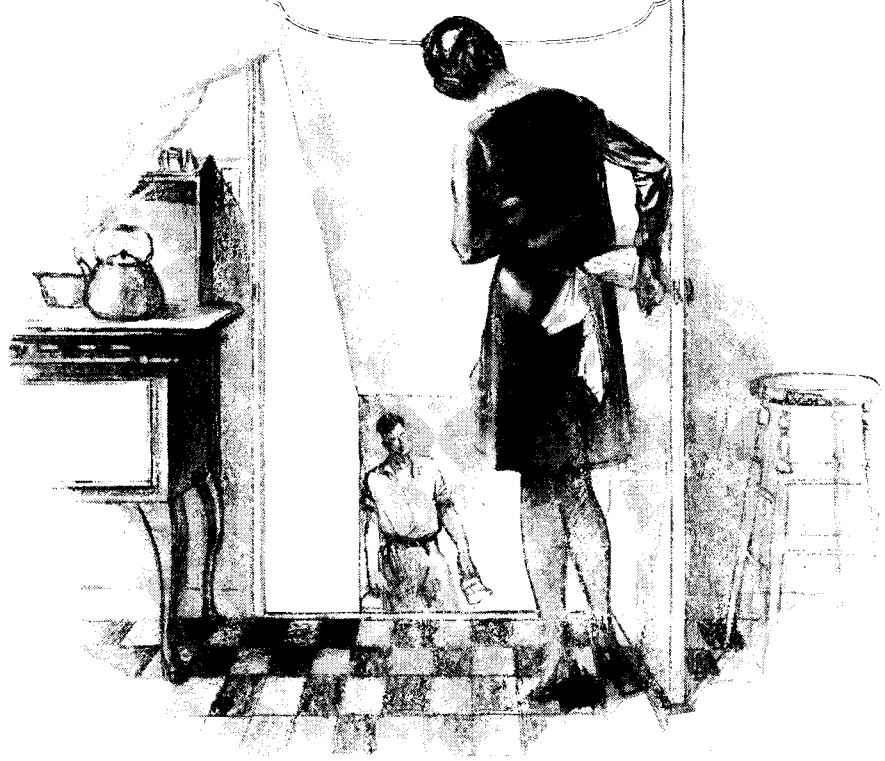

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Builders of the World

WE ARE forever looking in the wrong places for revolutionists. We have them, but they don't wear whiskers. We think of them as communists or socialists or even as radical senators or leaders of unruly farmers.

Such politicians may be noisy at times but they are unimportant. Radical changes come from other sources.

James Watt, inventor of the steam engine, did more to change the face of the world than Napoleon. The Scotch engineer overturned a system of work thousands of years old. His little invention humbled old aristocracies, lifted up new ruling classes, remade nations, shifted the centers of authority, and prepared the way for the modern world.

The great forces which are moving us today were set free by other scientists and engineers who were thinking not of politics but of the jobs immediately in front of them.

Back of Lindbergh were Wilbur and Orville Wright, studying the flight of sea birds and mastering the mystery of the air. Back of the Wright brothers were the inventors of light gasoline engines. A host of others worked on intricate technical problems, and suddenly we perceived that the old nationalistic boundaries had been made obsolete by these new machines of the air.

Today New York is less than thirty hours' distance from San Francisco by airplane and less than five minutes away by telephone. A radio program broadcast in Pennsylvania is audible in Scotland, New Zealand and South Africa.

We can hardly avoid hearing what our international neighbors say through radio waves.

However much European nations may hate each other, they cannot escape conversation and travel. The unconscious effect of such communications is of inestimable force in the remaking of the maps of the world.

European boundaries simply do not exist for the airman or the radio broadcaster.

In personal affairs this is as true as in public matters. We talk about the great changes which have come upon the home and the family.

Why does divorce increase? Why are women independent and children unruly? Because some radical wrote a book or made a speech attacking marriage? Don't believe it.

The family is unstable because the conditions in which we live make for instability. The man who invented machinery easy enough for women and children to tend struck the first blow at the old-fashioned home. The men who discovered that it was profitable to build small apartments had more to do with limiting the size of families than all the advocates of birth control. The men who invented and developed motion pictures and motor cars, and so took entertainment and social life out of the home, played their part.

We adapt our lives to our circumstances, and the men who make new circumstances are the revolutionists.

The physicist such as Clerk Maxwell working at abstruse mathematical problems in a laboratory, the business men such as John D. Rockefeller developing an oil industry or a Thomas Edison bringing a new light to the world are the real innovators. Their revolutions endure because they help to make life more comfortable, and because they widen the areas in which the human mind may work and seek happiness. Think of these unobtrusive creators. They are the builders of the world.

Interstate Loan Sharks

WHEN the attorney general of New York State looked over evidence brought before the legislature in support of a loan-shark investigation bill he found records of approximately 2,500 cases in and near Albany in which small borrowers were paying interest at rates ranging from 250 to 520 per cent. Much of the business was being operated from headquarters in the South.

In other states where loan sharks have been driven out it has been found that they continue operations by mail from distant points or work through agents on the ground—elusive and furtive men that lurk around pay windows and take their toll, generally from borrowers who have sunk so far that they have little hope of getting out.

The whole evil rests on failure to provide for the emergencies in which every man of small means finds himself at times. Credit unions are a proved success. They are easy to form, they afford an honorable and reasonable way to meet minor financial crises.

A Free Country

SENATORS Borah and Glass got into hot water recently by taking opposite sides in enforcing the Fifteenth and Eighteenth Amendments to the Constitution.

Senator Borah thought at the same time recently by taking opportunity to define their attitude and consistency as many whites as blacks were disqualified in the South. He finally said that he was willing for his party to should be allowed to vote if it would include a promise to enforce the prohibition amendment.

Senator Glass found a way to denounce the Fifteenth Amendment as "an attempt to destroy white civilization," and unworthy the Eighteenth Amendment, but to advocate enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The fact is that, so far as certain parts of the country are concerned, both amendments are crowns made from the same thorn tree.

The Fifteenth Amendment is ignored in some Southern states because the force of public opinion is against it. The Eighteenth Amendment is ignored in many large cities and elsewhere in the country because the force of public opinion is against it.

The method of electing the President, as prescribed in the Constitution, is misleading as a description of the method actually practiced. Bracketed with the Fifteenth and Eighteenth Amendments it makes a convincing argument for this conclusion: not the least of the virtues of the Constitution is its unwritten proof that in a free country law can never be stronger than public opinion.

American Episode

SIX men drove up to a suburban bank in Portland, Oregon, to transact business. They wanted to get money by a process known in practically every community. Four of them remained outside to survey the neighborhood. Two drew revolvers and went inside to complete the deal. They ordered the bank force into the vault.

As the cashier turned to obey, he seized his rifle, kept handy since the bank had been robbed three weeks before, and fired from his hip, killing one bandit.

He raised his rifle and killed the second hold-up man. The four lookout men fled. The coroner removed the bodies, the janitor mopped the floor, the cashier reloaded his rifle, and business went on as usual.

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USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—YOUR FAVORITE SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

YOU shave the same way every day. Same old soap. Same old brush. So much rub-in. So many towels. More soap . . . more brush . . . more lathering —*man,* it's a HABIT!

We'd like to change that habit. Not only to get a new customer, but to give you a better shave—*easier, faster, smoother*—with Barbasol.

So we offer you this proposition:

Use your favorite shaving soap, just the way you use it every day—but *only on one-half* of your face.

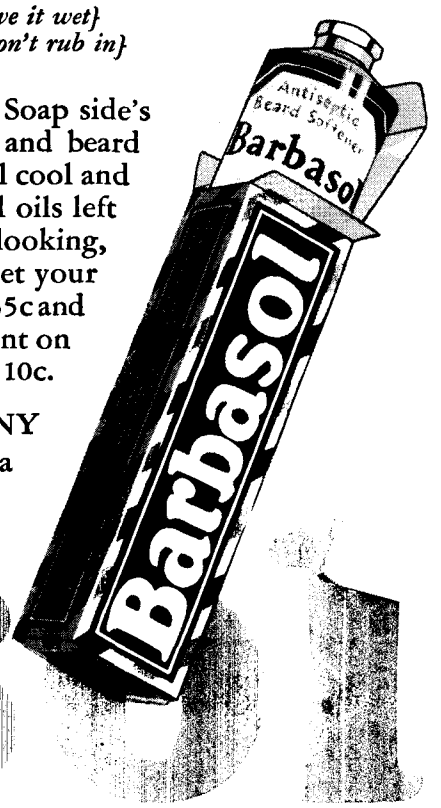
Now wet down *the other side* of your face—with hot water or cold, only so it's wet. Then spread on a film of creamy, cooling Barbasol. No brush. No lathering.

No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

—Wash the face {and leave it wet}
—Spread on Barbasol {but don't rub in}
—Shave!

We'll leave it to your face! Soap side's full of razor pull and smart and beard resistance. Barbasol side is all cool and soft—pliant with the natural oils left right in the skin. Younger looking, cheerier, cleaner! Will *you* let your face decide? At all druggists 35c and 65c. A generous trial tube sent on receipt of your address and 10c.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana



Barbasol
Skin Freshener
A tonic stimulant. After shaving—after bathing—any time. 65c at all druggists

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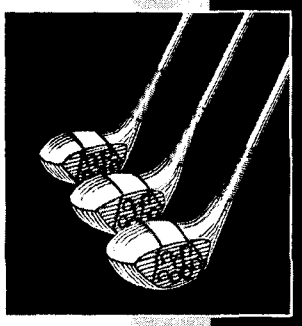
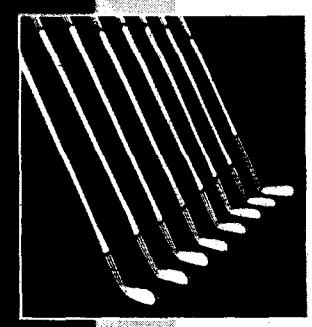


A SET O' THREE Matched Woods—Driver, Brassie and Spoon. Finer and truer clubs have never been made.

The STAINLESS Set of eight matched irons. Modeled after famous Scotch hand-made irons.



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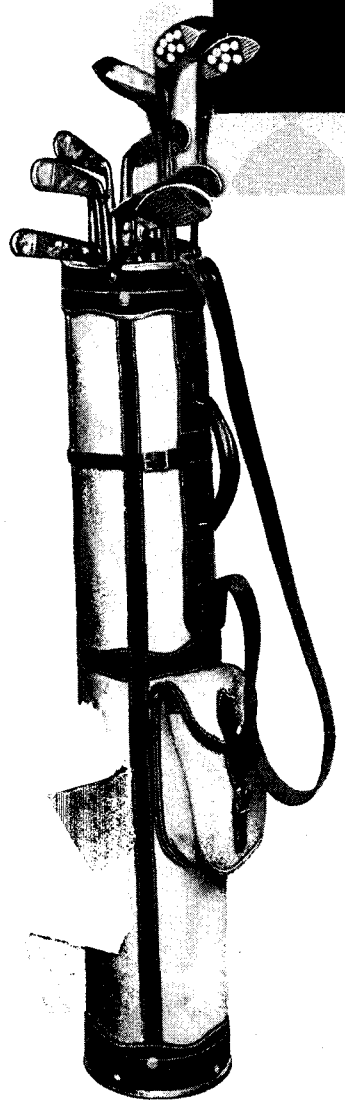
WHEREVER GOLFERS GATHER

Vulcan holds the spotlight



FLASH a set of VULCAN Clubs where golfers gather . . . see eyes light with admiration—eager hands reach out! There's a reason. They are clubs created rather than manufactured. Heft a VULCAN! Its feel inspires an easy confidence. Swing it . . . and know how sweet a club can play—how obedient to rhythm.

There's a new-day appreciation for fine golf clubs—an enthusiasm for that closer feeling between club and player. VULCAN has set a new standard.

Now *every* golfer may have matched irons of custom-made quality and distinction . . . VULCAN STAINLESS Sets, from famous hand-made Scotch models. And wood clubs of the same character and distinction can be had for a moderate price . . . creations of rare wood, gleaming metal, ivory and tempered steel that win your everlasting confidence at first sight! Clubs alive—responsive—eager to send your ball straight down the fairway without an inch of hook or slice.

What wonder that, wherever golfers gather, spontaneous approval greets these fine clubs. Get your hands on a set of VULCANS! You'll want them for your own. Your Pro or Dealer has them, or will gladly get them for you. Include his name when you send for VULCAN'S 1928 Catalog.

VULCAN GOLF COMPANY
Portsmouth Ohio

The new, attractive 1928 VULCAN Catalog illustrates a wide variety of fine clubs, bags, balls and other golf equipment. It's yours for the asking. When writing, please include the name of your Dealer or Pro.

VULCAN

Clubs of Character for Every Golfer

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